# Collier's

THE NATIONA

March 2, 1940

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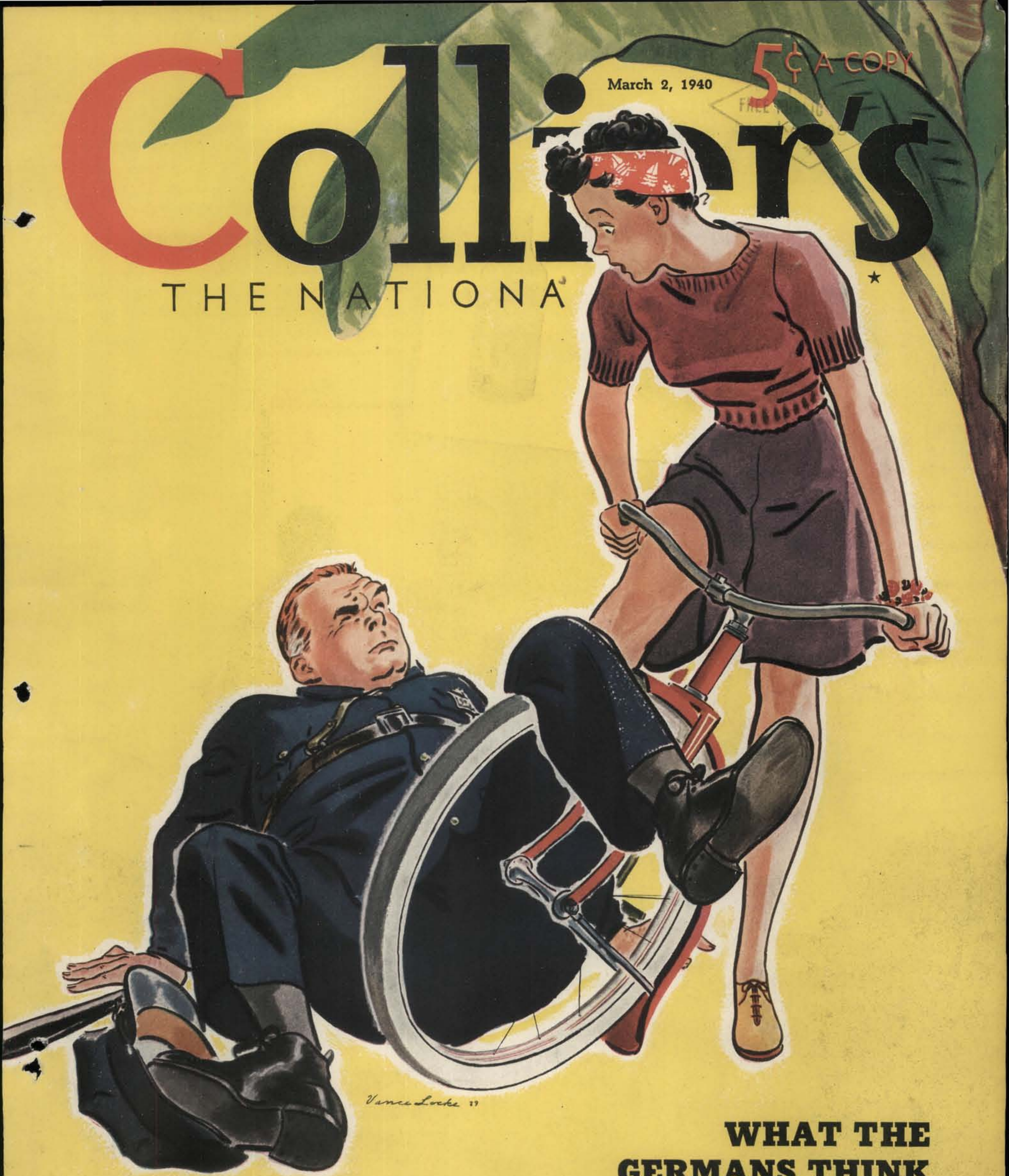

## WHAT THE GERMANS THINK

### BY W. B. COURTNEY

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

ARCH 2, 1940

Guests remember the host
who serves
FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES

**The Four Roses you buy today is not only the finest Four Roses ever bottled, but, in our sincere opinion, the finest whiskey we, or anyone else, ever made.**

*Four Roses is all whiskey—a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore*

# Do you see a Girl?
# No. I see a Beautiful Lady of the Future.

# What makes her a Beautiful Lady?
# Her Lovely Smile.

# Why is her Smile so Lovely?
# Perhaps because she started young to use Ipana and Massage!

MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.
NET WT. 2.4 OZ.

## Guard your smile! Don't risk "Pink Tooth Brush"! Let Ipana and Massage help make your gums firmer, your teeth more sparkling!

TODAY even in the primary grades, thousands of children who don't know Nantucket from Nebraska, have already mastered a lesson that will stand them in good stead all of their lives. For they have learned to give their gums, as well as their teeth, the regular care that is so important in modern dental hygiene.

These children know—far better than their parents—the importance of gum massage to strong, healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth. They know that today's soft foods deprive the gums of healthful chewing, needed stimulation. Then, as often happens, gums tend to become flabby, sensitive . . . flash a warning tinge of "pink."

### Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble—but he is the one to decide. He may say, perhaps, that yours is another case of lazy gums—gums in need of more exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums. When you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that pleasant "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It is evidence that you're stimulating circulation and so helping make gums firmer, stronger.

Get an economical tube of Ipana today. Start now with Ipana and massage for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive smile.

**Ipana Tooth Paste**

**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Editor

**CHARLES COLEBAUGH**
Managing Editor

**THOMAS H. BECK**
Editorial Director

# Collier's

March 2, 1940

| | | | |
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| AIMEE LARKIN | Distaff | FRANK GERVASI | France |
| QUENTIN REYNOLDS | Sports | MARTHA GELLHORN | Scandinavia |
| KYLE CRICHTON | Screen and Theater | JIM MARSHALL | The Orient |
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| JAMES N. YOUNG | Fiction | ROBERT McCORMICK | Washington |
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| WM. O. CHESSMAN | Art | IFOR THOMAS | Photographs |
| | | JOHN T. FLYNN | Associate Editor |

## Next Week

FROM the marble corridors of the Palazzo Venezia in Rome comes a strange and significant silence. No more truculent talk about Italy's manifest destiny. No more swaggering oratory and no more sword-shaking. Europe's most prolific crisis-maker has become a man of peace—at least peace for Italy. The Axis has died the death and Italian munitions plants work day and night to manufacture the materials of war—for guess whom. Mussolini, the peasant, has a new role and it's leading him back into the real hearts of his people. By uncensored radio, Frank Gervasi supplies the low-down on "The New Mussolini."

YOU can't blame a race horse if he lacks somewhat in verve after he's pounded the turf for three years and invariably finished last. Maybe all he needs is a little applause. That's what Lily Bates thought about her nag, which was appropriately, if flatteringly, named Mediocre. Only by inveigling Edgar Snow, Mammoth Pictures' youngest and latest genius director, into some flagrant skulduggery could she teach Mediocre to win races and gain acclaim. The amusing Hollywood story of how "The Ham Horse" took to his lessons in equine psychology is told by Richard English.

"ALL your life I promise you laughter," Johann Patz told Fraulein Ingabord. Then he walked onto the stage in Munich to perform his incomparable act of mimicry, which brought down a heart-warming roar of hysterical laughter from the audience. Yes, Johann was a great success in this first—and last—tremendous performance. He never returned to Ingabord, but in a grim way he kept his promise. For now, as she walks in the moonlight she sees in the night sky the dark cyclorama of the theater and hears in the wind the roar of ghostly laughter. Harlan Ware tells this tender and touching story of an undying love in the shadow of tyranny.

DAN PARKER tells the story of Izzy Kaplan, sports photographer extraordinary and the "Perennial Patsy" of baseball training camps. George Kent shows how "Your Home is Safer Now" since the big-time arson rings have been smashed. The Archduke Franz Josef records the history of his escape from war-ridden Europe to the security of America. And we're also proud to give you stories and articles by Quentin Reynolds, Ernest Haycox, William MacHarg and others. All to the same high standard.

## This Week

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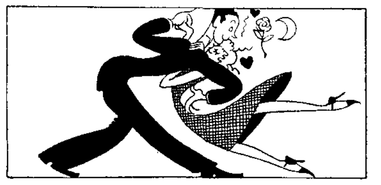
**COVER** VANCE LOCKE

## Any Week

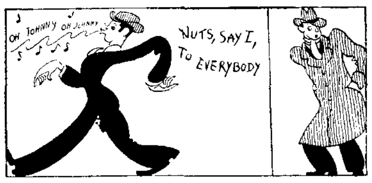
ONE of our ambitions is to be asked the exceedingly simple question: "How are things in Mena, Arkansas?" But we never are, in spite of the fact that we're something of an authority. We are kept up to date by Colonel Bob Berry, editor, diplomatist, soldier, liberator and first (and almost the last) citizen of Mena. The colonel informs us that the great state of Arkansas is virtually prostrate from an epidemic of the grubbles, "an adhesion," says the colonel, "of grumbles and troubles." One contracts the disease, he writes, by getting overheated while struggling to get on the public pay roll or, being on, hanging on. We are asked by the colonel to "come down and listen to the moaning." And he adds: "The situation reeks with horrow—a mixture of horror and sorrow. Half our politicos are reaching and the rest are retching."



ORDINARILY Mr. David Cunningham of Windsor, Missouri, can read a magazine and say no more about it. He absorbs the bad with the good and, being neither thrown into a frenzy nor bored, calls it his money's worth and goes on about other affairs. But recently he read a short story that, he thinks, went a little beyond what he considers necessary. "I shall not," says Mr. Cunningham, "name the magazine, nor the author, nor the title of the piece. But our hero was a mining engineer. About the middle of the story things get completely out of hand. He enfolds his *pièce de résistance* in his arms and states: 'You dance like a wisp of moonlight.' And a moment later: 'Your hair smells like dewdrops on roses.'" Mr. Cunningham proceeds then to ask us frankly whether this wasn't a trifle overdone. "But whether it is or isn't," he concludes, "I call it damned fetching. And being a crude soul, I couldn't help thinking what a shock it would be to see that engineer's fragrant moonbeam putting away a large sirloin steak with a barge of French fried potatoes, a slab of apple pie and a couple cups of coffee."

AND Mr. John T. Flynn writes: "In one of my articles in the series 'Smart Money,' dealing with the career of Moe Annenberg, I stated that the late Arthur Brisbane was a partner with Annenberg in the racing-wire service. This information was given me by Mr. E. Z. Dimitman, Mr. Annenberg's executive editor and confidential man. I had no reason to doubt it. Mr. Irving M. Engle, for many years personal counsel of Mr. Brisbane, informs me that Mr. Brisbane at no time had any interest in Mr. Annenberg's racing service. This is corroborated by Mr. Brisbane's secretary and accountant, both of whom were in his employ during the time in question. Mr. Annenberg agrees that Brisbane was not interested with him and that the statement of Mr. Dimitman was made in error. I think it fair, therefore, that this explanation should be made."

A FRIEND of ours, Mr. Ewing L. Rafferty, was walking briskly down Park Avenue, New York City, arriving rapidly at the conclusion that if he felt much better he'd have to admit that life was worth while after all. Preceding him was a handsome, well-dressed young man who, apparently, shared Mr. Rafferty's feeling of well-being. There, Mr. Rafferty told himself, was youth, strength, hope, courage, confidence and an assortment of other desirable qualities. And Mr. Rafferty was interested to see the young man stop, take a piece of chalk out of his pocket and write boldly upon the expensive granite of a noble apartment house: "Nuts, say I, to everybody." And having done that, the young man resumed his walk loudly whistling Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny. Mr. Rafferty is of the opinion that it's all significant or something.


OH JOHNNY OH JOHNNY
NUTS, SAY I, TO EVERYBODY

AND we have a pretty bitter letter from Mrs. Phoebe T. Ledbetter of Kokomo, Indiana, who deplores the lack of respect the magazines in general "and novels and other books in particular" show for occupants of public office. This sort of thing, thinks Mrs. Ledbetter, "lays the eggs of Communism" and there ought to be a law. There is nothing personal in Mrs. Ledbetter's complaint. "I wouldn't take a public office as a gift," says she. "You couldn't hire me to be President."

WANT to be coaxed, hey? W. D.

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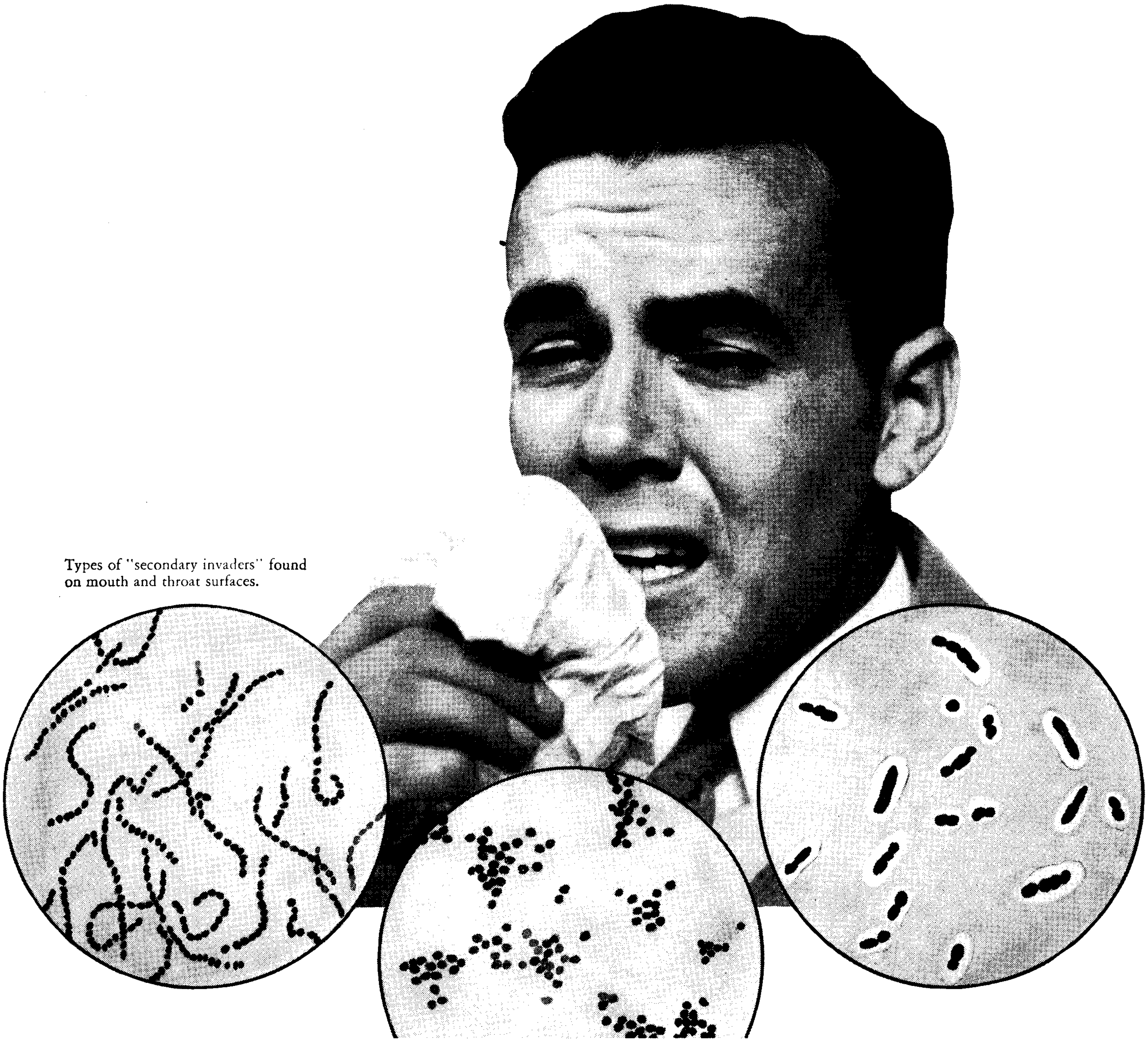


Types of "secondary invaders" found on mouth and throat surfaces.

# These germs may make a cold serious—get after them with Listerine quick!

LISTERINE
Good Housekeeping Bureau

DOCTORS call such threatening bacteria the "secondary invaders". They are among the many, say numerous authorities, that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . are largely responsible for most of the symptoms that you are all too familiar with.

### *When They Strike*

Millions live even in normal mouths and throats, apparently causing no harm. Then, suddenly, when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, chill, wet feet, drafts, they frequently strike with quick ferocity. Invading the tissue, they set up infection and what started out as a simple cold may become a trying one.

You can see how important it is to guard against these invaders . . . to systematically reduce their numbers before they strike. So we say: As a regular precaution against colds and as an aid in the treatment when a cold is already started, gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

### *Bacterial Reductions Ranging To 96.7%*

Listerine Antiseptic first kills hosts of bacteria on mouth surfaces. Then it reaches way back in the throat to kill millions of these "secondary invaders" on surface tissues. Actual tests showed bacterial reductions ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

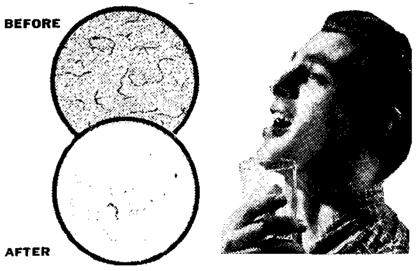
### *Listerine's Great Record*

We believe Listerine's amazing germ-killing action explains its impressive clinical record in fighting colds and simple sore throat year after year.

Clinical tests made during eight years of painstaking research actually showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle with it. Listerine Antiseptic users also had fewer sore throats.

With this evidence before you, isn't it a good idea to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically during fall, winter, and spring months when colds are so often a menace to the health of the entire family? Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

**NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!**



The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THIS SURE IS THE BIG NIGHT OF THE MARDI GRAS, DON!
YES, NEW ORLEANS LOOKS FORWARD TO THIS NIGHT, JUDGE. MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE, CHUBBINS?
JUDGE, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE BAND-LEADER WHEN HE FINISHES THIS NUMBER
FINE, I'LL BE GLAD TO MEET HIM
AFTER THAT HOT MUSIC YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE A COOL SMOKE
AND YOU BET I'VE GOT THE TOBACCO FOR THE COOLEST SMOKING THERE IS, JUDGE!
I'LL SAY YOU HAVE! PRINCE ALBERT IS FAMOUS FOR COOL SMOKING THAT LETS THROUGH GOOD, RICH TASTE AND KEEPS DOWN BITE
HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN A TOBACCO THAT LOADS UP AS NICE AND DRAWS AS EVEN AS P.A.?
CAN'T SAY I HAVE. AND FOR MELLOW MILDNESS, THERE'S JUST NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT, EITHER!
PRINCE ALBERT

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!

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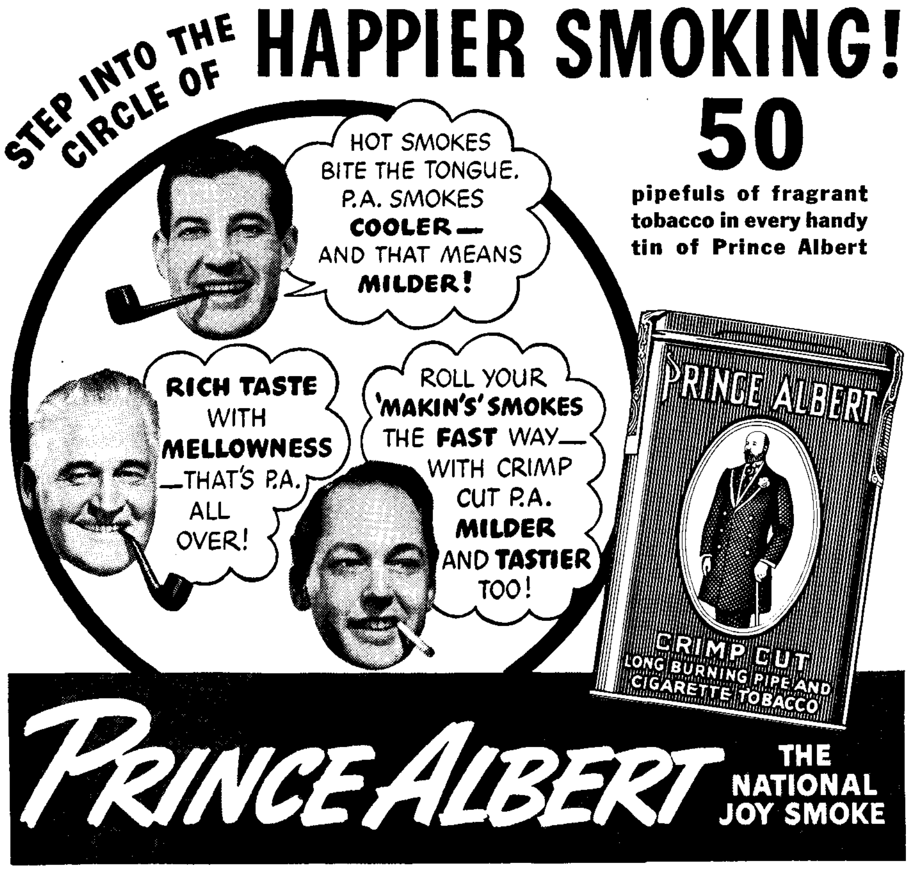
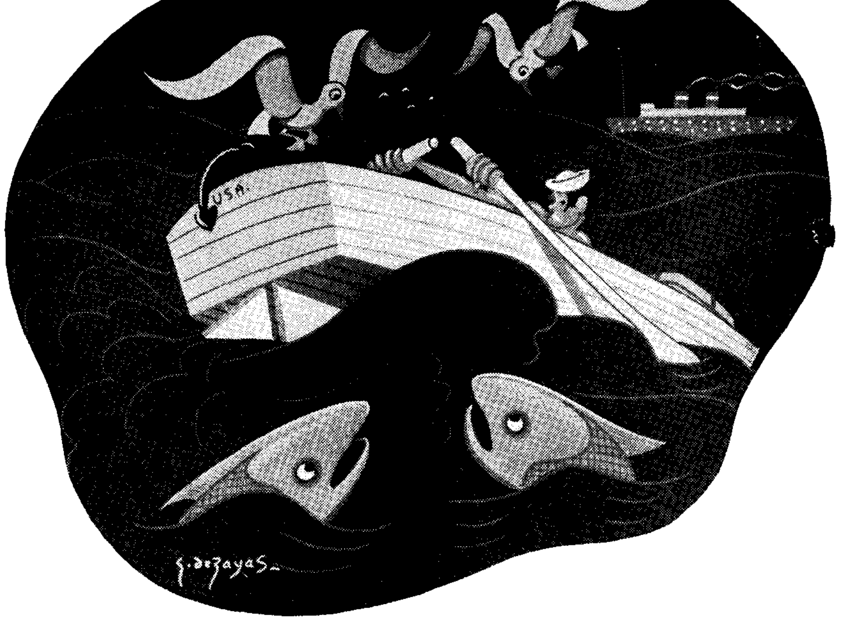


STEP INTO THE CIRCLE OF HAPPIER SMOKING!
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert
HOT SMOKES BITE THE TONGUE. P.A. SMOKES COOLER—AND THAT MEANS MILDER!
RICH TASTE WITH MELLOWNESS—THAT'S P.A. ALL OVER!
ROLL YOUR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES THE FAST WAY—WITH CRIMP CUT P.A. MILDER AND TASTIER TOO!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE


U.S.A.
G. DeZayas

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Since* 1876, nine men have been known to cross the Atlantic Ocean in rowboats. Six were in pairs, while the other three succeeded alone. The last one was Joseph Lawlor, who rowed from Boston to a small port in Spain in 1911.—*By Robert J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.*

*New York City* has a private weather service that sells reports on the weather as far in advance as six months. Among its patrons are dairymen, clothing merchants, fuel dealers, golf-club dealers and steamship lines. One of its reports, which predicts the weather, day by day, one month in advance, is mailed gratis to certain organizations, including the government weather bureau offices.

*Americans* compose and copyright eight hundred songs a week, but not more than twenty-five are ever published, including those printed by their writers for distribution to friends.

*George Washington* and Benjamin Franklin are the only persons whose portraits have appeared continuously on United States postage stamps since the day they were first issued in 1847.

*About* eighty per cent of all the buildings struck by lightning in this country are farm structures.

*The* desks of reporters in the decision room of the United States Supreme Court are equipped with a chute so the men may send dispatches without leaving and disturbing the court. The chute runs to the desk of a colleague in the basement and all communication with him must be handled in writing through it. However, he can ask and answer questions over a one-way telephone.—*By S. Greenblatt, Columbia, Missouri.*

*In* 1924, thirty-nine per cent of the cigars consumed in this country sold for five cents or less. Today eighty-nine per cent are in this low-price class.—*By Jane Harvey, Boston, Massachusetts.*

*The* largest settlement ever made on an automobile liability policy for a single accident was $225,000, which was paid a few months ago to a group of persons who were injured in a wreck of a station wagon on Long Island. Settlement was made without litigation.—*By A. J. Miller, St. Louis, Missouri.*

*Wooden* barrels are sometimes used successively by as many as twenty different industries as containers for products that will not be harmed or tainted by previous contents. Hence, these barrels, decreasing in value with each sale, can transport the following products in this order: Whisky, vinegar, molasses, corn syrup, olive oil, lubricating oil, paint, disinfectants and tar.—*By Herbert I. Diamond, Brooklyn, New York.*

*Before* a trade-mark can be registered in the Patent Office, it must be already in use, on merchandise or services, in either interstate commerce or foreign trade.

*Probably* the most successful ghost writer for college students is a New Yorker who has six hundred clients and an income of more than $10,000 a year. His prices range from $3 for a book report to $700 for a Ph.D. thesis. Not only are his papers guaranteed for grade and nondetection, but his style of writing is varied to conform to the individual and the college.

*Many* Shinto festivals in Japan include a religious orchestra whose members only go through the motions of playing on their instruments and, consequently, do not make a sound. This "music," which is directed toward the gods, is played silently because it is too sacred to be heard by human ears. —*By Ruth Elizabeth Sheldon, Mosier, Oregon.*

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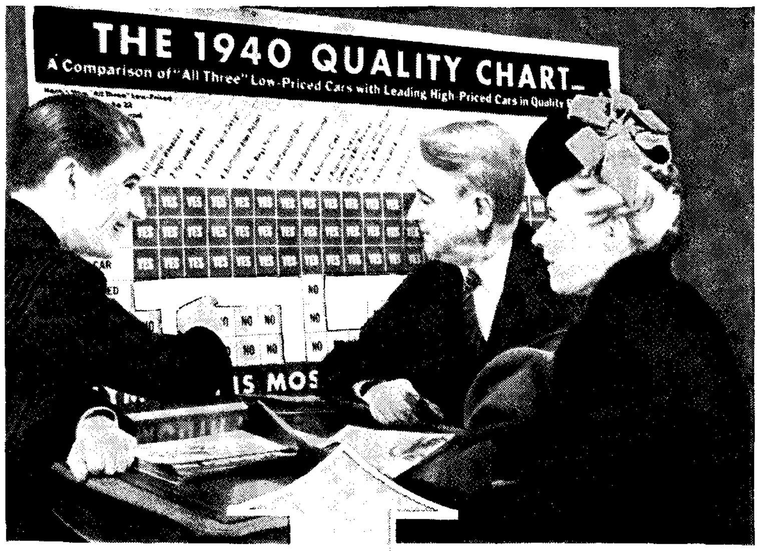
# You're Sure to Get the Best this New "One-Two" Way!


THE 1940 QUALITY CHART
A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-Priced Cars in Quality
IS MOS

Now you can quickly and easily find out how the 1940 automobiles compare in value. Merely do these two things... ❶ See the 1940 Quality Chart. In short order you learn which of "All Three" low-priced cars gives you most in size, safety, economy, luxury. ❷ Take Plymouth's thrilling Luxury Ride—an enjoyable revelation of how much riding smoothness and performance low price now buys.

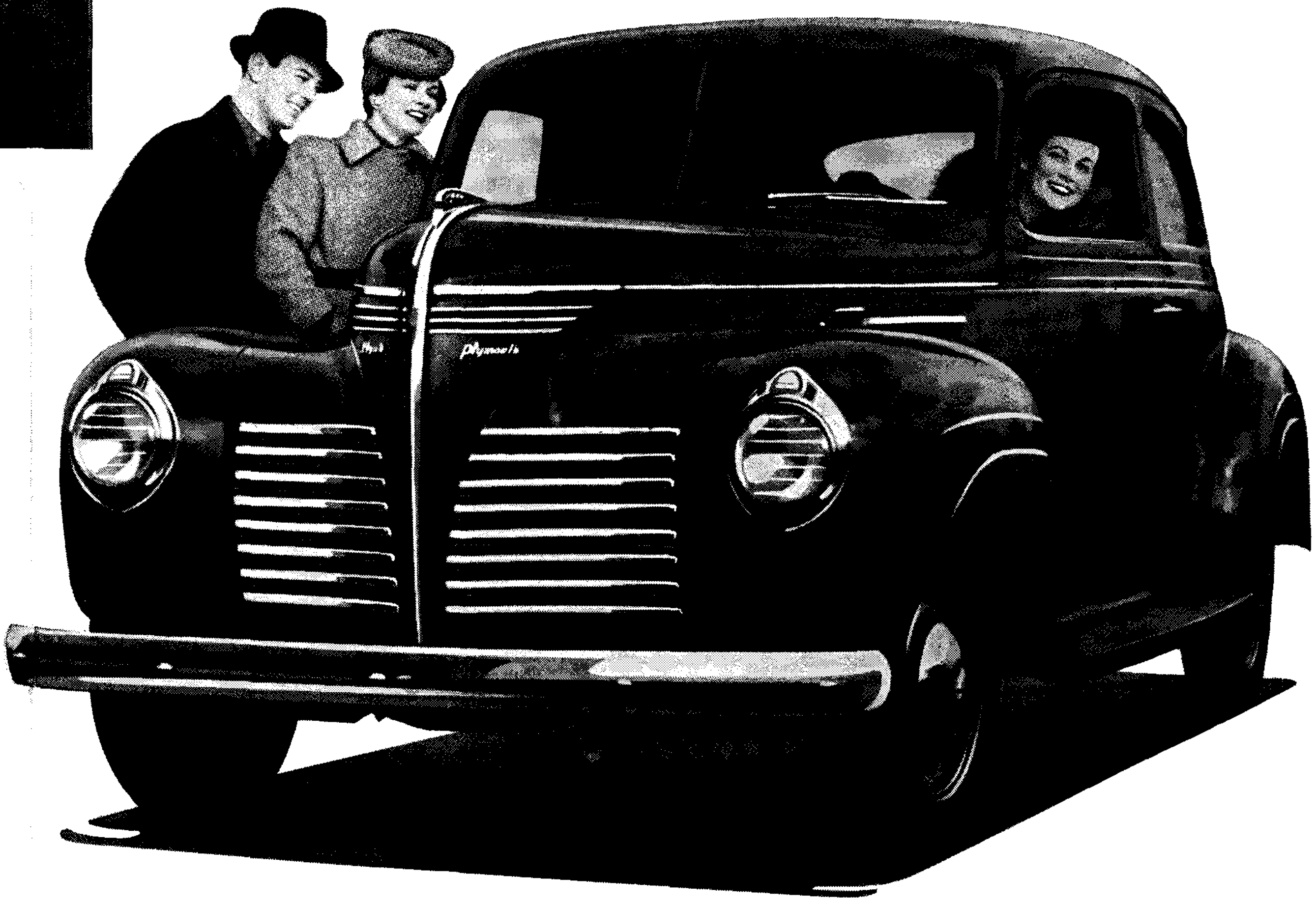
**USE THE "ONE-TWO" WAY**
**TO GET YOUR BEST BUY**

1– See
Quality Chart

**FOR FACTS...**

2– Take [illegible]
Luxury Ride

**FOR PROOF**



**OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS–**
**[illegible] has 21...Car "2" has 11...Car "3" has 8**

THIS YEAR's low-priced cars can easily be judged in simple "One-Two" order... *in a direct comparison with high-priced cars!*

The extremely popular 1940 Plymouth gives you more car for your money . . . in size, in comfort, in all-around *value.*

This year, *high-priced* cars resemble each other on 22 important quality features.

The 1940 Quality Chart shows you that the big, beautiful Plymouth is the only one of "All 3" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of these features.

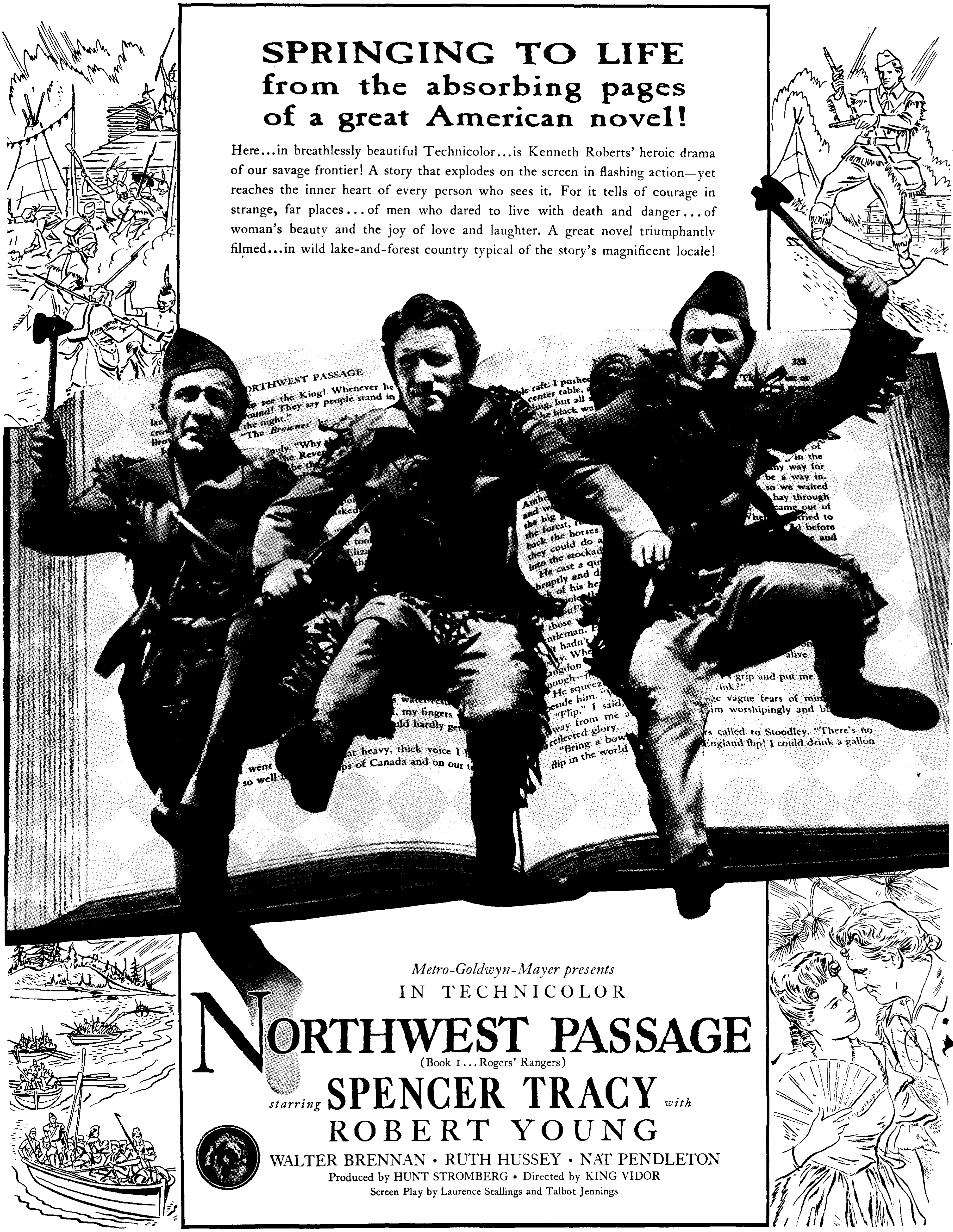
See the Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. And to understand even more fully why this car is so tremendously popular, take Plymouth's thrilling Luxury Ride.

On the facts . . . on the road . . . it's the one *low-priced* car most like the *high-priced* cars. And Plymouth is remarkably *easy to buy!*

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P.M., E.S.T.

BUSINESS MEN! SEE THE NEW 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY

# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



# SPRINGING TO LIFE from the absorbing pages of a great American novel!

Here...in breathlessly beautiful Technicolor...is Kenneth Roberts' heroic drama of our savage frontier! A story that explodes on the screen in flashing action—yet reaches the inner heart of every person who sees it. For it tells of courage in strange, far places...of men who dared to live with death and danger...of woman's beauty and the joy of love and laughter. A great novel triumphantly filmed...in wild lake-and-forest country typical of the story's magnificent locale!

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents*

IN TECHNICOLOR

# NORTHWEST PASSAGE

(Book I...Rogers' Rangers)

*starring* **SPENCER TRACY** *with*

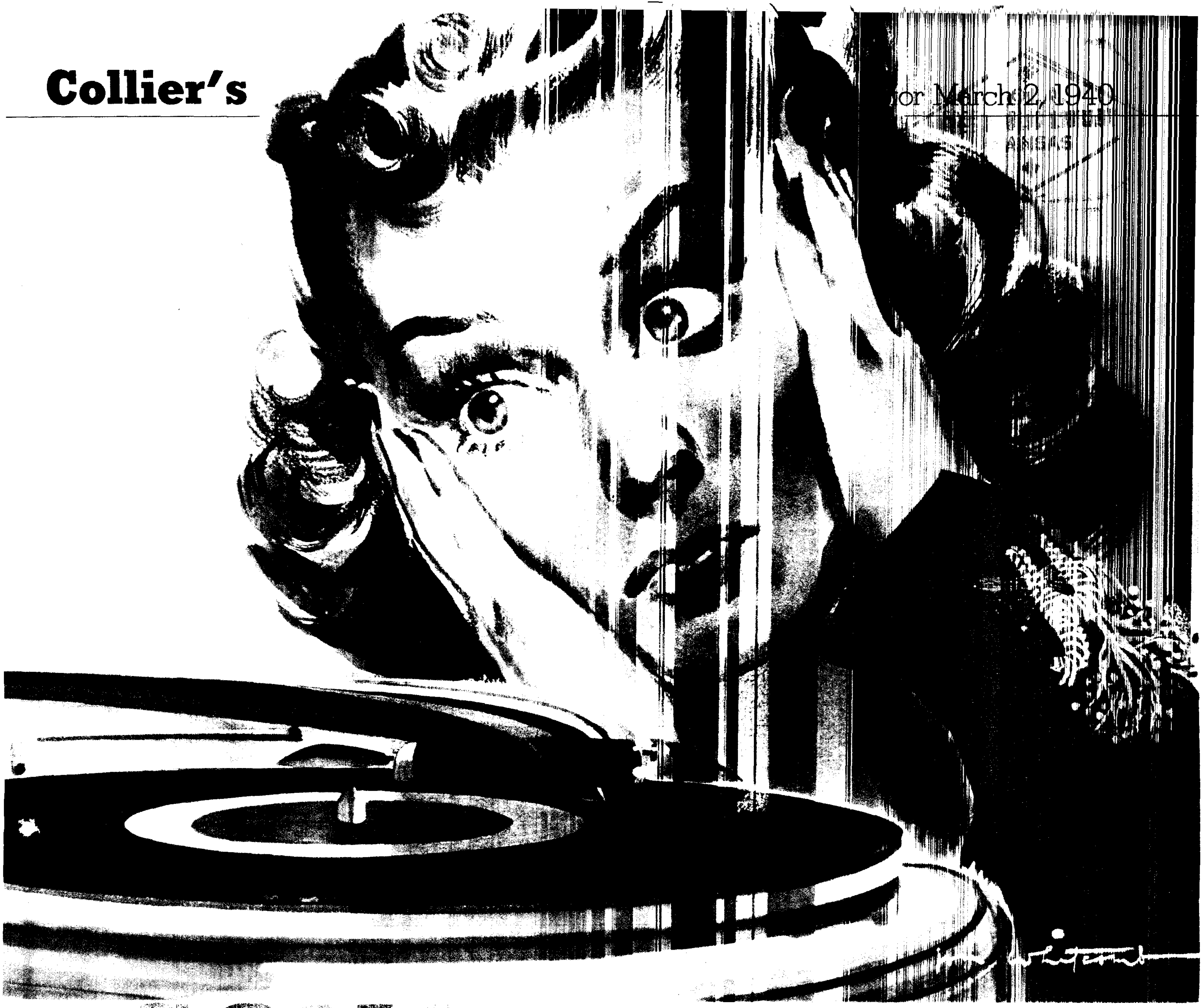
**ROBERT YOUNG**

WALTER BRENNAN • RUTH HUSSEY • NAT PENDLETON

Produced by HUNT STROMBERG • Directed by KING VIDOR

Screen Play by Laurence Stallings and Talbot Jennings

Collier's for March 2, 1940



# A SONG You've Heard

That recording played on and on, over and over and over and over, till I thought I would go raving mad

### By Price Day

**Girls who marry geniuses have to put up with a lot of temperamental nonsense they don't expect. They do!**

THE telephone rang. I answered it. "May I speak to Mr. Wallace Black?" the voice said.

"Mr. Black is busy," I said. "This is Mrs. Black."

There was the briefest of hesitations. Then, crisply: "Yes. Mrs. Black this is—"

Don't tell me, I thought. Let me guess.

"—This is Hanrahan, Incorporated."

My guess had been wrong. I'd known it wasn't the meat market, or Mr. Mazzini, the grocer, because the voice was an uptown voice. I had guessed, just for the fun of guessing, the jeweler's where I'd got the wrist watch for Wallie's birthday. But it was Hanrahan. That pair of black pumps, and that hat. Such lovely pumps. Such a lovely hat. I explained to the man that we'd received their letters, including the registered one, and that they weren't any more anxious to be paid than we were to pay them, which the good Lord knew was the truth; and he was very, very nice and said they could wait a while longer.

I put the phone down and went to the window and stood looking out at the cluttered, untidy window of Mr. Mazzini's across the way; and suddenly, without knowing why, I wanted to cry. Because the pumps were worn out, and the hat no longer in style? Because the beautiful wrist watch was in hock? Because the weather was so beastly?

Don't be an idiot, I said to myself. Look at you. Look what you've got that other women, richer and cooler by far, would give an eye for—youth, health, a husband the very least of whose qualifications is that he has never spoken a cross word to you—

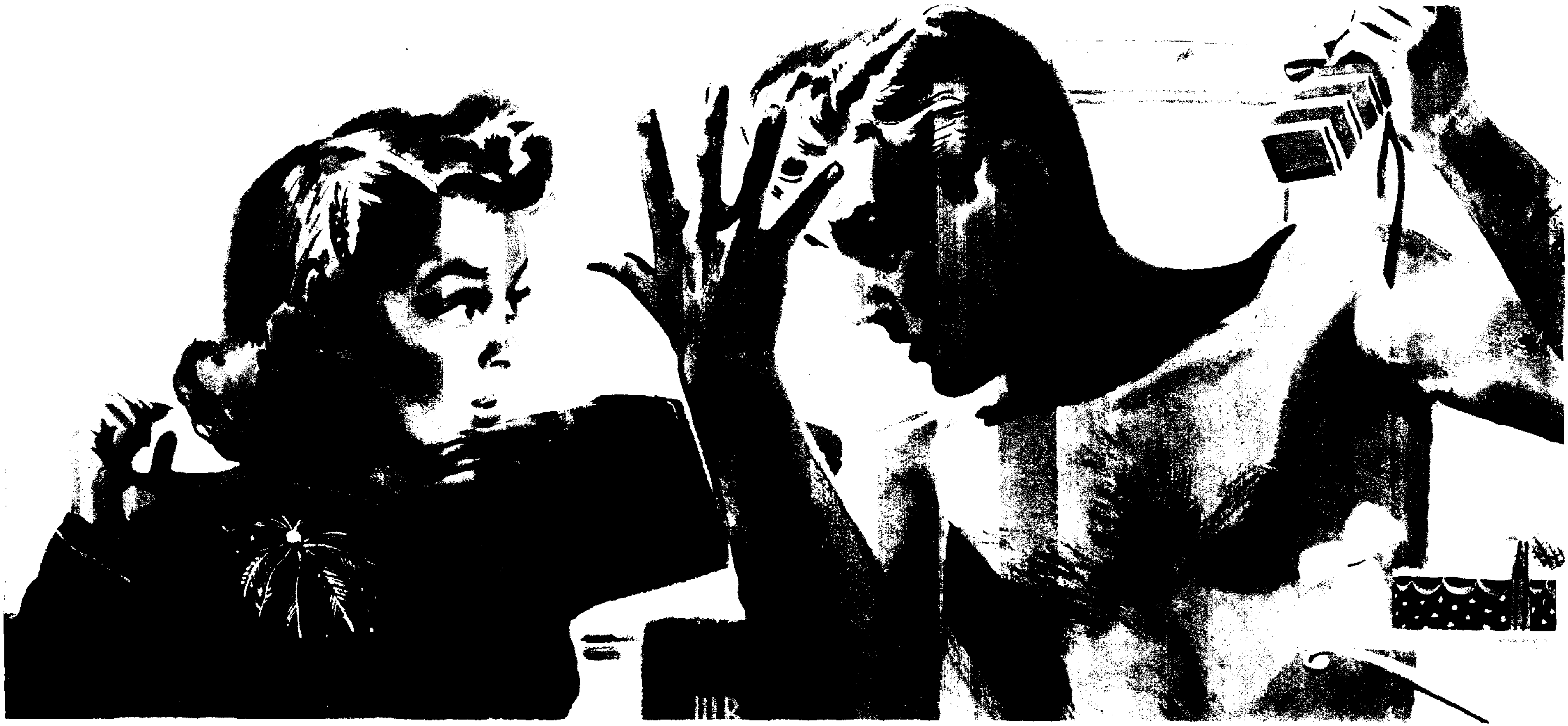
"Fran!" It was Wallie calling.

I went into the bathroom. Clad in bathing trunks—the modest touch—he lay in the tub. From the lavatory tap and down into the tub ran a length of rubber tubing. The tub drain was partially blocked: it had an old-fashioned stopper, about a third of which had been sliced off. There was a bath thermometer handy. The idea was to keep a steady flow of water, at body temperature, caressing his frame. Hydrotherapy in the home. He lay there with his hands behind his head, his eyebrows contracted. But he wasn't crazy. He was trying to write a song. It was what he did for a living. He was a songwriter. He wrote songs.

"Who was that?" he said.

"Nobody," I said.

"Who was it?"



JON WHITCOMB

**He gestured wildly around. "The next time I come into this bathroom I want all this junk cleared out"**

"Wrong number."

"Who was it?"

"Hanrahan."

"The trouble," he said after a moment, "is that to get anything done I've got to be free from worry, and to be free from worry I've got to get something done."

I said: "I know, darling. I wish there were something I could do. I wish I could help." I did wish it, I think you could say frantically. But—as Wallie himself had taken particular pains to point out to me more than once—you couldn't help people write songs. It all had to come out of their own heads. Terrifying!

He said: "You do too much as it is." He closed his eyes, hard. "Creditors. No money. No clothes. No decent place to live. Cooking. Washing dishes. You poor kid."

"Wait a minute," I said.

He opened his eyes. "Oh, you're not complaining. You wouldn't. That makes it harder. You'd never complain."

When a man gets like that, there's no use talking to him. I reached for the thermometer. "How's the water?"

"Seems a little cool," he said, gravely.

And then suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer. That picture—a grown man lying in a little bathtub fitted up with those contraptions, while his wife, also grown, bent solemnly over like a high priestess performing a rite and poked a little tube of glass into the water. It was too much. I felt a laugh coming. I couldn't keep it down. I laughed.

"What's funny?" he said. "Me, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!" I said.

"What's so funny about me?" He frowned.

"But Wallie," I said. "Look at you. Just look at you!"

He shrugged. "All right. Laugh on. It's a joke. I'm a clown. You don't have to tell me. I know. It's a ghoulish way of making a living. All right!" He was yelling. "But it's my way; it's the only way I've got, and if you don't like it—"

"Wallie!" I said. I wasn't laughing now. "Wallie, please, darling—"

He had climbed out of the tub. He said: "And another thing—" He gestured wildly around. "The next time I come into this bathroom, I want all that junk cleared out."

"That—what?"

"That junk. Those bottles and junk."

I looked at the shelf indicated. My powder. My creams. My lipstick. My nail polish. My eyebrow tweezers. My emery boards. My orange sticks. My razor. My nail polish remover. My glycerine water. My perfume.

"But Wallie," I said inanely, absolutely stunned, "it isn't as if I had a dressing room, and—"

"And you don't have to throw that up at me, either," he said, "not having a dressing room!"

He walked out.

I just stood there, looking at his wet footprints. . . .

LIKE so many other momentous things, good and bad, it began at a cocktail party. A year earlier—sometimes it seemed like a millennium, and sometimes like fifteen minutes, but it was a year—I had come up from Baltimore for a short visit, and, the first afternoon in New York, I was asked to a cocktail party.

There were lots of people. One of them was a tall young man with the most amazing smile, and big hands that—well. He was brought over to me and introduced as Wallace Black.

He said, "Hello."

The rest is confusion. He dissolved me, he simply dissolved me. It was one of those things. I was primitive woman, and he was my man.

He could have been a corporal in the snow removal force of the City of New York, and it would have been all the same to me—then. But, I learned, he wrote songs. You remember some of them. Romance at Noon, Once is Plenty, Unless You've Changed, Name One, That's Not the Way I Meant It. Not great songs, nothing to get eighty-five plugs on the air in a single week, nothing the populace will find itself chanting when it storms the barricades—but not bad, either. Not bad at all.

They weren't Wallie's songs alone. He and a man named Matt Steiner did them together. They were a team. Like Rodgers and Hart, or George and Ira Gershwin. Matt Steiner wrote the music, Wallie the words.

I met Matt the next afternoon, at cocktails in Wallie's apartment on Central Park West.

"Matt," Wallie said, from the blue, "I want you to meet my first wife."

A proposal. But did I leap at it madly? I did not. First, I counted to three. Then I said, "How do you do."

Matt looked at me. He was a little dark, fat man with the eyes of a doe and a general appearance of being fourteen years old. "Not much beef," he said after a minute, "but she has that wiry look. She might be able to take it."

At the time I didn't stop to wonder what he could mean.

I went home a few days later, and told Pop what had occurred, and Pop at first was all for locking me in the attic and feeding me on bread and water till the madness went away—"A lyric writer!"—but when I explained that Wallie and Matt were about to go to Hollywood at one of those salaries that make strong men wince, the effect was magical. "You ought to have mentioned that in the first place," said Pop.

We had to get married quick, so I could go to the Coast with him, and everything was rush, rush, rush. The wedding, a modest one, was to be on Tuesday, at noon. On Monday morning I went down and met Wallie's train.

In the car, I driving, he said: "I want to talk to you."

"You do?" I said.

"Yes." He took off his hat and held it in his lap and started turning it round and round. Then he blurted it out. "Fran," he said, "I don't think we ought to get married yet. I think we ought to wait."

"Glunk?" I said.

Then he explained. The Hollywood thing had fallen through. Nobody's fault—it had just fallen through. Wallie had counted on it; he had been spending money as if it were—well, money.

"Not only that," he said. He slammed the hat back on his head, and looked miserable. "I'm in debt. I'm cuffo for about three grand. Oh, I'm not worried. I'll get out. But until I do, I don't think it'd be fair to you to go ahead with—"

"Wallie," I said like a flash, "I have never been so insulted in my life! If you think, if you dare think for one minute, if you even begin to begin to dare think about thinking—"

At that, he went all to pieces. It seemed I was the most real, the most honest, the most outrageously wonderful girl in the world. And maybe I was, at that.

We spent our honeymoon in the Central Park West apartment. At the end of two weeks Wallie said he supposed he ought to get to work and make some money. One smash hit would put us in the clear, he said. And did I doubt his ability to write a smash hit? My husband?

"Wallie, darling," I said, "how do you write songs?"

"Oh," he said, with the vaguest possible gesture, "you just get a phrase or something, and then you write a song."

"But what comes first, the words or the music? Or do they come sort of together?"

"Well, with Matt and me, usually the words first."

I was interested. That anyone could actually—actually!—sit down and write a song was to me a mysterious, an incredible thing. Awesome, beyond imagining. And besides, I thought it was a wife's duty to know something about her husband's work.

I TRIED to pin him down. "Do you write the whole lyric before you show it to Matt," I said, "or just part?"

He frowned. "Well, sometimes—" He made that same gesture, but with the other hand. "Oh," he said, "you wouldn't understand."

I believed him. I shut up.

And so did he. During the next few days there was enough silence around that apartment to last a hermit a year. I gathered that silence was a good idea, because he was working.

Not that it looked like any kind of work I ever saw. He stood gazing out windows. He took naps. He pitched pennies at figures on rugs. He shaved at odd hours, like noon. He lay on the floor and stared at the ceiling. All in silence, dead silence.

So I was silent too. I was so self-effacing that I wasn't there. I became, in fact, a sort of combination squaw and concierge.

But I was happy. I was doing my part, and I was happy, like a cow.

The silence continued for about ten days. Then one afternoon, he suddenly leaped from the couch, where to all appearances he had been sound asleep, and dashed to the typewriter, and in three minutes had banged out what I, spying at the door, took to be a lyric,

*(Continued on page 63)*

By
Howard Taubman

**From the home of a Negro preacher in Virginia comes one of our greatest singers. But Dorothy Maynor's sudden fame only fills her with deep humility**

A YEAR ago $150 would have bought the services of Dorothy Maynor for an evening's concert. A New York club politely declined to ante up that much cash for the unknown young Negro soprano. Today that club would have to fork over $750. The quotation for delivery next year is $1,500. And in two or three years it should be $2,500 and up an evening, which is where the aristocrats among musicians hang out.

A year ago only a few friends had heard her and believed in her. She was introduced on a broadcast of the high lights of 1939 as "the musical discovery of the year." You may safely bet on her to be the vocal sensation of 1940, 1941 and so forth and so on.

But Dorothy Maynor has no inclination to talk about her fame. She is worried only about the job ahead. Even on the night of her New York debut, she didn't pause to lap up the applause and bravos. Looking like a pint-sized and serious Aunt Jemima who had sung only a handful of small solo recitals, she walked out on a New York stage and confronted a crowd of hard-boiled sophisticates who knew singing and wanted to be shown.

The short, plump, self-conscious girl sang with a voice remarkable for its range, agility and sensitivity. When he had heard her months before, Sergei Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had exclaimed, "An American Flagstad!" I don't think she's that. Her voice has a beauty all its own. It is fine-fibered and pure, and her half-voice singing is like some marvelous lace filigree. She does the tender love song Depuis le jour, from the Charpentier opera Louise as has no soprano since the days of glamorous Mary Garden.

That's how Dorothy sang that night, and the toughness went out of the sophisticates. By the end of the evening they were on their feet yelling. Another singer would be eager for new conquests, but several days after her smash hit in New York, Dorothy Maynor told her manager that she hoped he wouldn't have much for her to do in the following weeks. "Why, Dorothy," he demanded, surprised, "don't you want to sing?" Her answer was: "I do, but I have so much work and study to do."

To tell the truth, she does not seem to be aware of the magnitude of her success. She has never asked her manager about her financial prospects, and she doesn't realize that she has a million dollars in her throat. The other day she was told to go to a fancy Fifth Avenue shop for some fashionable doodads, and she said, "Oh, no, I can't afford it." Last Christmas she was about to pass up giving presents again, as in the past three years, because she was broke, when her manager made it clear that she now had a drawing account.

Dorothy Maynor had no idea of becoming a professional singer until three years ago, and even then she was dubious. Before that her highest hope in music was to become a teacher. And before that, music was just a diversion. As a child she had some piano lessons. So had her older brother and sister.

Dorothy was born in Norfolk, Vir-

IFOR THOMAS

**Plump, modest, sensitive Dorothy Maynor, whose exquisite soprano voice has, in three years, made her one of the greatest artists of her race**

ginia, on September 3, 1910; her father was a Methodist Episcopal minister.

She was drafted for her father's church choir early in life. There were also singing sessions in the home—Sunday afternoons of hymns and spirituals. The neighbors and their children would drop in at the preacher's, and everybody would sing. Even today Dorothy prefers to do the spirituals, the songs of her people, in the old-fashioned way, without accompaniment and sitting down, because "that's how we used to do it at home."

At fourteen Dorothy was sent to Hampton Institute at Hampton, Virginia. For four years she prepared for the school of home economics. Her specialty was dress designing, and her goal was to be a schoolteacher. One of her favorite extracurricular activities was the dramatic club. Others might love to strut the stage and play a part, but give Dorothy a mouthful of pins, a tape measure and an actor who needed a costume. She emerged from the costume department to become a bit player from time to time, but only because someone was sick or because no one else fitted the role. Someone's illness led to her debut as an old lady in Bayard Veiller's thriller, The Thirteenth Chair. Her height, or lack of it, since she was then even less than five feet, caused her to be recruited for kid parts, like one of the boys in the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

### Sports vs. Song

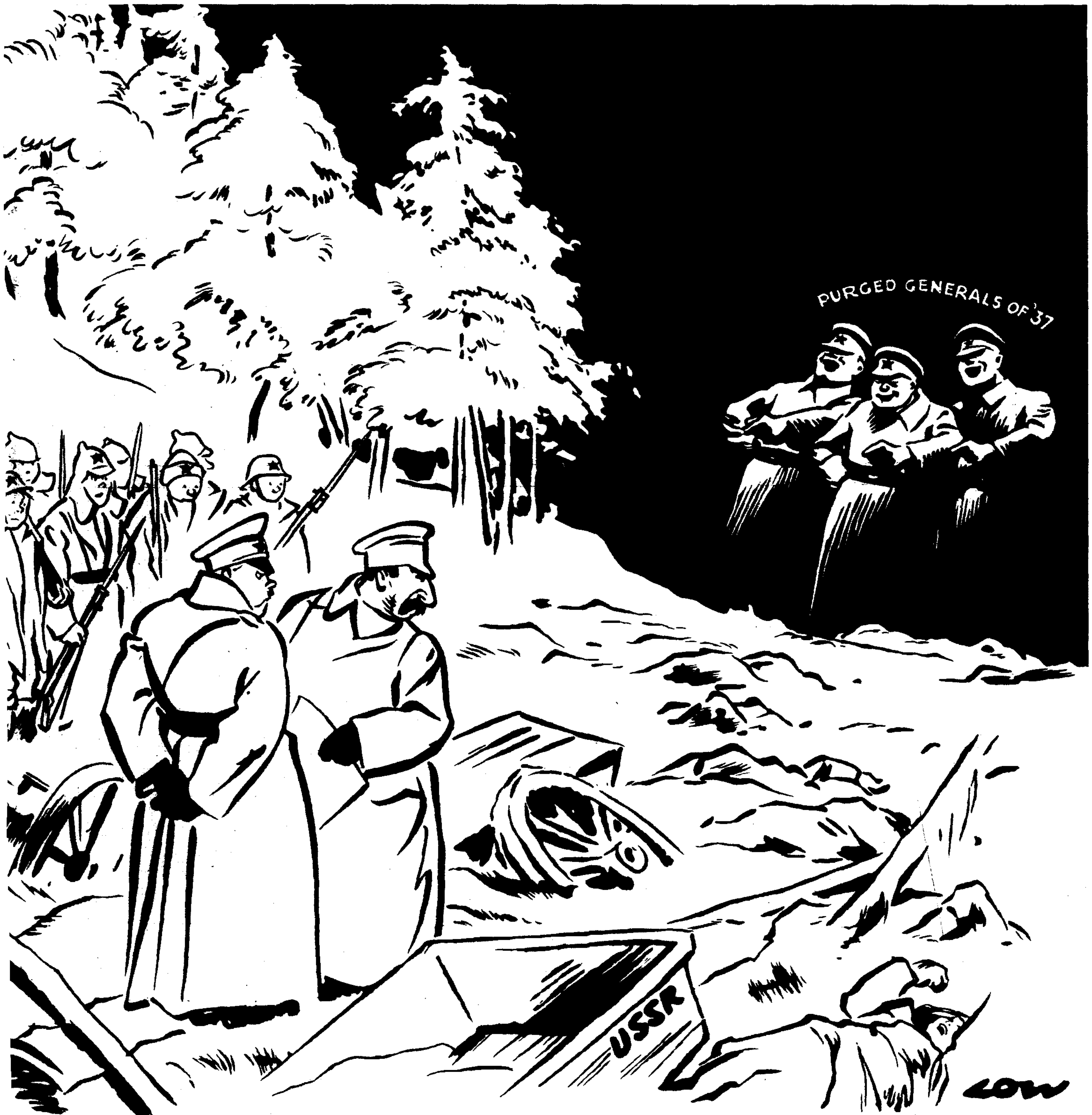
Each student at Hampton had periodic workdays, and Dorothy's idea of choice assignments was the sewing room and laundry. She had another equally important passion: sports. She was on the tennis team; in time became captain. To this day her conscience is torn between an hour's singing practice and a tennis workout. When she was given a Ping-pong table last Christmas, she was so delighted she wouldn't buy furniture to clutter up the studio, so she'd have room to play. At school she was on the field-hockey team, swam and tried soccer and volley ball. Home for vacations, she trudged through the woods with her father, hunting birds and rabbits and becoming a crack shot.

There wasn't much time left for music but she joined the Hampton choir. Often she dashed from the athletic field to the choir rehearsal, left her hockey stick at the foot of the stairs and scrambled up to the rehearsal room, still panting from the workout and still wearing the uniform of white middy and black skirt.

Dorothy was just one of the altos in the Hampton choir of 120 singers. She thinks that the alto singing of those days helped to give her the range of almost three octaves that is one of the glories of her voice. Only the best singers—forty of them—were chosen to go on tour, and Dorothy did not rate. She remained an obscure member of the choir for three years before her special talent was discovered.

A girl who sang solos left school just before a Carnegie Hall concert in New York. Dr. Nathaniel R. Dett, distinguished Negro conductor, teacher and composer-director of the choir, began auditions for a new soloist. Dozens of girls were tried and the search for a soloist became an acute problem. Dorothy and her friends would sit and fret, listening to the auditions. Dr. Dett's worried look haunted them.

One day Dorothy came to chapel early and sat near the organ bench. The organist knew Dorothy, and they chatted about the weather. Then the soloist problem reared its ugly head, and Dorothy said she was worried. "Why don't *you* try out?" the organist said.



"WHY DONT THEY PURGE SOMEONE, JOE?"

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

The next day he took her to Dr. Dett for an audition. Dr. Dett listened and said the job was hers. She even listened to herself. She was amazed. Was this herself? When she had last noticed, her voice had been normal in size. How it had grown!

Dorothy could not have faced Carnegie Hall alone in those days, but the choir was massed behind her, body and voice. Dr. Dett had cautioned her not to look out at the audience. Keep your eyes on the floor and then on me, he said. She sang three verses of an old English song, Thomas Campion's As by the Waters of Babylon and the audience applauded with modified rapture. She took a peek at the sea of faces and her legs began to tremble. Dorothy's knees don't knock any more, but she still sings with a quiver of the lower lip, although she didn't know it until someone held up a mirror the other day.

One day a visitor heard her at Hampton and sent Dr. Dett a check for $25, with the request that it be used to give vocal lessons to the little girl with the big voice. So her first formal singing lessons were given to her by Dr. Dett. But that did not fire her with the urge to be a singer. When she finished her preparatory course at Hampton, she applied for admission to the school of home economics. Dr. Dett sent her a note saying that he had taken the liberty of changing her enrollment to the school of music, and hoped she didn't mind.

Dorothy didn't mind. If Dr. Dett thought she should be in the school of music, who was she to disagree? The next four years were spent on music. When they were over, she received a scholarship from the Westminster Choir School in Princeton, New Jersey. Was she going to concentrate on becoming a singer now? Not on your life. She prepared to be a choral director.

### Peanut-Money Days

It was a white woman, Miss Harriet S. Curtis of Boston, who made up Dorothy's mind to be a singer. Miss Curtis heard her in one of Dorothy's visits to Hampton and said that this voice must be trained. Dorothy said she had no money. Miss Curtis said the equivalent of "Pish tush!" provided some out of her own pocket and raised more from friends. Dorothy was packed off to New York early in 1936, and for the first time she gave her attention exclusively to singing.

For three years Dorothy worked harder than a convict on a chain gang. Her obligation to the people who were helping her was a goad, morning, noon and night. She ignored nice clothes, dates, dances, good times. She lived first at the Y. W. C. A., since it was the cheapest place she could find. But she could not borrow the piano room as often as she needed it. She tried sharing an apartment with friends, but it was too small for a piano. Finally she took a little place of her own, but she scarcely had enough money to decorate it.

Friends tried to get modest engagements for her. They dug up several which paid peanuts. She entered competitions, had auditions before three sets of judges, and someone else always copped the prize. She plugged away, and her reward was an audition for Lawrence Evans of Evans & Salter, top-flight management, in February, 1939. She sang in Carnegie Hall with only twenty-five people seated in the huge place. But she was getting accustomed to auditions, and gave it all she had. Evans signed her at once.

Early in August, Dorothy was taken to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in the Berkshire Hills to hear the festival by

(*Continued on page 46*)

# The Last of the DiMaggios

## By Tom Laird

**He has Joe's dead-pan expression and, like Joe, he can do amazing things with a bat. Dominic, the DiMaggio family's newest baseball wonder, has just hit his way into the big leagues**

CARL BERGMARK

**Dominic DiMaggio, youngest of the name, joins his two brothers in the majors this year. He'll play with the Boston Red Sox. With him are his father and Mae Leonard, an employee at the family restaurant**

UNDER silver-blue floodlights that drove the evening's blackness from the stadium, Sam Gibson got on the rubber and studied Rip Collins. The count was two balls and no strikes on Collins, with Los Angeles runners on second and third in the first half of the ninth inning—and the score 3-2 in favor of San Francisco.

Harassed, Gibson turned toward center field, signaled with a raised glove against his right shoulder that he was going to throw a high inside fast ball to the left-handed hitter at the plate. Gibson grinned as the center fielder trotted twenty feet to his left and fifteen feet in. Then Gibson wound up, let fly with his underhand fast ball—and shivered as Collins blasted a line drive over the second baseman's head.

The crowd groaned as the ball faded into the shadows—a groan that turned to a hum of speculation as the Seals center fielder came racing in like a phantom—a groan that changed to a thundering cheer as the fielder dived headfirst, stretched forth his hand, made the catch—then held the ball aloft, got up and walked with precise strides to the side lines.

Collins, rounding first, head down, heard the cheers, stopped, kicked at the dirt and snarled. "I'll be glad when they get that guy out of this league. That was a base hit—if I ever saw one!"

In a box back of third base, Charley Graham, owner of the Seals—the Silver Eagle who has sold more than $1,000,000 in ballplayers to the majors—turned to Heinie Groh, New York Giants' scout, and whispered, "You just saw one of the reasons why I'm asking $75,000 for Dominic DiMaggio!"

Groh grinned. "That's a lot of dough, Charley. The kid must have diamonds in his teeth. His brother, Joe, went for twenty-five grand—and he's a pretty fair ballplayer."

"The sheriff isn't on my neck this time," snapped Graham. "I had to let Joe go for a small price because I needed the money to stay in baseball. I don't have to sell this kid for peanut money." And then Graham added slyly, "Dominic would provide the Giants with a great counterattraction — against the Yankees and Joe DiMaggio."

The Giants didn't get him because Tom Yawkey and the Boston Red Sox shelled out an estimated $100,000 and three players for Dom and Larry Powell, a pitcher to be delivered one year hence.

If you saw Dominic DiMaggio on the street, you wouldn't take him for a ballplayer. You would see a chunky, black-haired, black-eyed, red-cheeked kid, twenty-two years old, five feet ten, weighing about 170 pounds. You would see a kid walking with quick, short steps; very serious of mien, looking something like a Japanese schoolboy—and wearing glasses.

### He Just Had to Be Good

Yet this intellectual-looking fellow, who once had dreams of being a chemical engineer, who lives like a monk, never took a drink, who doesn't know girls exist and hides the erudite books he reads because he's afraid people will think he's a sissy, is the greatest twenty-two-year-old ballplayer in the game today.

How good is Dominic DiMaggio? He finished the 1939 Pacific Coast season with a batting average of .370. He hit over .400 for three months and was on fire at the plate until a wild pitch struck him on the wrist. The smart guys said to Manager Frank O'Doul: "Take him out. The stands are choked with scouts. He'll look bad—he can't swing a bat." O'Doul shook his head and replied, "Listen—Dominic's fielding, throwing and base running are so important to this club that even if he hits only .200 with the bad wrist I've got to keep him in there!" And—with a bad wrist that stole forty per cent of his usual power—Dominic stayed in there and his average never dropped below .345. That's courage and will power.

"The Little Professor" stole forty-one bases last season. He has incredible speed, an amazing ability to get the jump on the pitcher. He is an artist at sliding and he has flaming courage. In his running he moves like a shadow. He is the best base stealer to come into the Coast League since the immortal Jimmy Johnson—and Dominic so thrilled Ty Cobb that the great Georgian exploded with: "That kid can run the bags any day for my money—he's one of the greatest I've ever seen. He's a throwback to the kind of ballplayers we used to have."

Dominic is the second-best outfielder in the game today. The best—must I

*(Continued on page 44)*

# The Doctor Keeps a Promise

### By Luke Short

**Small-town doctors have their problems. But few of them manage to solve them as heroically, or as many of them at one time, as Mason Weber did**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

IN THE seven years since Mason Weber stepped down into the thick dust of Warms' street and received the microscope, the roped trunk and the seven heavy medical books handed him by the freighter who had brought him, he already had made his fight and lost it. It was the kind of fight only a shy man can make and a sensitive one can realize he has lost. He lost it when the county elected Dr. Caslin as its coroner, leaving Mason Weber to wonder who the thirty-two people were who voted for him instead of for the older doctor.

He had found out in the two years since. They were the men in bib overalls, and their women, the farmers from the country out under the San Dimas bench where the big Spade outfit, the Bearpaw, the Seven X and the Bib K had shoved them. They were the Mexican families whose adobes had been pushed to the farthest edge of town and who still called Warms by its old name, San Antonio de Jacona. And they were two bartenders from different saloons, both old men, who came to Dr. Weber because he knew good whisky from bad and demanded it of them in quart bottles.

Save for these two, the rest were humble people, mostly unwanted people, farmers in the cattle country. The town, loyal to the big outfits that gave them a living and hated hoemen, had done something to these people who were Dr. Weber's patients. They were so little used to asserting themselves that unless he heard them ascend the steps to the tiny waiting room above Sais' harness shop and went out to them, they would sit there a whole afternoon, talking in whispers and trying to keep from shuffling their thick-soled shoes. But

they were his people and he was their doctor, for the town and the big outfits had shoved him into obscurity, along with his patients.

He heard these steps this afternoon, however, and opened the door into the waiting room. The girl was standing away from the door and behind her the sun poured through the single curtainless window, so that he could not see her face.

HE SQUINTED a little at the glare and stood aside, a slim, not tall man in wrinkled trousers and a white shirt whose cuffs and collar had been twice turned. He had skipped yesterday's shave, so that the pale wedge of his face seemed more slack than it was, and its expression was musing and indifferent and faintly proud. With his free hand he buttoned his vest and with the other he made a gesture of half-remembered elegance as he said, "Step inside, please," in a voice that was still thick with sleep or whisky.

"No, it's not for me," the girl said quickly. "It's—can you come with me?"

Dr. Weber closed his eyes and inclined his head in assent.

"No, you mustn't!" she said hurriedly. There was something so urgent in her voice that it made him pause as he began to turn and look at her. "I mean, nobody must see you. Can't you pretend you're going somewhere else?"

"Just where am I going?" he asked quietly. He had a dry, impatient manner of speech that antagonized people, and in that moment he realized it again and wished he had spoken more gently.

She did not answer for long seconds, and he took two slow steps into the room and to the side of it, so that he could see her face. Where she stood now, the sunlight cut across her chest in a hard and merciless way that did not flatter her. It brought out the spots on her cheap bombazine dress and raised the veins in her red and work-worn hands. Above the gash of sunlight was the kind of face with which he had come to be familiar, the face of a farm woman. It was too thin and too angular, as if its blood were used up before it could feed the flesh that lay beneath, and it had a dignity that was its own beauty. She was looking at him, wanting to speak and afraid to, her blue eyes gauging a chance that she was reluctant to take.

"Now, what is it you want?" Dr. Weber asked, and this time his voice was kindly, purposely so.

"I've got to trust you," she began. Her voice was calmer now, too. "I—he's in trouble, my—this man. I don't know what kind, only he's hiding and he's hurt."

"Gunshot?"

"Yes." She kept her eyes steady. "Will you help him, come to him?"

"All right. Where is he?"

"You can't come to him. That's just it." She took a deep breath and looked down at her hands and he saw the shudder move her body. "I guess the hiding is more important than the wound. He thinks so. You'll have to wait until dark."

"Where is he shot?"

"The chest."

"Then it can't wait."

She nodded, saying nothing. Dr. Weber went into his dark office and got his bag. Before he closed it he corked the bottle of whisky on the desk and slipped it in the bag, putting on his coat afterward.

SHE was still standing there, watching the door, when he came out.

"Maybe we can manage it," he said. "Where is he?"

"You don't understand," the girl replied. "I guess I shouldn't have come. You see, he says they'll be after him. And if they ask you where he is, you'll have to tell them, won't you?"

"Not unless I want to."

"Why wouldn't you want to?" the girl said with quick bitterness. "If he's done something they shot him for, why shouldn't you turn him in?"

Dr. Weber's voice was edged with asperity and impatience as he said, "I'm not a sheriff, miss. I'm a doctor. You've got my promise, for what it's worth."

She hesitated only a moment and then told him where to come. Afterward, he went out, leaving her there in the waiting room as she requested, so they would not be seen together.

Over on the street the wooden awnings caught and held the midafternoon heat, and Dr. Weber carried his hat in his hand. Passing Prince's Keno Parlor, he nodded briefly to the two punchers in chairs back-tilted against the wall, and they said just as briefly, "Hello, Doc." He listened for any note of hostility in their greeting and he could find none, only a kind of unbending indifference that was almost dislike. The sour, smoky scent of alcohol made a cool wedge of air in front of the swing doors as he came abreast them. Murdo McFie on his way back to his bank upstreet came through the swing doors in time to see Doc and to pause on the sill, letting the doors nudge his back. The pause was timed so that Dr. Weber had to go ahead, and Doc understood. He walked past without a check in his rather deliberate stride, and McFie said "Afternoon, Doctor," in the kind of neutral voice that Dr. Weber had come to accept. He was even smiling over it as he turned at the corner toward McGovern's stable.

Once on his horse he followed her directions, striking south out of town. When he was out of sight of it over the low ridge, he left the road, swinging west, the reek of the sage and dust hot in his nostrils. When he came to the arroyo, wide and deep and dry, he sloped into it and clung close under the right bank, cutting back toward town. Her landmark was a black and rusty stove dumped into the arroyo years ago when this was the edge of town. Beyond he took the next trail out of the arroyo and found himself in a clump of cottonwoods and seedlings, and he tied his horse among them, afterward crossing an irrigation ditch and walking through a small field toward a cluster of adobe buildings. The sun lay hot on each shoulder blade, so that he straightened up to ease the cloth away from his back.

A Mexican was squatting in the shade of a low adobe building, watching his approach. He rose and took off his hat and opened the door beside him and Dr. Weber stepped into a black, windowless room smelling of stirred dust. The heat here beat at his face, rushing past him as if glad to escape.

HE STOOD there a moment, letting his eyes relax for the darkness, and then he discovered she was beside him. "Over here. On this corn."

"Haven't you a lantern?" he asked.

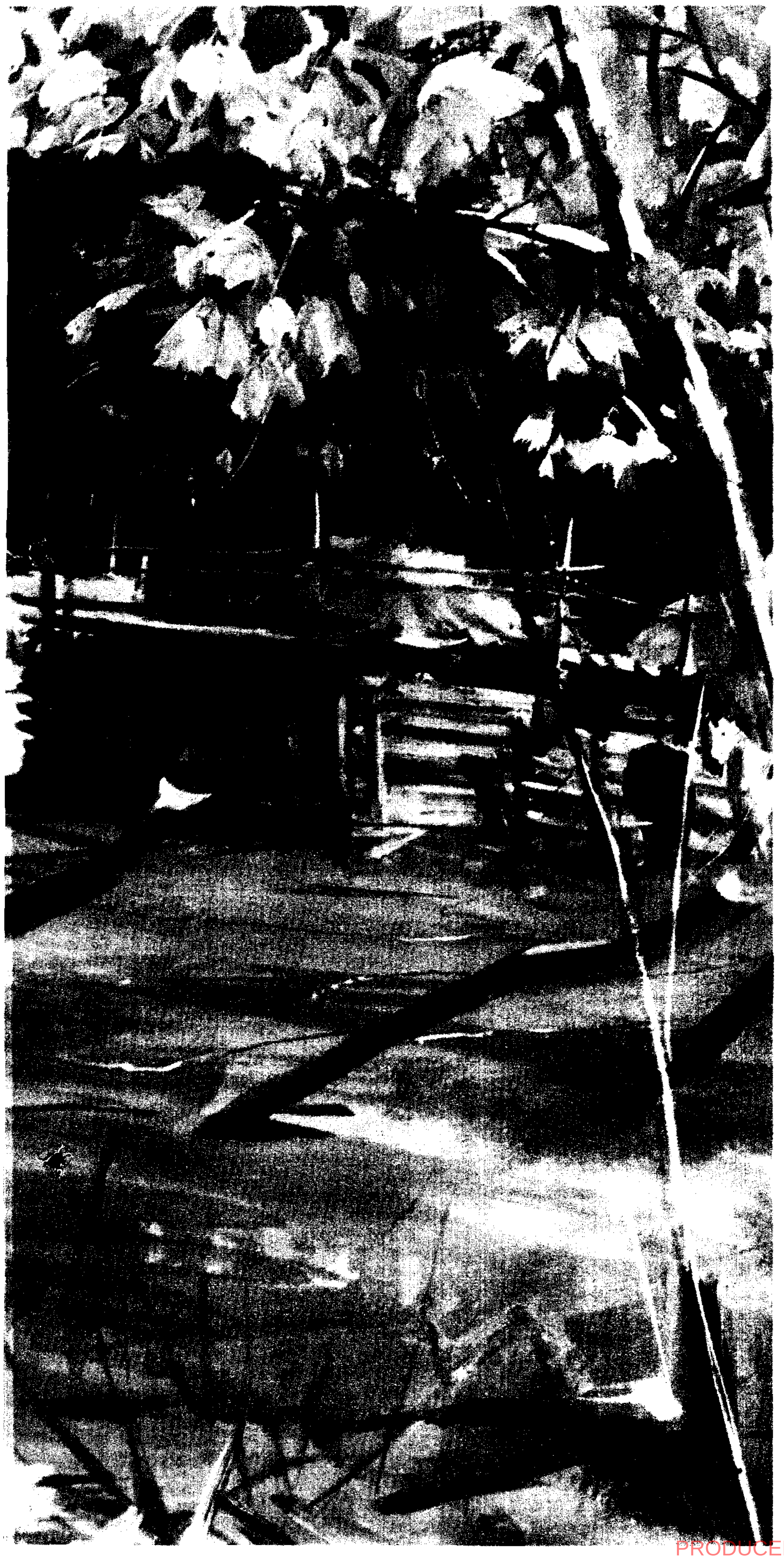
The girl spoke to the Mexican and he disappeared. Dr. Weber went across the room. The man was lying on clean blankets under which had been stuffed some hay. The bed itself was a heap of field corn leveled out. There was a dry rustle of shucks underfoot as Dr. Weber took off his coat and waited for the lantern.

Then the girl stood beside him, and he looked at the man. He was a young man, in fever, breathing with a kind of rasping difficulty that sounded ominous. He had a tough, wild face, burned a ruddy bronze, and he kept licking cracked lips. Doc's glance took in the levis and blue shirt, washed and sunfaded to a gray and patched carefully with goods of the same faded color.

"Your brother?" he asked the girl.

"Yes," she said. "He's—" She paused. "He's young and foolish and—and desperate!" she said softly.

*(Continued on page 65)*



**He tied his horse, afterward walking through a field toward a cluster of adobe buildings**

MOVIETONE NEWS

The Fuehrer, silent with compassion, consoles a widow of one of the victims of the Munich beer-cellar blast which he narrowly escaped by minutes

# WHAT the GERMANS THINK

### By W. B. Courtney

**Along the Wilhelmstrasse, in Chancellory and Ministries, the theory of Germany's wartime morale will be explained to you in flawless detail. But you must walk in mean streets, in the haunts of little people—the Hans Schmidts—for the real, human story. For national morale is a quality of the common people. Mr. Courtney presents their views**

Camouflaged German infantrymen on patrol duty on the Western Front. The average German loves his army and is certain that it can't be beaten in the field

PIX

UNDOUBTEDLY there is opposition to the Hitler regime in Germany. Every foreigner here knows that. But he also believes its strength is exaggerated by wishful persecuted groups. Sometimes you will find a German friend who breathes fire but when you ask why he, personally, and others who think like him don't do something about it—he shrugs and subsides. Or he may ask you why you, personally, don't do something about bad machine politics in the United States. You will say you do: you vote against it. He will point out the machine usually wins, anyway. He will admit that a free, unimpeded election is not possible in Germany today; but thoughtful Germans—and in this most foreign journalists and diplomats resident in Germany bear them out—claim that if such a wholly free election were held in Germany today Hitler would probably be overwhelmingly elected.

Because of machine politics, and all that implies. Because forty per cent of the population of traditionally bureaucratic Germany, in one way or another, works for or holds its jobs by grace of the government; that is, the party. There goes your election—smacko. In this connection, Germans see parallels in the United States. The WPA, the CCC and city machine strongholds where municipal employees form an important voting bloc for the party in power. The bitter Germans whisper that Hitler, like Roosevelt, has been Santa Claus to some classes; has won mass support with his version of a "soak the rich" campaign.

EUROPEAN

**Real hero of the man in German streets is No. 2 Nazi Hermann Goering, whose warmth and human qualities are high-lighted by Hitler's ascetic aloofness**

Yet even those Germans whom you have reason to believe privately loathe their government jump down from the fence when the questions of the war come up. This is one of the phenomena of German morale. It is not merely warrior pride nor the immemorial clan notion that I can say what I please about my brother, but don't you dare! Germans, notably, are history- and politics-conscious. All can give you harrowing accounts of the disorders and humiliations of post-Versailles and pre-Hitler years. Yet I believe that the war acceptance that you uncover when you prick a German of any political faith or age, no matter how profound his anxiety with respect to the future, is chiefly anchored in efficient domestic propaganda plus Hitler's sure instincts for popular leadership.

National morale in any country is nourished, national faith in a cause shaped, belief maintained, by propaganda. In the last Great War this was of necessity done almost exclusively by press and lecturers. You recall our own "Four-Minute Men," who popped on the stages between pictures, between acts, at church and club socials, on busy street corners during luncheon hours.

In this Great War new facilities, radio and aviation, make it possible to bind an embattled country even more tightly to the core of its expressed purpose. Herr Hitler, foremost flying addict among world leaders, can breakfast with his troops in Poland, lunch at headquarters in Berlin, dine at the Westwall. He can talk in Koenigsberg, Munich and Frankfurt on the same day. Kaiser Wilhelm, even if he had wanted to, could not have done such things.

If you arise in the morning uneasy from rumors, or restless from privation, Minister Goebbels' voice fills your rooms to reassure you.

However, you are at least partially wrong if you think the average German believes everything he is told. No literate man does. German literacy is among the highest. You are wrong if you think there are no tongues in German cheeks when official voices come from those millions of dialed boxes. And you are off the track if you judge European news information by our American flood; and forget that "freedom of the press" is a catchword of extreme relativity.

### How Hans Forms His Opinions

Europe never had such institutions as our great, thick Sunday newspapers, with many sections and more than a hundred pages. For one thing, they haven't our abundance of paper: it is costlier here than in the United States. . . . For another, great European newspapers of the past had a cultural and literary tradition, rather than a tradition of volubility and enterprise. Continental rural populations have never been newspaper subscribers with our American magnitude. These people certainly don't miss something they have never had!

Now the average German has been given a clear, definite, canny picture of German war aims. He believes that in this he is superior to and more fortunate than his foes. The demands of H. G. Wells and similar critics for an expression of Allied aims have been gleefully seized, and repeated widely in the German press, with sneers and gusto. Such things have made it easier for German leaders to convince their people that the enemy slogan of "Crush Hitlerism" hides vagueness, confusion, bickering and senselessness.

Here is the sum total of what Hans Schmidt, the German equivalent of our man-in-the-street, John Smith, apparently believes:

1. All the Hans Schmidts, probably without a sane exception, want, pray and long for peace. This is perhaps the single point in which Hans' views are in accord with those of Jean and John.

2. Hans firmly believes that peace will come in the spring. He tells you he does not "feel" there can possibly be a war. He thinks Hitler will be able to pull this trick out of the bag; that in his cleverness he will be able to find a way for everybody concerned to save face. If Hitler fails, the popular faith in his magic will decline further, but not dangerously; it is too easy for Hitler to blame it all on England. Hans even believes that Hitler might find a way to step aside—become a "dictator emeritus," if he thought the welfare of Germany and the cause of peace could be helped in that way. But Hans doesn't yet see any reason why Hitler should be the goat, no matter how gracefully.

3. Hans is convinced of the reasonableness and the truth of the government's contention that his cause is just.

4. Hans does not believe there will be land fighting in the west; against France. The proportion of his optimism that is based upon this belief is incalculable. If he is disappointed, the shock will be dangerous.

5. Hans gossips cautiously that the army, which he reveres, acts as a wholesome brake upon the Party.

6. This point has been dinned into Hans, argued and explained for him until he certainly believes it with all fervor: that if Germany should lose this war she is through forever as a united or great power.

7. Which brings up a factor that, strangely, seems little noted outside Germany but is truly a fundamental of the national war morale and psychology. Hans believes that the lag between Munich and Poland was deliberately created by the Allies, in order to give them time to write a new Treaty of Versailles. That this secret treaty was written out and agreed upon to its last detail by England and France before they declared war. In restaurants, trains, offices, everywhere, you will be told these details by laborers, busmen, professional workers, housewives, students. The treaty destroys the Reich as a national government, breaks it into separate, weak, small states. That England, which pretends to fight for a democratic form of government, will put English royal kinsfolk on the throne of each state, except Prussia, which is to be returned to the Hohenzollerns. That France will get the whole left bank of the Rhine.

8. Hans believes, right down to his toes—make no mistake about this—that if there must be a war, Germany will win. He believes that Marshal Goering's Air Corps is too hot for the Allies. He has boundless romantic faith in Goering, Udet and Germany's other aces and heroes. Hans tells you that Germany's undersea navy, with the co-operation of the air corps, has an infallible plan for "whittling England's navy down to our size."

He believes, finally, that the German army is invincible.

There is enough of the Teutonic warrior strain in every Hans to make him respond to magnificent victory in the field. The Blitzkrieg in Poland made a deep impression upon him. He knows that even Germany's bitterest critics, let alone her enemies, cannot deny the brilliance of that campaign. He recalls with chuckles that "armchair militarists" in the foreign press in late August, even in early September, were predicting difficulties for German arms; extolling Poland's big army, well-equipped and drilled by French missions; talking learnedly of "initiative" and "General Mud" and "Polish contempt for Germany, historically based upon the first Tannenburg, when Polish legions defeated the German knights." He is immensely proud and reassured because the Blitzkrieg ran off to the clocked minute of its schedule: that military history does not offer a matchable feat—the utter destruction of a big army and a major national government in 18 days by a numerically inferior force (believed to be 300,000) which captured prisoners three times its own numbers.

### German Likes—and Dislikes

Hans really loves his army. More, he profoundly respects it. He believes that everything about it—from knapsack design, helmet type, uniform color, to staff work and highest command—is better than that of any foreign army.

In Hans' mind, there is simply no shadow of thought that his army, as an army, can be licked in the field.

9. Hans detests the Russian alliance. Its ideological—or, at least, its political—inconsistency, doesn't bother him. But he is sensitive to the loss of face involved in the proud Reich's hookup with "an inferior country and people."

10. Hans Schmidt likes Adolf Hitler. He does not cherish for him the affection that he has for the warmer, more human Goering. He cannot conceive of Hitler stopping beside street workmen—as Goering recently did—engaging them in banter, finally taking one into a bierstube for a glass of schnapps—and borrowing twenty pfennigs from him to pay for it!

Put it this way: Hans wouldn't dream of calling Hitler by a nickname. But Goering is known to everybody as "Fatty." In Germany, the sacrament of confirmation is the most important event in youth life, because then you quit calling a child by the familiar "du" and begin to address him as "Sie." But Goering is the sort of German who throughout life is called "du"—thou—everybody's sweetheart.

Hitler remains apart, remote, ascetic, inspiring awe rather than love. But Hitler has a practical hold. For one thing, he reduced unemployment from more than five million, when he took office, to about 100,000—the latest figures. He did this by vast public works—buildings, highways. He did this by the method familiar to us with our WPA, called pump priming. It is the method which scares conservative people who anticipate a day of reckoning. But Hans isn't worried about that.

11. Hans' womenfolks go him one better with respect to Hitler. They love the Fuehrer. This hold that Hitler has over the women of Germany is perhaps the most striking and most important phenomenon of wartime morale and psychology. They endure food lines, drafty shops, interminable delays for ration cards with much better grace than the men take their "sacrifices." Every

*(Continued on page 69)*

# THE WINNERS

**By Frederick B. Watt**

WILLIAM KENSIT

**This girls' basketball team has traveled 125,000 miles in search of competition and spent a fortune bringing it to one of Canada's most northerly cities. But they play too well—fans tire of watching them win**

THE best girls' basketball team in the world will be packing up next season because they are too good. They've got everything except a few rival teams of sufficient caliber to draw the fans.

Kansas University's Dr. James A. Naismith, who invented basketball somewhere back in the nineties, said that these Edmonton Commercial Grads drawn from a single high school up in Edmonton, Alberta's most northerly city, are "the greatest team that ever stepped out on a court." In the sixteen years of international competition they have held the championship fifteen times. The Canadian title has not left their possession in the seventeen years for which it has been played. Their three European invasions have been clean sweeps. Once they let a provincial championship slip through their fingers but that was twenty-three years ago and time has healed the wound.

In days gone by the question of attendance at Edmonton Grad games bothered the traffic cops more than it did the Grads. The sports center of the Alberta capital is the Arena, a smaller edition of the Garden. It was in the Arena that a lumbering hockey forward named Eddie Shore first tried out as a defense player in the age when salaries were paid chiefly in body checks. Arena ice has been reddened by many an Edmontonian on his way to National Hockey League stardom—spirited youngsters like the Colville boys—and there have been nights when doctors have turned the dressing rooms into classes in plain and fancy hemstitching. Yet for all this robust entertainment, served up for a robust sports town, it remained for a bunch of gazellelike young women to fill the Arena as it had never been filled before.

There was scant relationship, of course, between the game that these girls played and the formal recreation that once stood for women's basketball. Men's rules and streamlined uniforms had turned women's international competition into a spectacle with the speed of a prairie fire and the dogged courage of trench warfare. A fellow like Shore, for instance, did not stop at getting enthused over a game like this. He picked himself Kate Macrae, one of the Grads' smartest guards, and married her.

Back in the twenties, when the Cleveland "Favorite Knits" first came to

*(Continued on page 34)*

**Edmonton's Commercial Grads have dominated girls' basketball for fifteen years by constantly preparing young players. Here is "Baby Grad" Margaret Colville, 16, whose athletic prowess comes naturally. Her brothers Neil and Mac are hockey players with the Rangers**

# Lucky in Blue

## By Duane Decker

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

THE gown was there, in the closet, and if she did a little altering, why, hardly anybody—least of all *Joe*—would guess that it was four years old. She could fix it in the half-hour before Joe arrived.

There were four other evening gowns hanging alongside it and they were all quite new and up to the split second in style. But they wouldn't do—for tonight. No gown would do tonight except that oldie, that lucky ice-blue.

She wasn't really such a superstitious girl. It was just her theory about party dresses. If you had a good time on a date the first time you wore a certain one, then that dress would always be lucky for you; but if you had a bad time—well, you might just as well throw the gown out the window.

Of course, she'd always been lucky in blue. But that ice-blue had been the luckiest dress of her life. And since practically a miracle had to take place on the date with Joe tonight, why, she'd be one very foolish girl to leave this magic gown hanging in the closet.

Because this was their last date, Joe's and hers. He was going two thousand miles away in the morning, to Denver, Colorado. Her heart whacked at her throat when she thought of Denver, Colorado.

But Joe *had* to go. In the year since he'd passed the bar exams, he'd hardly made a nickel. Too many good lawyers around town. So when the chance to get into an established law firm in Denver came—through a recommendation from his law school—they'd known he couldn't turn it down. But gee! She wouldn't see him again for a year, maybe two—on twenty-five dollars a week a fellow can't travel two thousand miles for a date. Not often.

Her personal desire was to marry Joe or else die quickly. Give her Joe and a one-room home and she'd be happier than Mickey Rooney in a top hat. Joe loved her too, but he'd set sixty a week as the "marriageable salary." Which figure he stuck grimly to.

She took the ice-blue out of the closet, studied it with the cool, detached eye of Chanel. Now let me see, she thought, there's a cape goes with that dress. I could cut it up and make a paneled bustle. That would give it the new-style, swirly look. If the job looked hasty, why, Joe—the only one who counted—wouldn't notice; women's clothes were just a great big blur in Joe's eyes.

SHE picked up a pair of scissors and went at the job with speed, daring and a great welling of tenderness. Snip, snip, snip. . . . There wouldn't be time to do the job right, on her mother's sewing machine. Still, she could make the bustle with a running stitch. That would just about hold it together for the evening—with no jumping around.

And while she snipped, she stared at the dress, purring almost with the soothing file of memories that it provoked. First there'd been the night she'd met Joe—and she'd been wearing it for the first time. Four years before, Taft Grill in New Haven, after the Dartmouth game. Joe had been a senior in Yale, working his way through—Joe had worked his way through everything, it seemed.

Then, the first time Joe had ever kissed her, she'd been wearing the dress again. Pure magic. It had happened in an old roadster that he'd borrowed to take her dancing. She still remembered what he'd said after that first kiss: "I'm going to do that again sometime, Sal, I think." And she'd said, quickly: "When, Joe? Soon?"

And finally, she'd been wearing that same ice-blue the night Joe first told her he loved her—at a Christmas dance, in the darkened sunroom of a country club.

These wonderful events had taken place when she'd worn the ice-blue. No wonder that, while new gowns came and went, that one stayed in the closet, a blue satin memorial to the best moments of her life.

She stitched, faster. The cape was turning into a bustle now. Snip, snip. . . . The clock said almost seven. Joe was due.

He arrived. The front doorbell rang twice, two solid rings. Joe! She jumped up, feeling a little bit dizzy from realizing his sudden nearness. She opened the bedroom door and tiptoed to the top of the stairway to take a peek at him in his tux, down there.

She yoo-hooed down: "I'll be a few minutes yet, Joe. And Father—*don't* feed Joe one of your *vile* cigars on account of the tux. *Please!*"

Ten minutes later she was ready. The mirror tickled her, the ice-blue was so smooth to behold and she looked so nice in it. She patted the dress, going out. "Be lucky just *once* more," she said to it, in a wheedling tone.

But something told her, as soon as they reached the dining-and-dancing place Joe had picked out, that the magic had left the ice-blue satin. It was letting her down. In the first place, Joe frowned a lot. He was no frowner. And then, she found herself starting *all* the conversations, with Joe folding up under them.

JOE didn't even ask her to dance. She waited and waited but he never said a word about it. Until finally the band broke into a dreamy Stardust—practically a command, to them. Still Joe said nothing. So she said, firmly: "Joe—it's Stardust."

Joe came out of an immense fog. He reddened as he saw how intently she was studying him. "Um," he said. "Let's dance, Sal."

They danced, but Joe's heart wasn't in it, she could tell. It wasn't right! Their last date and it was practically the punkest one they'd ever had.

And then, real disaster struck—without warning. Somebody went by her, behind her, fast. She felt and heard the fearful rent in the ice-blue satin. She turned to look, saw a collegiate thing disentangling his feet from the hem of the dress' hastily constructed panel. He murmured, "Sorry," and danced away. And she knew, without looking, that her hasty needlework had caused a major tragedy. She was badly—well—exposed.

"Joe!" she cried. "My dress—it's ripped in the back! I—I just can't stay here like this, Joe."

"Of course not," Joe said, "I'll get your coat, Sal."

And that was the end of their "perfect" evening. All the way home she wanted to cry.

Inside her house, she said: "I'll change, Joe. Wait—"

She'd turned to go but suddenly Joe grabbed her arm. "Listen, Sal," he said, hoarsely. "I've got to ask you something important."

"Yes, Joe."

"Will you marry me, Sal? Will you, on twenty-five a week and will you go to Denver with me, to live?"

"Joe!"

"I know it's cockeyed," Joe said. "We'll have to live in one room for a while and eat canned beans and stuff sometimes maybe, but—well—"

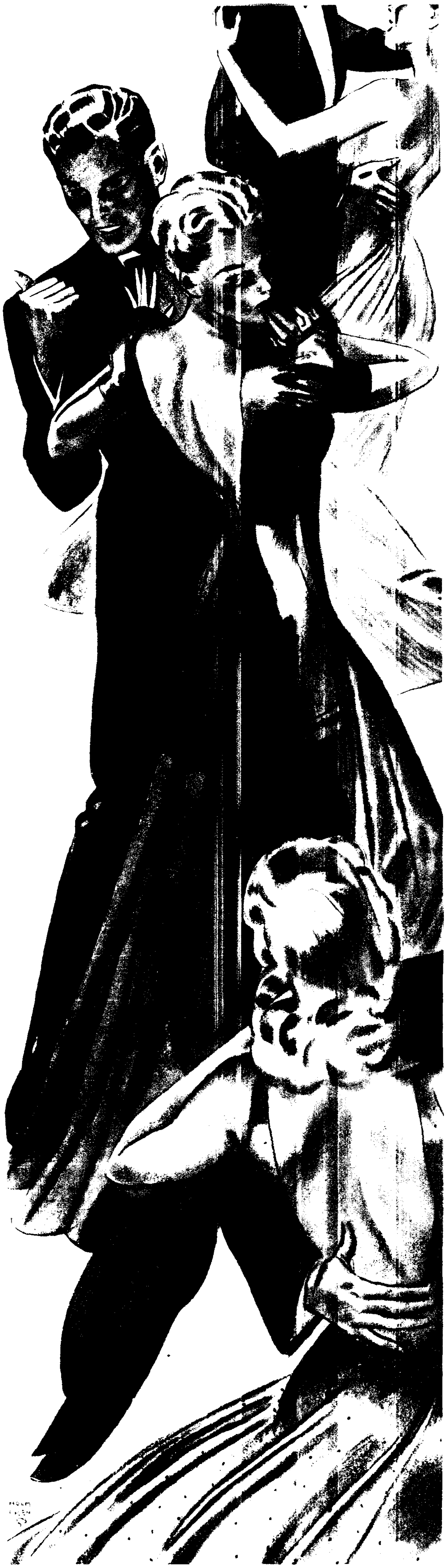
"Oh, Joe! Joe!" she cried. She was in his arms then, tight in them. "I'd go anywhere with you, Joe, on nothing a week. And I *love* beans. But—what changed your mind about getting married on the twenty-five a week, Joe?"

He released her. He scratched his head and looked sheepish. "It was that blue dress. I recognized it. You wore it four years ago—a lot. That got me thinking."

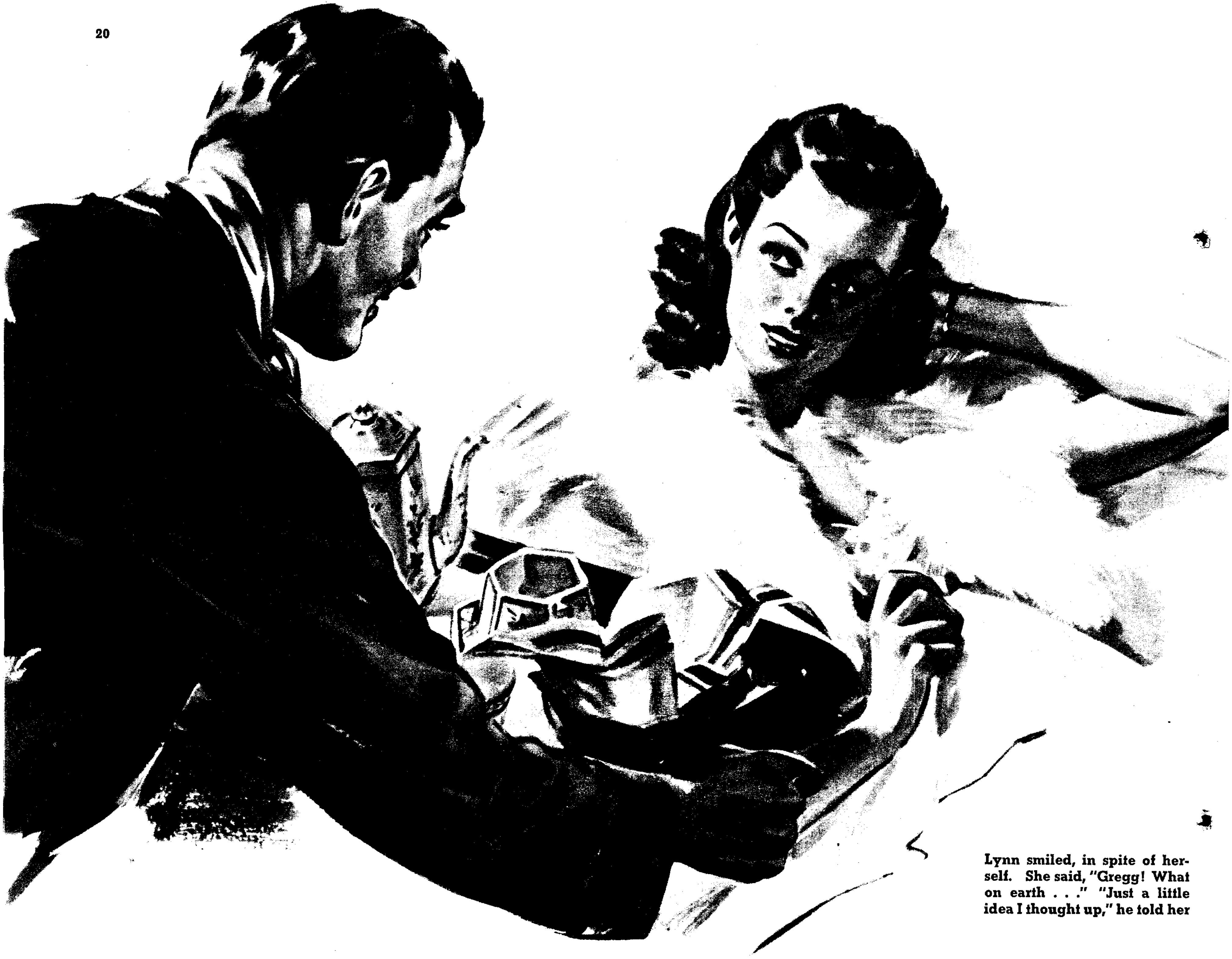
"Thinking of what, Joe?"

"Well, I suddenly started to figure maybe I'd been nuts on this sixty-a-week stuff. I sat out those dances just to look the thing over, in my mind. I said to myself, 'With a wife that can still look terrific in a four-year-old dress, why, twenty-five a week is a lot of dough.' And it *is*, Sal." He grinned at her. "You're sure pretty in blue, on the level."

"Pretty *lucky* in blue, you mean," she told him.



**She felt and heard the fearful rent in the ice-blue satin. And she knew without looking that her hasty needlework had caused a major tragedy. She was badly—well—exposed**



Lynn smiled, in spite of herself. She said, "Gregg! What on earth . . ." "Just a little idea I thought up," he told her

# Romance in Crimson

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

*The Story Thus Far:*

LATE one evening, on a quiet New York street, Gregg Stuart grapples with a man who, having drawn an automatic, is trying to kill a girl. A short struggle ensues; it terminates when the man leaps into a car and speeds away.

To Gregg's questions, the girl, who says that her name is Lynn Harrison, gives evasive answers. The following day, however, she tells Gregg enough to convince him that both she and her best friend—Toby Fuller, a model—may be murdered if they stay in New York. Whereupon, Gregg Stuart puts them in his car and takes them to his old Southern home, in the small city of Karnak.

Gregg's mother and his friends take an instant fancy to the girls. And Gregg soon awakens to the realization that he is in love with Lynn. . . . Karnak's wealthiest young couple—Madge and Wally Andrews—are still suffering from the shock of being held up and robbed by a bandit and his "moll," on Long Island. Meeting Lynn, they are startled by her resemblance to the girl bandit. And they mention the "curious coincidence" to Gregg.

Gregg tells Lynn that he loves her. Then the blow falls: Lynn confesses that "Rick" (the man who had attempted to kill her) had held up the Andrewses—and that she had been his companion.

Shock number two awaits him. During a dance, one evening, Lynn and Madge Andrews disappear. When they do not return, Gregg is worried—only a few hours before, he had seen the man known as Rick on a street in Karnak! At a late hour, Frenzy Gillings (his colored man of all work) rushes up to him, and, terrified, implores him to hurry home.

Gregg, followed by a number of his friends, goes to his home. Lynn meets him. Madge Andrews is there—dead! She has been shot through the heart! . . . Wally Andrews accuses Lynn of the murder. Lynn hands a package to Andrews. It contains the jewels the bandit had taken from Andrews' wife! Then Sheriff Ed Crawford says, "I sho hate to do this, Miss—" and arrests Lynn.

### V

THE room was big and square and dingy. The plaster walls were cracked, and the floor gave evidence of not having been swept for many days.

The several pictures on the walls were vivid rather than decorative. These startling examples of the lithographers' art portrayed, with commendable impartiality, the final stand of General Custer, the Supreme Court of the United States, and the domestic life of various fruits and vegetables. There was little furniture—and what there was, was cheap and dilapidated. There were two large windows. Both were barred.

This was the private office of Lewis Neff, jailer for Karnak County.

Lynn Harrison stood at one of the windows. She had been standing there for a long time, staring out into the graying blackness of Karnak night. There was no sound save the occasional mournful baying of a hound somewhere off in the pine woods.

The town slumbered, as yet unmindful of the tragedy that had occurred three hours before at the exclusive Karnak Hunt Club, unmindful of the fact that a young girl faced a charge of murder, unmindful of the fact that the following afternoon newspapers throughout the United States would blazon the tidings in eight-column streamers.

Tonight Karnak slept quietly, and Lynn looked out upon the tranquil scene and tried to adjust herself. She could see the stores facing the square, snugly closed for the night; and beyond them the modest, unpretentious homes in which the solid citizenry of Karnak lived, breathed and had its being.

Lewis Neff had retired to the cell corridor, leaving his office to these elegant ladies who had invaded his sanctity. And now one of them rose from the ancient horsehair sofa and moved across the floor to the window where Lynn was standing.

Carol Faulkner took Lynn's hand and said, "Hadn't you better rest a little?"

Lynn faced the other girl. They were about of a height, and markedly different in coloring. Lynn's eyes and hair were brown; Carol was darker, in the true Southern tradition. And Lynn was thinking, "She's pretty fine, this Carol

(Continued on page 35)

# Planning Your House

### By Burton Ashford Bugbee

**Our ideas on house building have changed. New equipment, more flexible room arrangements call for special planning. So let your house take its style from the way you want to live**

YOU learn a lot when you plan your house. Heating systems, insulation, air conditioning, building materials—you delve into the last words about them all. But most amateur house planners don't delve far enough. In the excitement of planning, they forget the basic thing about the house. The plan itself.

Instead they pick a style. Colonial, Cape Cod, English, Georgian, French, and accept the old-time plan that comes trailing along behind that façade, complete with inconveniences. But the fact is that things are happening to house plans. New materials and equipment make possible new and more flexible room arrangements. New ways of living—our constant use of the motorcar, our present-day craving for sun and air and privacy, the substitution of mechanical help for good old Hannah's—demand new living schemes. Your house won't be making the most of its possibilities unless you plan it unhampered by what the Cape Cod fisherman or the Southern planter figured out for his way of living.

This doesn't mean that you discard all the charm of the past, either, and go completely modern unless you want to. Look around you, especially if you are in California and the West, where tradition never did get the grip it holds in the East, and you will see houses that aren't chromium-plated modern, though they may have corner windows. But neither are they hidebound traditional, though they may have pitched roofs and Colonial detail. They are houses that start with the way their owners want to live, and let the exterior develop logically around the resulting plan.

When you start with what you want from your house, instead of how it must look, all kinds of possibilities open up that you never realized before.

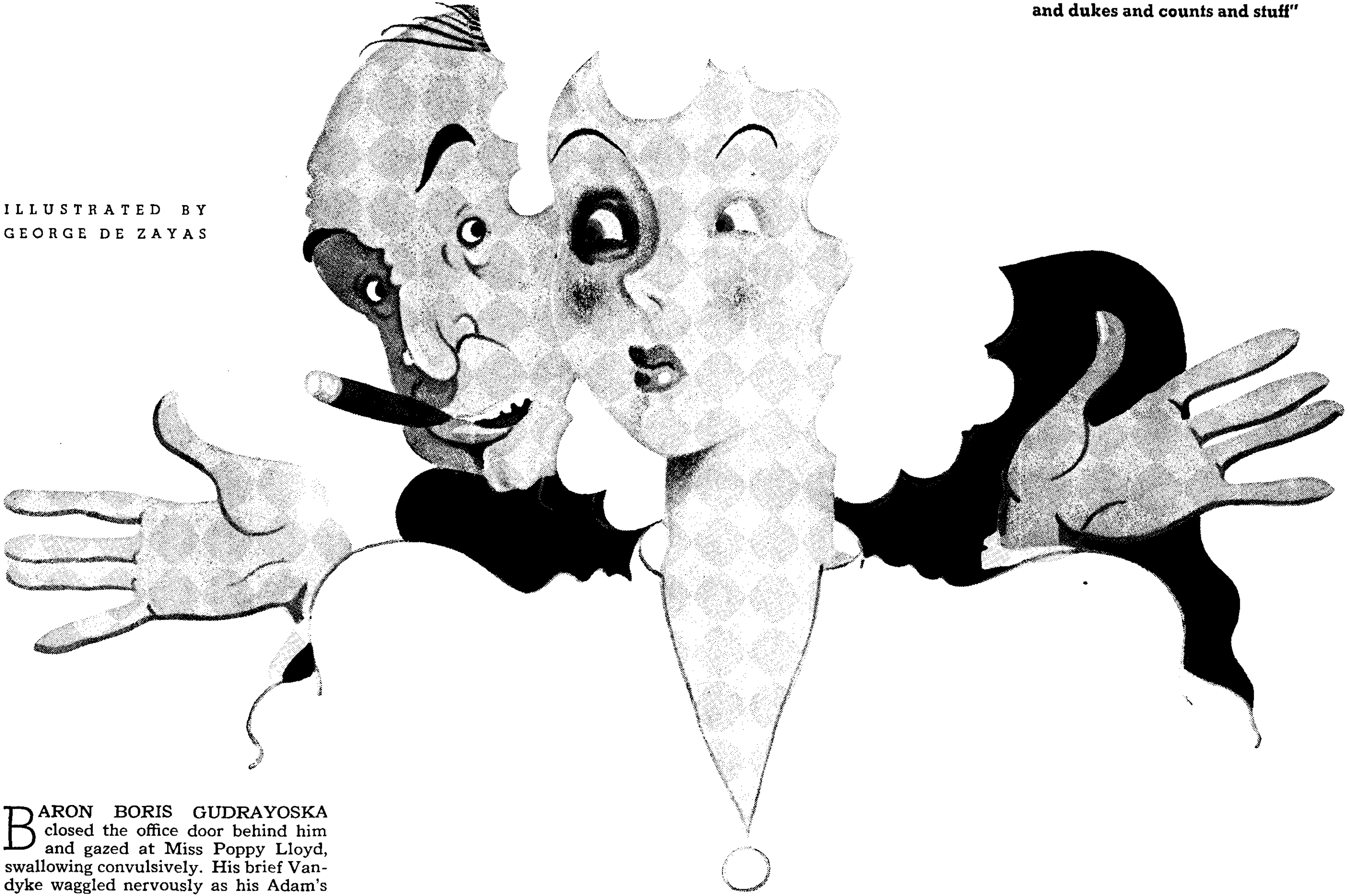
Take windows, for instance. There is no reason for spotting them at intervals in the wall and keeping them small, as they used to be. No longer depending on fireplaces, we have heating systems that can counteract large areas of glass. Construction of window framing has improved. So you can have banks of windows—to give you an

(Continued on page 68)

ON
OOR BATHROOMS
WALLS
PREVAILING
EEZE
Cross-Ventilation
Winter Sunlight
SPACE FOR
Parties
PRIVACY
FIREPLACE LOCATION

PHILIP D. GENDREAU

"For a guy to make a dollar," Saltzman told her, "he's got to give the customers what they want, which is barons and dukes and counts and stuff"



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

# Baron Henry Jones

## BY DON TRACY

**The events leading up to a marriage at which the bride will wear two black eyes, the gifts of the groom**

BARON BORIS GUDRAYOSKA closed the office door behind him and gazed at Miss Poppy Lloyd, swallowing convulsively. His brief Vandyke waggled nervously as his Adam's apple worked like a bobbin. The baron's eyes, beneath the fierce, lowering brows, were as warmly melancholy as an English setter's. His big hands held a Homburg hat clasped to his vast expanse of chest.

Miss Poppy Lloyd kept on typing after her one swift glance told her who had walked into the office. Her mouth set itself into a line as thin as a steam-rollered rosebud. She kept her eyes fixed on the hieroglyphics of the shorthand notebook. The sun shone through the dusty windows to touch her hair with a corona of finespun gold.

Miss Poppy Lloyd was an extraordinarily pretty girl. It was a shame that her beauty was marred by a black eye.

It was a masterpiece, that eye. There was a tinge of orange at the edges of the swelling. The orange gave way to violet, then to purple and, finally, to a fine deep black. It was a champion among shiners, a *duce* of all blinkers.

The girl kept her one good eye on the notebook as she spoke in words clipped shorter than the baron's beard.

"Mr. Saltzman," she said, "isn't in. He won't be in for some time."

Baron Gudrayoska made a gurgling sound and cleared his throat.

"Miss Poppy," he said, huskily, "I didn't come to see Mr. Saltzman. I come to see you. I want to explain."

Poppy Lloyd swung her slim legs out from under the desk and click-clacked across the office on high heels toward a filing cabinet. Her voice came like a January wind from the northeast.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "I can't think of anything you should explain to me, Baron Gudrayoska."

A look of pain filled the deep, dark eyes of the wide-shouldered, bearded man.

"Aw, Miss Poppy!" he protested. "You don't mean to say you ain't goin' to call me Henry no more!"

The girl hauled out a drawer of the filing cabinet, ruffled aimlessly through some papers and closed the drawer again with a bang. Her heels clicked back across the floor as she returned to her desk. She picked a sheet of memo paper from the top of the desk and handed it to the baron.

"That," she said, "is what I found lying on my desk this morning."

Baron Gudrayoska read with bleak eyes.

"From now on," the inexpertly typed note said, "nobody in this office is going to be calling any of the bums in my string by any other name except what they wrestle under because what is the use of me spending a fortune building up a reputation for a bum and having him known from coast to coast as the name which I have built for him when every time anybody hears anybody else in this office speak to this bum they are calling him by his right name so the fortune I have spent is wasted. If I call a bum a baron or a duke or even Mickey Mouse if I want to, that is his name to everybody in this office or she will be canned. THIS MEANS YOU!"

The note with the marathon sentences was signed in a bold scrawl: "Jack Saltzman."

Baron Gudrayoska handed the note back to Miss Poppy Lloyd.

"That don't mean after hours, does it?" he asked dismally. "I mean, Mr. Saltzman don't care what you call me when we ain't in the office here or I ain't rasslin', does he?"

Poppy's tip-tilted nose went higher.

"And where else," she asked, "would I be likely to talk to you?"

The baron dropped his hat and bent his gigantic frame to recover it from the floor. His face was crimson when he straightened up.

"You mean," he asked, "that you and me ain't goin' out together any more? You mean you ain't goin' to have any more dates with me?"

Poppy's one good eye had a steely glint.

"After last night," she said, "you can ask me that?"

The baron's dark eyes were positively humid. He tugged at the wing collar that encircled his bull neck. His Vandyke quivered pathetically.

"I can explain that," he said miserably. "Honest, Miss Poppy, I can explain that."

"Huh," said Poppy. "It will take some explaining, Mr. Henry Jones!"

FOR the hundredth time in the past twelve hours, Henry wished that he was back on his pop's Nebraska farm, helping Pop with the wheat, watering the stock and, after all the jobs were done, jumping into his flivver and going down the road to the neighboring farm where —in all his dreams—Miss Poppy Lloyd lived. Of course, if Jack Saltzman hadn't seen him wrestle at the county fair and hadn't brought him east, he never would have met Poppy. But now that he was Baron Gudrayoska and a member of Jack Saltzman's string of wrestling bums, there were times that Henry wished he never had met her, because he knew that Poppy hated wrestling, as conducted by Jack Saltzman and his fellow impresarios of the bellow-and-belch science. She hated all Jack Saltzman's "bums" who were dredged up from mines, lured away from mills and practically shanghaied from the docks to grow beards, shave their heads, assume titles as genuine as Saltzman's gleaming white teeth and to win or lose wrestling matches at Jack Saltzman's command.

"I can't understand," Henry had heard her tell Jack Saltzman, "how you can charge money to see two trained seals do an acrobatic act and call it wrestling. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. It's cheating."

"*Nu,* Miss Poppy," Saltzman had protested. "Do we call it a wrestling match even? No, it is a wrestling exhibition on all the billings in letters three feet high. Do I ever say it is leveled? No, the customers know it is what it is and they still pay to see my bums."

"My uncle—" Poppy began. Jack Saltzman raised his hands.

"I know, I know," he said, impatiently. "Your uncle he is an old-school guy. He saw wrestling when Gotch and Hackenschmidt and Stecher and all them was hot. But, Miss Poppy, I'm telling you. If you put all them old schoolers together in the same ring with maybe bingo thrown in you wouldn't pay for the lights. Now the customers they want acrobatics and heroes and villains and even having them wade in mud. I see a newsreel just the other day where two bums wrestled in a ring full of dead fish.

"For a guy to make a dollar he's got to give the customers what they want, which is barons and dukes and counts and stuff. How many people you think I draw to see Henry Jones wrestle Oscar Little? Maybe my in-laws they come in on passes, sure, but that's all. But for Baron Gudrayoska and Chief Mink Paw they fill the hall."

THESE arguments between Jack Saltzman and Miss Poppy Lloyd raged endlessly. They usually ended with Jack Saltzman storming out of the office, screaming "You're fired!" back over his shoulder. Poppy had been fired thirty-two times in the eight months she had worked for Saltzman. The record was four times in one day.

Poppy kept at several arms' length all the assorted hulks of humanity that filed in and out of Saltzman's office. They treated her with reverent awe, mumbling her name tenderly between puffed and battered lips, cringing at her staccato brusqueness.

Then Henry Jones had appeared on the scene, beardless then and wearing a suit that was too tight and a hat that was too small. He had stood there by the wooden railing near the door and had looked at her out of those English-setter eyes. She had looked back at him and something had gone flip-flop inside her.

"Me!" she told herself that night. "Me falling for one of Jack Saltzman's trained seals! Behave yourself, dope!"

But there it was and, fight it as she might, the flip-flops kept on turning inside her each time Henry Jones looked at her. Even while Henry was growing the beard and getting used to his new title, while he was learning to wear the wing collar, the black Homburg and the other accouterments that Saltzman believed indigenous to a barony, Miss Poppy's bright blue eyes grew soft when she looked on Henry.

The first night he took her to the movies—he had nearly strangled over his invitation before she had prompted him—Poppy went to work on Henry.

"How did you happen to become a wrestler?" she asked him. "You look fairly normal otherwise."

Henry told her about the county fair and Saltzman's Lorelei song.

"I figure to get enough together to go back home and buy up the four hundred next to our place," he explained. "I want to build me a house there and work both places with Pop."

"But wrestling! And for Jack Saltzman!"

"Yeah," he admitted. "It is like bein' in a vaudeville show. But I get paid real good and it ain't goin' to be for long."

She could see Henry was different; the other bums on Saltzman's string looked forward only to the day when they would be chosen as one of the assorted dozen of "champions" scattered around the country.

"Henry," she told the big man with the Vandyke on their eighth date together, "you save every penny you can and as soon as you get enough for those four hundred acres, you stop being a wrestler."

"Yes'm," Henry promised delightedly. "I sure will."

Things were progressing nicely and Henry had got around to holding Poppy's hand in the movies when there came the day when Jack Saltzman had come into the office, rubbing his hands and showing those startling white teeth in a grin.

"Me," he announced, "I got one of the best wrestling villains in the ra—business. I got a villain would make old ladies break up the ringside seats and start after him with a chair leg."

POPPY was not unduly impressed. The system of Saltzman *et al* was to build up wrestling "villains" and "heroes." The villains broke all the meager rules of modern wrestling. They bit and clawed. They kicked referees. They exchanged insults with the customers. They fought "foul" and, almost invariably, they were thrown in the end by the battered but lionhearted hero. It never failed.

"I thought," said Poppy idly, "that Count Dmitri was villain this month."

"Him," Saltzman sneered. "He can't get a boo should he kick a cripple's crutch from under him. This new one he can get a Bronx cheer should he give dollies to orphans."

"Who," asked Poppy, "is this new Desperate Desmond of yours?"

Saltzman beamed proudly.

"This Baron Gudrayoska," he announced. "He is my villain. I tried him last night in Wilkes-Barre as a villain and he has me positively hating him. Me who has been in this ra—business fifteen, twenty years. He is a genius."

Poppy giggled.

"Henry," she said. "I can just see Henry as a villain."

Saltzman scowled and ran his long fingers through his bushy hair.

"Miss Poppy," he said, severely. "How many times I got to ask you please not to call the baron Henry? Pretty soon you are calling my Mahmed Bey, Jake Sussman, and my Dr. J. Richmond Lee, Lucullus Pappolusos."

"Just the same," Poppy gurgled, "I can't imagine him as a villain. He wouldn't hurt a flea."

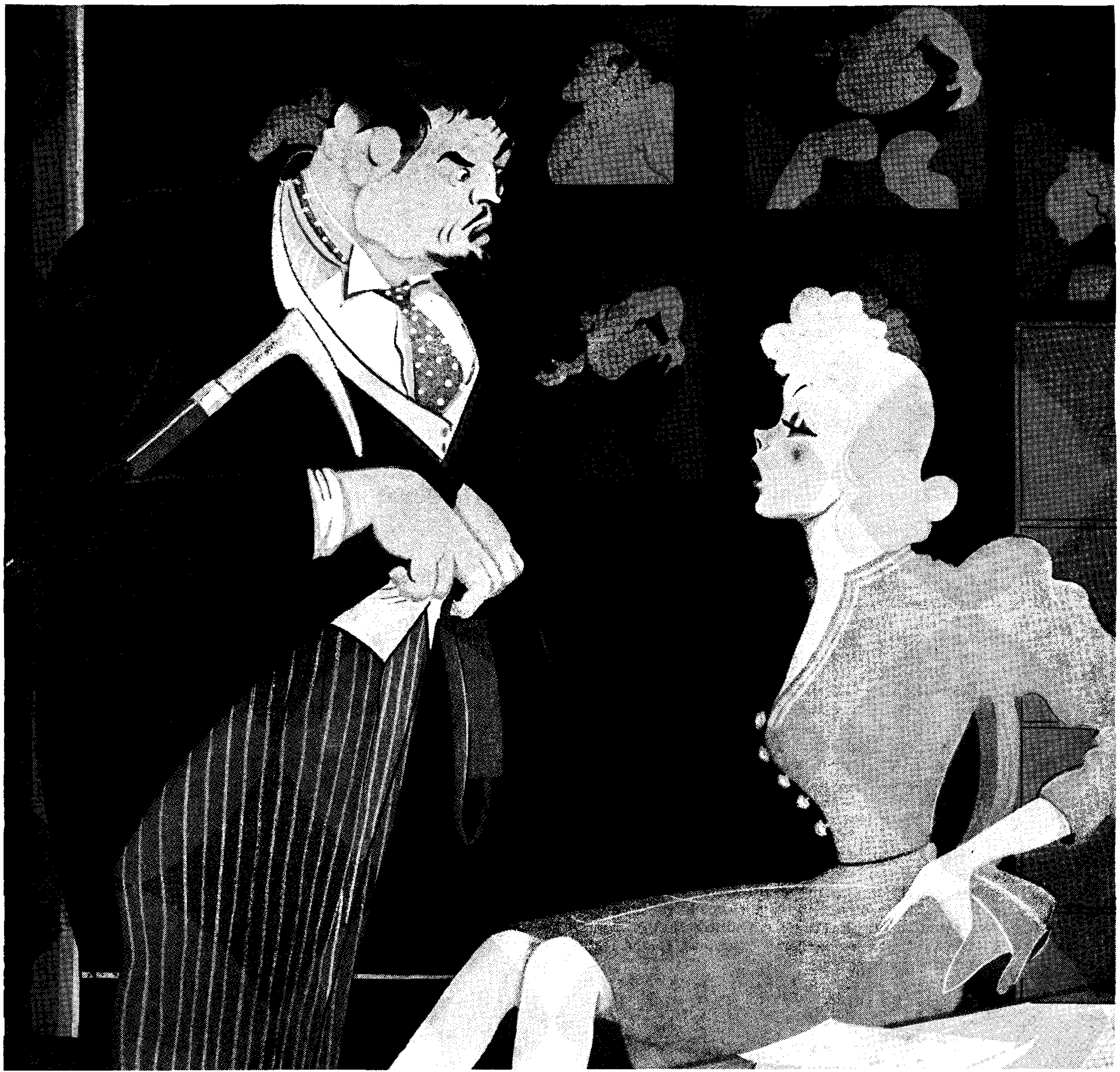
Saltzman's grin returned as his eyes brightened.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "Just you wait and see! Tomorrow night he wrestles Chief Mink Paw again uptown. It is the baron's turn to win but I am switching things because I am building the baron as a villain and I might make the chief my new hero. And, besides, there is a chance I pick up a few dollars from some of the wise guys that are keeping count of whose turn it is to win tonight."

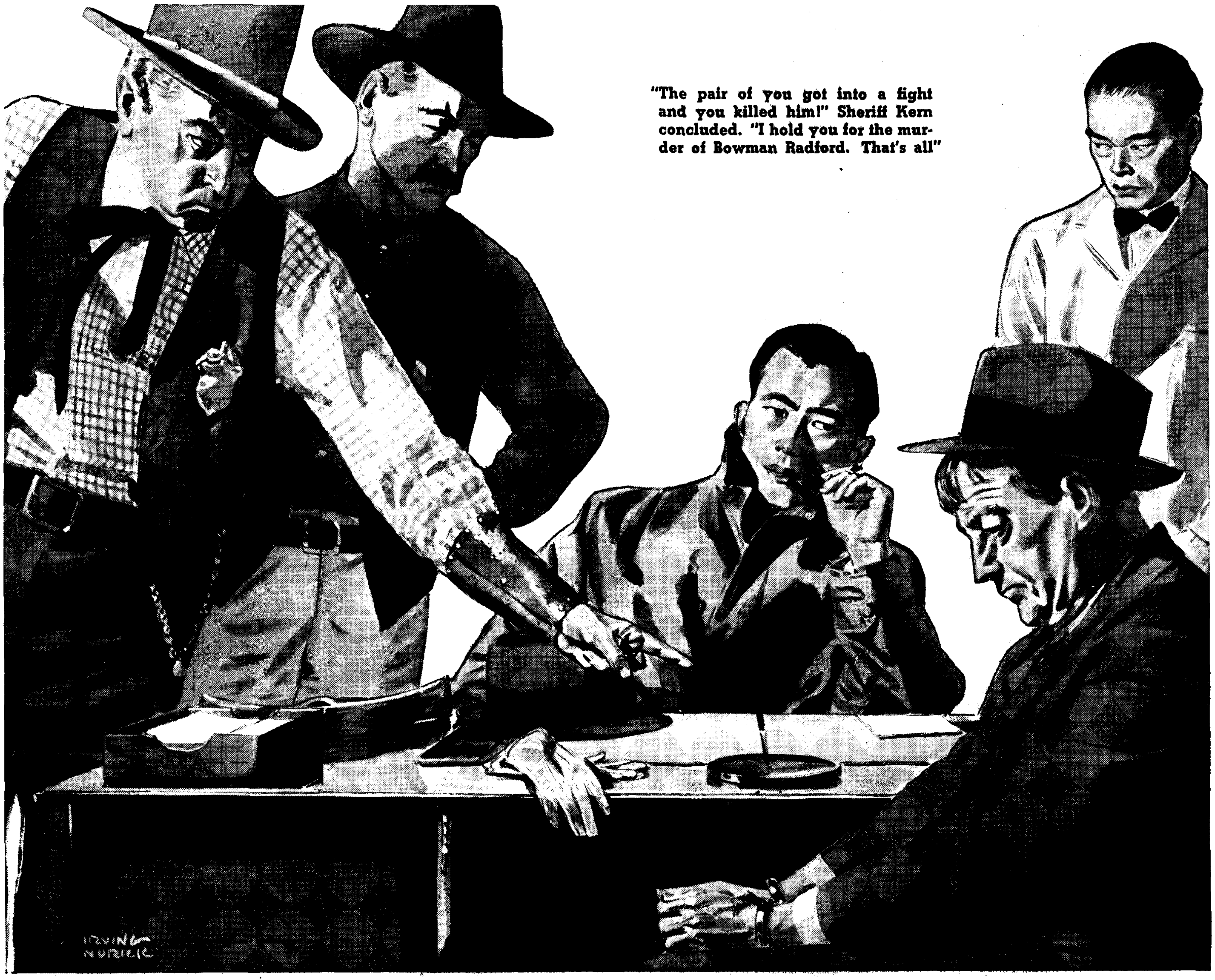
He paused and stabbed a long forefinger at Poppy.

"And you," he continued, "you are

*(Continued on page 59)*



**"You mean," he asked, "that you and me ain't goin' out together any more? Ain't goin' to have any more dates?"**



"The pair of you got into a fight and you killed him!" Sheriff Kern concluded. "I hold you for the murder of Bowman Radford. That's all"

# FOOTWORK

**By Hugh Wiley**

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

TO HIS neighbors—the few with whom he had exchanged a few civil words—Bowman Radford had been something of an enigma. No one had known anything about the man; he was usually referred to, somewhat vaguely, as a "promoter."

And now, in the old house at Sunridge, his body lay face down on the floor, sprawled between the library desk and the fireplace. The hair on the back of his head was clotted with blood. A miner's pick, minus the handle, rusty and of a pattern used by the California forty-niners, lay on the desk.

James Lee surveyed the scene from the doorway of the library. The dead man wore a pair of brown leather slippers. The soles of these slippers were clean, but in three places between the doorway of the library and the fireplace against the west wall of the room there were traces of brown earth. Under a ten-power glass this earth appeared to be a mixture of loam and white crystalline sand and grass.

On the top of the desk, with the miner's pick, rested a telephone, a collection of lead pencils and a scratch-pad. The scratch-pad was blank save for two simple problems in arithmetic—the multiplication of 85 by 4 and the subtraction of 340 from 420. The numerals in the remainder of the problem in subtraction, 80, were followed by a string of zeros extending to the right edge of the sheet.

**The killer of Radford was clever. But, as James Lee said, "A man can dig his grave with his tongue"**

A search of the wastebasket to the right of the desk yielded two slips of paper. On one of them, tabulated, were the names of four steamships—Crown Prince, Castle Prince, Cormorant and Cavalier. Opposite these names, respectively, 70, 80, 85, 70. The sheet of paper with the names of the ships had been torn from the scratch-pad. The other crumpled note in the wastebasket was on yellow paper. On it, written in what James Lee judged to be Radford's handwriting, was a name and address: "Rolf Kratter, Room 862, Pyramid Hotel."

"Kratter," James Lee said, half aloud. "That would be Fong Sam's Ko-ra-tar. . . . We will need him." He reached for the telephone. To Jim Riley, in his office at San Francisco, "Go down to the Pyramid Hotel and pick up a man by the name of Rolf Kratter, Room 862. I'm calling from Sunridge 1262. Take Wilbur with you. Bring Kratter down here to the Radford house in Sunridge if you nail him."

James Lee hung up the telephone and looked toward the door of the library. Radford's cook, old Fong Sam, was staring at him.

"Chen Yung—he come back now," Fong Sam announced.

"I will see him after a while," James Lee said.

He devoted the next five minutes to an inspection of the rusted pick that lay on the desk. Under the magnifying glass, James Lee discovered four of Radford's hairs adhering to the pick. Toward the other end of the pick, in the quarter section where an assailant would grasp the weapon, a series of fibrous yellow discolorations showed against the rusted surface of the iron. "Gloves. Short fibers; probably pigskin."

He turned and looked down at Bowman Radford's body: no struggle—one crack with that pick and the job was done. What motive—revenge, jealousy, theft, an insane man, self-defense? . . . Radford was probably seated at his desk. The killer stood behind him. Radford had no premonition of violence, no suspicion that his companion would attack him. . . . Maybe he had fallen asleep at his desk.

James Lee took the rusted pick in his hand and went through the motions of striking at the head of an imaginary six-foot man

*(Continued on page 72)*

# How to Get Away From It All

### By S. Dillon Ripley

**It can be done. There are plenty of unspoiled island paradises in the South Seas. All you have to know is where and how to find them. And Mr. Ripley tells you that**

Moorea, probably the most beautiful island in the world, as seen from Tahiti

WHEN the freighter nosed into the pilings at its Brooklyn pier, forty-nine days after leaving Sumatra, my friend Fred was there to meet me. He was as hearty as ever in welcoming me back after my two years of poking around among the tropical islands, but as I led him down the long line of cages on the pier and proudly pointed out the seventy-five live bird specimens I had gathered, I sensed that he was not vitally interested in ornithology. Something else had brought him down to meet me.

Finally, several hours later, he came out with it.

"I want to get away," he said suddenly. "I've got a little money, and I'm fed up with working here in New York and just getting along. I never have time for anything I really want to do. There are hundreds of books I'd like to read. Perhaps I'd like to write or paint. Maybe I just want time to loaf and invite my soul."

He grinned, a little self-consciously, but he plunged on:

"I want to live on an island, where the cruise boats don't stop and where a man can sit under a palm tree and enjoy life for a few hundred dollars a year. If I found I liked the life, I might want to stay there indefinitely. That is, if I could make a living.

"You've explored dozens of tropical islands. Could a civilized American man stand such a life? Could he earn his keep if necessary? Are there any places left unspoiled?"

I told him that the answer was yes to most of his questions—if one knows where to go and how to live. And I began to talk about Bali, that luscious island off the coast of Java, in the Indian Ocean, with its graceful women, its stirring dances and its incomparable wealth of native art and natural beauty.

But Fred shook his head. "Too touristy," he said. And so I told him of the others, the more remote places I'd been, some of which are indeed natural paradises, where a man can get away from it all—utterly.

There is Lombok, for instance.

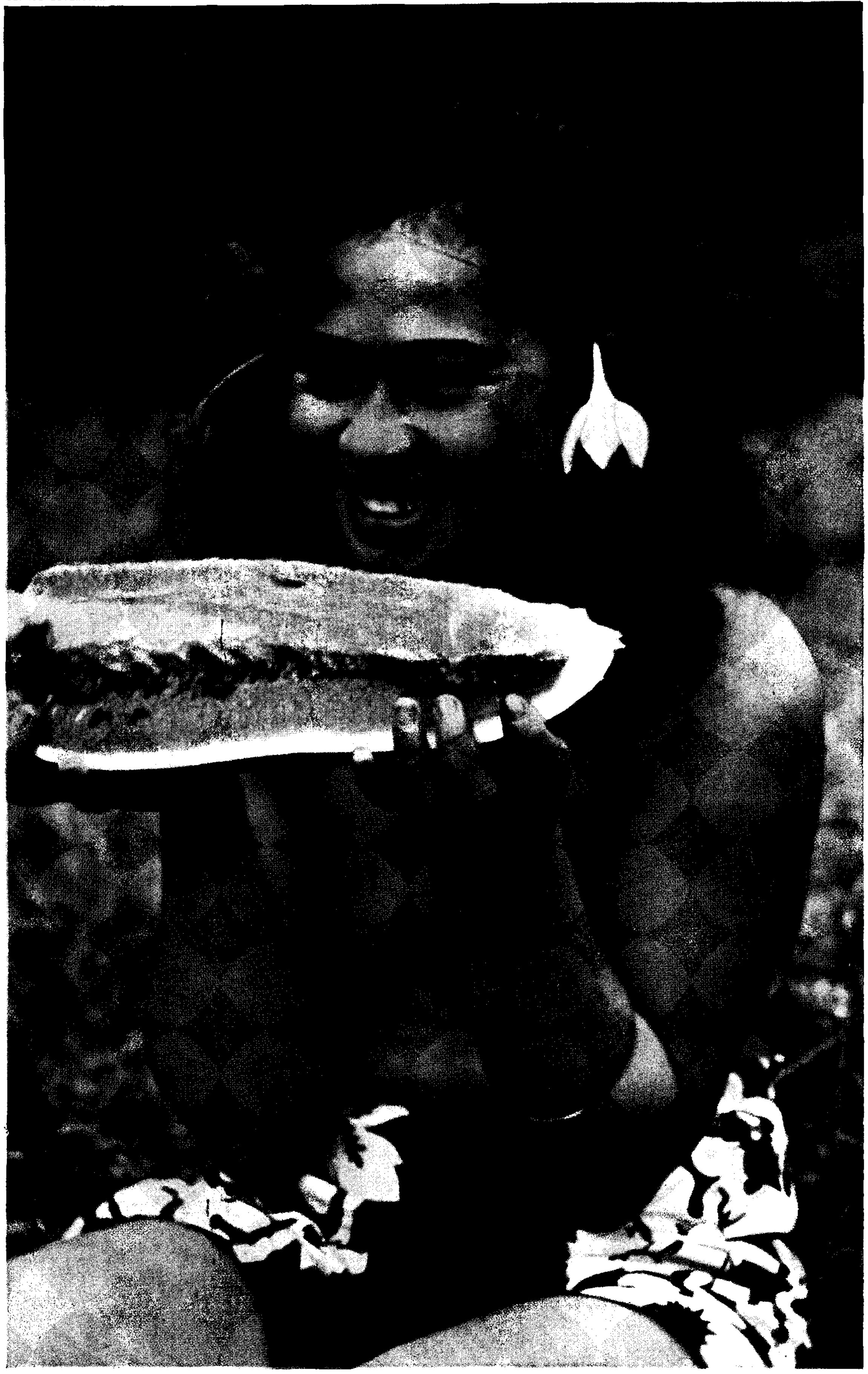
More than a hundred years ago, the Balinese conquered the Sasaks, the original inhabitants of Lombok, and imposed on them their culture and their easy, joyous way of life. Balinese carvings appear on the houses and the temples. Even the people are the same.

This is a new Bali, but with a difference. On Lombok there are no hotels, no taxis loaded with pith-helmeted tourists, no carefully "arranged" native festivals, no curio shops with oily Bombay merchants to waylay you and sell you cheap, fake batik cloth at fabulous prices.

The Dutch took possession of Lombok almost fifty years ago, but today it is as unspoiled as if steamboats and wireless and transoceanic air lines had never been invented. There are only about seventy-five white people there, and only a very small part of them own automobiles. *(Continued on page 31)*

**This page is folded under. Turn it and you will see a four-page advertisement including the first three-page advertising spread to appear in a national magazine of large circulation**

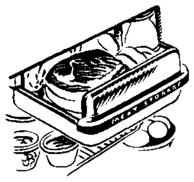
GEORGE EGGLESTON



A native girl on the island of Moorea, little-known paradise of the South Seas

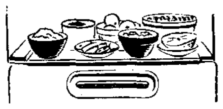
THE PHILCO
Refrigerator
GIVES YOU THE CONSERVADOR
plus DRY, MOIST AND
FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENTS
ICE CUBES
FROZEN FOODS
MOIST COLD STORAGE
PHILCO
REFRIGERATOR
MODEL
LH-6

## YOU'LL FIND EVERY MODERN FEATURE OF QUALITY, CONVENIENCE AND ECONOMY IN THE PHILCO REFRIGERATOR



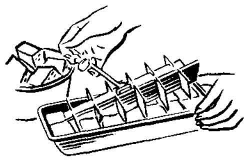
### MEAT STORAGE

Extra large, extra cold compartment for longer storage of large cuts of meat. Preserves, retains natural juices, no drying out. Sliding construction. Self sealing—no unhandy lid.



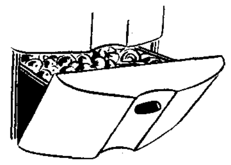
### FRESHENER SHELF

New Philco invention. Cools foods quicker in Moist Cold Compartment by direct contact. Revives and retains freshness, moisture, flavor and natural juices of foods.



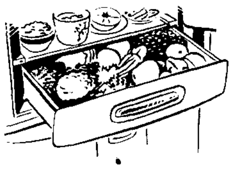
### QUICK ICE RELEASE

Just lift a lever, snap out one or as many cubes as you need. No melting, no splash, no waste. Quick, easy!



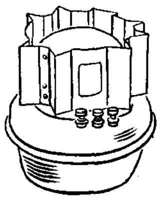
### STORAGE BIN

Keeps potatoes, onions and other dry vegetables handy without taking up kitchen or pantry space.



### SLIDING CRISPER DRAWER

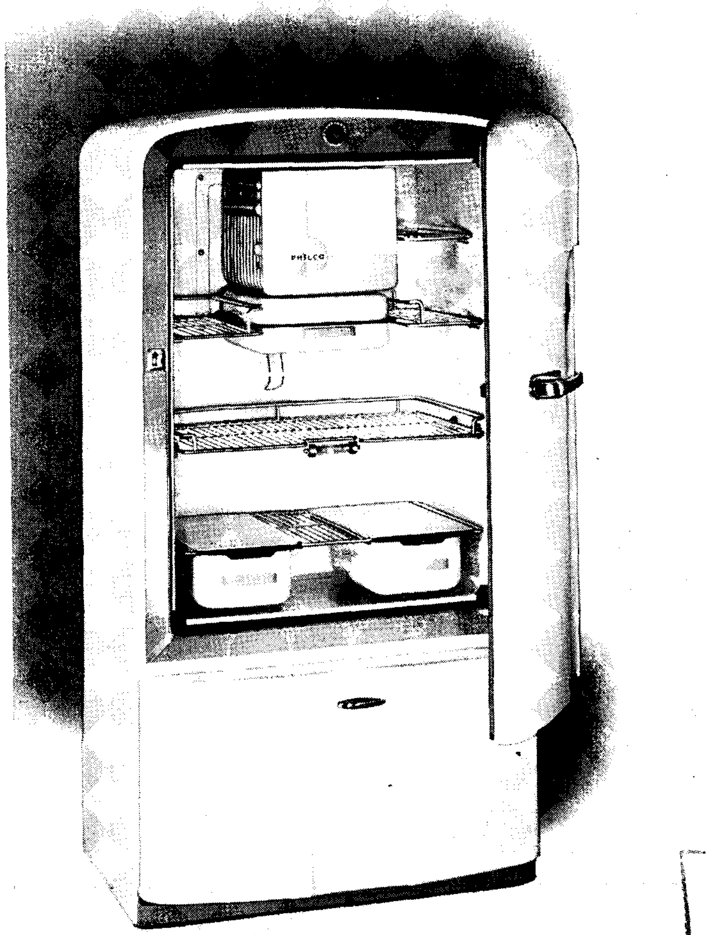
Keeps green vegetables and fruits crisp, cold, fresh. Full width, ¾-bu. capacity.



### SEALED POWER UNIT

Simple, no exposed moving parts. Extremely quiet. Freezes faster. Sets new records for economy. Requires no attention for life.

***PLUS . . . every other worthwhile feature of quality, convenience and economy!***

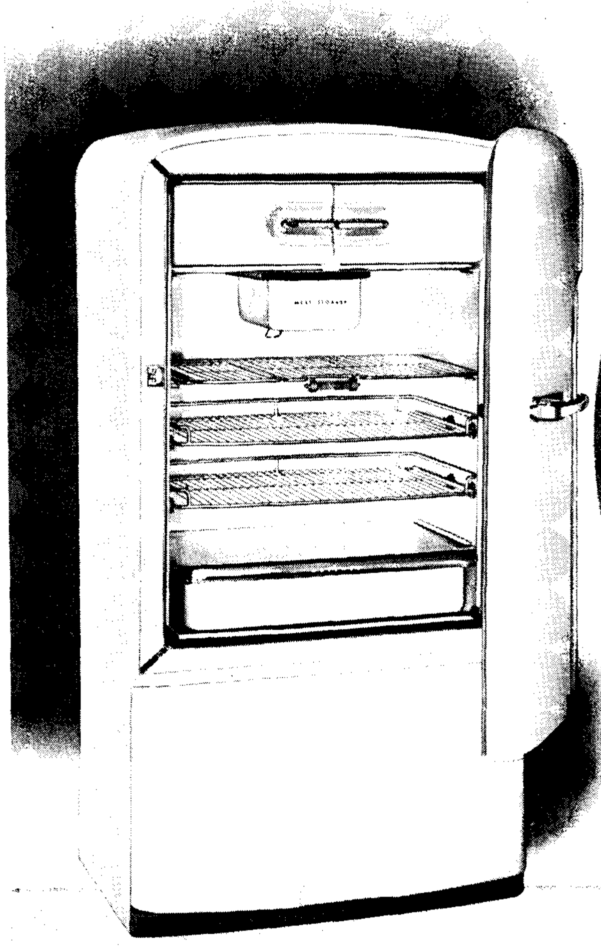


**In this Model LS-6,** Philco offers you "de luxe" quality and "de luxe" features at a record low price! Yes, features and quality construction that were offered in reputable refrigerators at $30 to $50 more. For instance, Meat Storage Compartment, Two Sliding Crispers, closed Evaporator, Interior Light, Four Quick-Release Ice Trays, Thermometer, Temperature Control, Reserve Storage Bin and other important features! Quality construction. All at *LESS* than the usual price of refrigerators *stripped bare* of all modern conveniences! Full family size, 6 and one-half cubic feet. *Yours for only $14.75 down!*

PHILCO
ICE CUBES | FROZEN FOODS

### IS THE FAMOUS CONSERVADOR

. . . a shelf-lined Inner Door that gives you 26% more quickly usable space—*double* the easy-to-use front space. It's patented—*only Philco has it!* Holds two-fifths of all your food right at your fingertips, without opening the main compartment . . . easy to reach, no hunting or groping. Makes main compartment orderly; no crowding in front, no empty, wasted areas in back. That's why, in everyday use, the Philco Refrigerator *holds more food!* Keeps cold air in and warm air out of main compartment . . . a "storm door" that saves you money on electric bills.



**In this Model LT-6,** Philco brings you the latest luxury of modern refrigeration *at a popular price!* A giant-size Frozen Food Compartment . . . *two separate chambers;* not a tiny, miniature space added on to an ordinary freezing unit but a huge, roomy chamber, specially designed for storage of Frozen Food packages, extra ice cubes, ice cream, frozen desserts, etc.—*in addition* to the regular ice cube chamber. The ultra-modern refrigerator with many additional quality features. Full family size, 6 and one-half cubic feet. *Yours for only $17.75 down!*

PHILCO
MEAT STORAGE
Swift's Brookfield Butter
Post Toasties
The Better Corn Flakes

### THIS IS THE DRY COLD COMPARTMENT

Many electric refrigerators give you *only* "dry" cold, cold with low moisture. With proper covers for foods that should not lose moisture, dry cold serves all purposes of food protection better than any *single kind* of cold. Foods like milk, bacon, butter, eggs, packaged and canned goods, *must* have dry cold to preserve their purity. *That's why no modern refrigerator is completely safe and healthful unless it offers dry cold for foods that need it.* The Philco Refrigerator has this *separate* dry cold compartment.

LUXURIOUS

NEW

Exciting

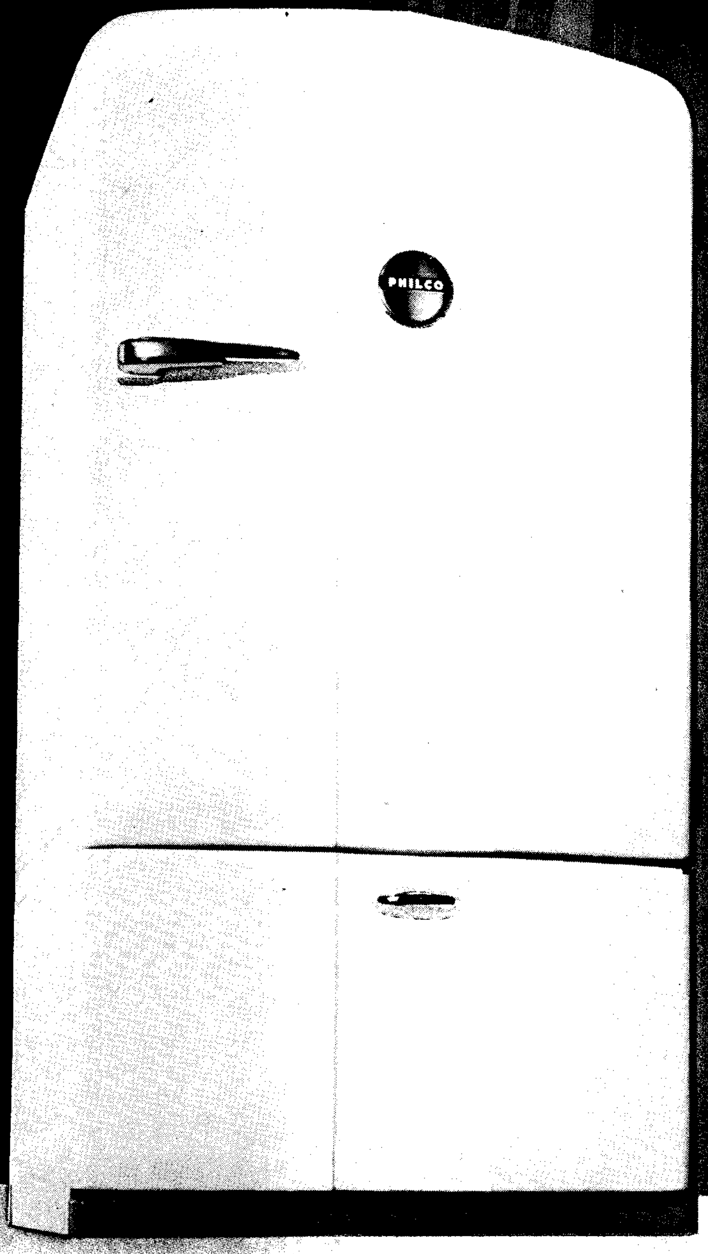
# PHILCO Refrigerator

AMAZING

WITH THE CONSERVADOR

Quiet

DIFFERENT



thrilling

economical

Exclusive

LOW PRICE

### HIS IS THE MOIS TMENT

Now, *you don't have to cover foods* to keep them from shriveling, wilting and drying out! This Philco Moist Cold Compartment preserves the taste, flavor, color and juices of cooked meats and left-over vegetables . . . all without the fuss and bother of covers, without the annoyance and wasted space of special dishes. Cooled by a marvelous new Philco invention, the refrigerated aluminum Freshener Shelf. Cools foods quicker, by direct contact. *Only Philco has it!* A large, full width Sliding Crisper Drawer keeps green vegetables and fruits crisp and fresh.

ICE CUBES
HERSHEY SYRUP

### GIANT-SIZE FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT

A huge, roomy, *separate* chamber, specially designed for frozen storage. Not a tiny, miniature, cramped space added on to an ordinary ice-freezing unit. It's a *giant-size* space, as large as 13½" wide, 11" deep and 7" high, *in addition* to the regular ice cube chamber—two complete chambers instead of one! Plenty of room for packaged Frozen Foods (even for a turkey), for ice cream, for extra ice cubes, for delicious frozen desserts to delight your family and friends.

# *. . . and only* PHILCO brings you these exclusive luxury features at *as much as $50 less* than the best refrigerators of the past

Again, Philco raises the standard of quality! Again, Philco reduces the cost of quality! Now *in refrigeration,* Philco . . . the quality name in over 14 million homes . . . presents a sensational new product that breaks away from tradition, and brings you new services, new economies, new conveniences never before combined in a single refrigerator. And the greatest refrigerator values ever offered!

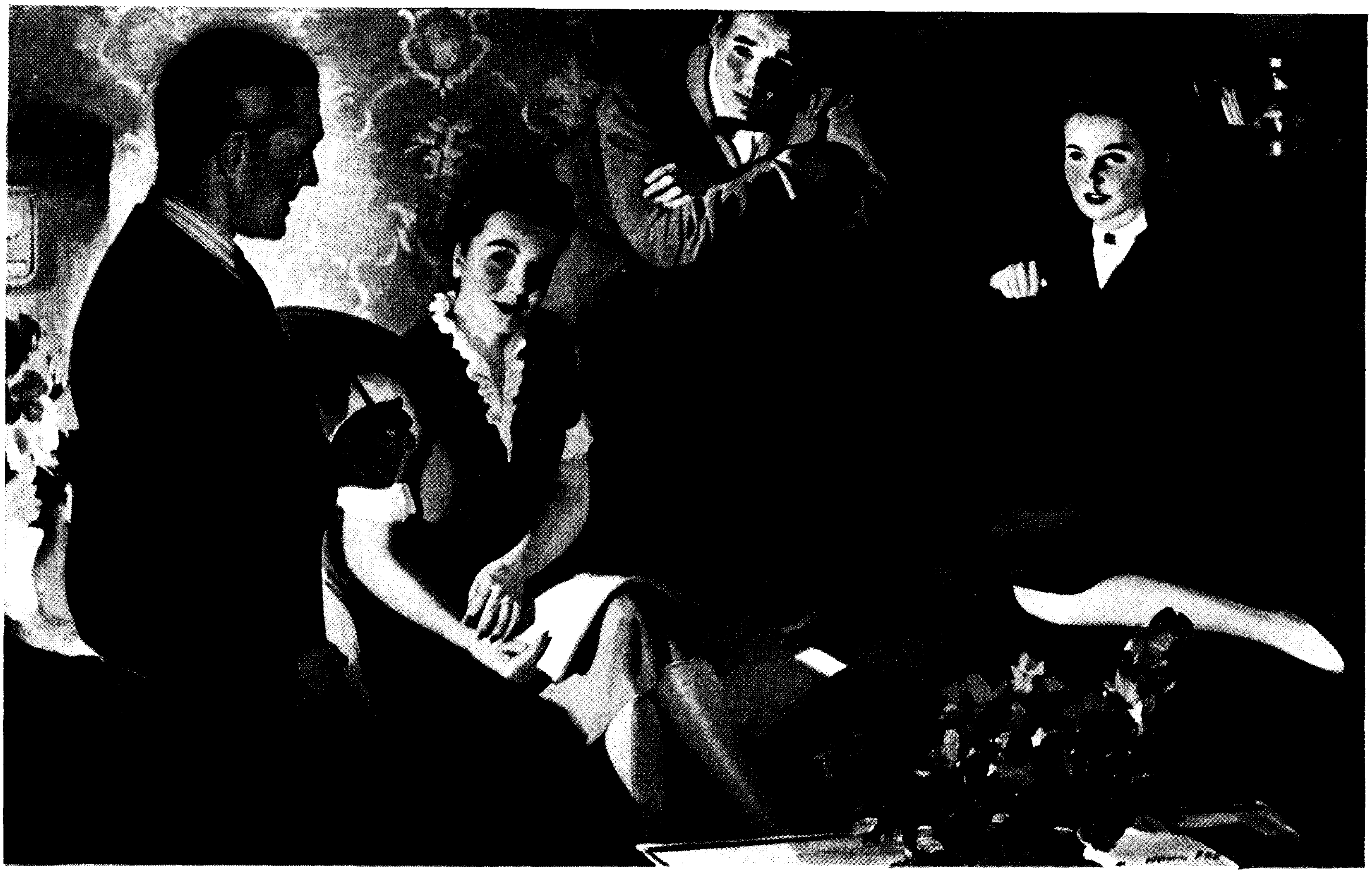
For the first time, this entirely new refrigerator gives you *every* service you need for purity, freshness, flavor and healthful preservation of foods. *Dry Cold* to protect the purity of your milk, butter, eggs, bottled and canned goods. *Moist Cold* to keep foods from drying out, to preserve taste, freshness and flavor without the bother, annoyance and wasted space of covers and special dishes. *Freezing Cold,* in a giant-size, *separate* compartment, for packaged frozen foods, ice cream or delicious frozen desserts. And then *the CONSERVADOR,* the shelf-lined Inner Door that gives you *26% more quickly usable space,* that keeps two-fifths of your food within easy reach at your fingertips, that eliminates cluttered shelves and wasted space, that gives you the most orderly, the most spacious, the most "easy-to-use," the most economical refrigerator ever designed . . . *ONLY PHILCO HAS IT!*

And then, most startling of all, this most complete refrigerator ever offered for the home, is brought to you by Philco not at a premium price, not as a luxury . . . *but at as much as* $50 *LESS than the best "de luxe" refrigerators of the past!* Think of it . . . not an ordinary refrigerator stripped of its quality and its features to meet a lower price but a *luxury* refrigerator with every modern service and convenience, brought down in cost through the daring and genius of Philco engineering.

## Special showing now at Philco Refrigerator Dealers

Visit your nearest Philco Refrigerator dealer for the biggest news in refrigeration today. His gorgeous display will give you a new idea of what your dollar can buy in modern refrigeration service. Among ten models of gleaming loveliness you'll find the exact size and type of service to fit your needs and purse . . . each one the greatest dollar for dollar value in the refrigeration field. In addition to Philco's new low prices, your Philco dealer offers easy payment terms so convenient that you'll scarcely feel the expense . . . and a liberal allowance for any outdated, ordinary refrigerator! Surely, now, you can afford the benefits and the pride of luxury refrigeration in your home. See the new 1940 Philco Refrigerators today and judge for yourself!

**From $119.95 to $257.50 (*F.O.B. Factory, Including 5-Year Protection Plan*), there's a Philco Refrigerator Model to fit your needs and purse. Yours on easiest monthly terms; low down payment.**



# "Who's going to pick whose car?"

**FATHER:** Quiet, *please!* This time we're not going to argue about what car this family is going to buy. I've decided—and *that's final!*

**MOTHER:** Now, George, you wait! After all, I'm the one who's in it every day, marketing and shopping—and I want *comfort*. I want lovely, luxurious cushions, and lots of nice little trimmings. What's more, I've already—

**FATHER:** 'Comfort'? Why, this car has nothing else but! It's the most wonderful ride in the world—just you wait and see. It's smooth as *silk!*

**SALLY:** Well, *I* want a car that *looks like itself*, and not every other thing on the road! What's more—I've picked it out. A real blue-blood that'll make 'em all sit up and take notice!

**BUD:** Sa-ay, how about *me?* I got an entry for this meet—and when she takes off, the others look chained to the ground! Can that car step!

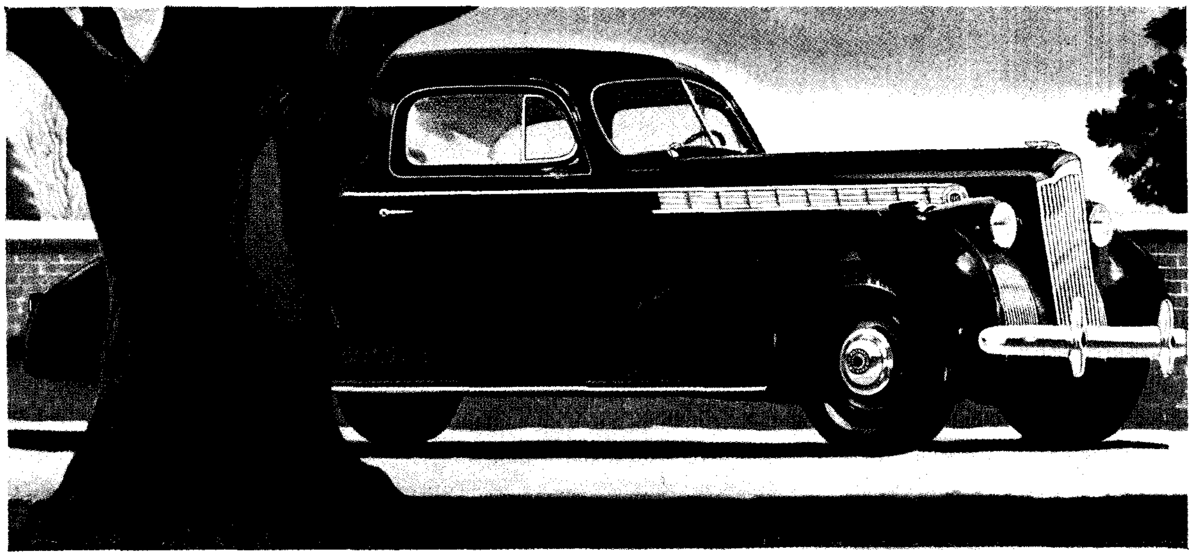
**MOTHER:** Well, I've selected *my* car, myself. It's a *dream to handle*, and I parked it in traffic without even stretching my shoulder seams. What a relief!

**FATHER:** Sorry, folks, but discussion's over. We're buying *this* car on sound, honest, dollar value. And at its low selling price this year, we'd be raving crazy to consider any other. So—we're buying a Packard.

**CHORUS:** A *Packard?* Why—that's MY car!

**This scene,** with slight changes in cast, is being staged in literally *thousands* of American homes—*right now!* This year's Packards are the finest ever built, and everyone seems to have discovered it. At their surprisingly low prices, they already promise to make 1940 the biggest year in Packard's long, distinguished history!

*ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE*



**PACKARD**

**$867**

***AND UP, delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra. Prices subject to change without notice.***

# How to Get Away from It All

Continued from page 25

Lombok lies twenty miles east of Bali, and the first thing you see of it is the great, sultry volcano, rising eleven thousand feet to lose itself in the billowy clouds of a perfect sky.

As you approach, a tuft of green palms marks the entrance to one of the deeply scored canyons whose streams race down to the sea. Beyond the paddy fields, blue-gray jungle carpets the foothills, and near at hand you hear the squishy noise of mud being turned by a pair of water buffalo plowing up the paddy field.

There is a tinkle of laughter. Three girls, crouching in one of the irrigation streams, are bathing. They are laughing at you, taking the picture of the bullock driver. Shall you snap their picture, too?

No, for it is not polite even in Lombok to stare at naked beauty. But what beauty!

A grace and perfection of carriage found only in those accustomed to bearing burdens on their heads; an incomparable warmth and softness of skin tanned by the sun and bathed in coconut oil. These are the women, beautiful above all others of the islands of the Eastern seas.

To get to this little-known paradise is comparatively simple. Sailings are frequent by passenger steamer or freighter from California. You go either to Singapore, from which you tranship to Java, or to Macassar, which has boats sailing to Lombok direct. I traveled on a freight boat from New York to Java. The fare for the round trip was three hundred dollars. From Surabaya, Java, which is about one hundred and seventy-five miles away, the fare by steamer to Ampenan, Lombok, is about fifty dollars and the trip takes twenty-four hours. Once in Lombok, you can stay as long as you like. There are no government restrictions on transients beyond registering with the local Dutch government official in his sleepy, fly-blown office.

### Peace and Quiet in Moorea

The question of where to live is solved for the time being by the government rest houses, with their comfortable, efficient service. But anyone who wants to live in Lombok for a longer time should build his own house. Native workmen will put up a complete house of six rooms, including a cement-tiled bathroom and a separate cooking house for five hundred dollars. It will be built of timber with a magnificent thatched roof two feet thick, carefully clipped and curved and lined with intricate patterns of bamboo supports and lashings. For only a little more you can engage a score of skilled artisans, all of them laborers from the surrounding villages, such being the tradition of art in these islands, where prince and slave alike are craftsmen. They will carve your beams and paneling with endless magnificent designs derived from Balinese mythology.

Now, provided with a house, and servants at from five to fifteen dollars a month each, what would you do with your leisure? Would you ride? Well, there is a fine, sturdy, little breed of Malay horse to ride on—the Lombok horse. Would you play tennis, swim or fish? All of these things may be done on Lombok. Perhaps you would learn the Balinese language or study old customs or folklore, or their dances, those incomparable dances, the most graceful and finished in the world.

In the evenings you can sit on your veranda looking north from Kupang, over the paddy fields. The last light of the sun is brightening the sides of the great mountain, the "Gunong Lombok." On the table is a plate of wine-red mangosteens, bought that morning in the market.

The Dutch magistrate has come to call and to exchange the news in his broad Hollander accent. You sit idly, opening the mangosteens, trying to see who will get the most pearly-white, tangerine-shaped sections in his fruit.

Your friend, the magistrate, has made no effort to impose the mores of Holland on his subjects here, and under his benevolent rule the people live according to the simple laws of nature and their own easygoing civilization.

If you were to ask what is the most beautiful island in the world, I should say Moorea. So many islands are too big really to look like islands. There are long periods of time when you never see the sea or know that it is near. But not so on Moorea. At night the surf, far out on the reef, roars with a dull booming in your ears. In the daytime there is almost no place that you can look on Moorea without seeing water, whether it is the blue sea or one of the many quiet lagoons that everywhere penetrate so deeply into the land, stretching along between high volcanic cliffs worn into amazing shapes and silhouettes.

JOHN A. RUGE

Moorea is near Tahiti. It is near and yet far enough away from that fairly gay and civilized place to be convenient but still to have preserved its original peace and quiet. To get to Tahiti from America is a somewhat difficult process. The Society Islands are about as far south of the Equator as Hawaii is north. The islands are 3,600 miles from North America. If you haven't a yacht, you go by Australian freighters from California or small French cargo and passenger boats from Panama. Passage is from one hundred and fifty dollars to two hundred dollars round trip. Or, if you prefer, there is a magnificent cruise boat, once the former German Kaiser's yacht, that makes Tahiti a port of call and will take you there de luxe for about nine hundred dollars.

To get from Tahiti to Moorea costs you only about one dollar and fifty cents in an amazing fifty-foot motorboat called the Mitiaro, which always sails eventually, never less than three hours late. Always there is a fascinating deckload on board. Fat matrons returning from a shopping trip in Papeete, the metropolis of Tahiti, sit precariously on a mass of purchases tied up in calico bundles. There are pigs in cages made of palm leaves. Chickens tied by one leg huddle along the deck rail. Crowds of laughing men and women in palm-leaf hats covered with leis sit or stand on every available inch of space.

For $25 a month you can have a small, neat house on Moorea and a cook as well. Perhaps old Teura will cook for you, that giantess of a woman who is so expert in the hundred-and-one dishes of mixed Tahitian-French cooking that make this a gourmet's paradise.

Here is a sample of a luncheon that I once had on Moorea: First of all came a delicate curry made of fresh-water shrimps, then fish pickled in lime and with a sauce of coconut cream. Then a whole Varro, in a butter sauce, a nightmare-looking affair rather like a lobster, of the most delectable flavor. Next came whole roast suckling pig with many vegetables, taro, breadfruit, yams and fresh corn. After this, although it seems incredible, there was a wonderful salad made of the largest alligator pears in the world, and finally at long last came dessert, a "poi" made of mango and pineapple fruit mashed up with a little arrowroot flour and baked, then covered with coconut cream. Another time I shall never forget my surprise when the cook presented me with some biscuits and a meringue pie, made of oranges, according to recipes carried down from the days of the New Bedford whaling ships.

Perhaps these dishes sound too overpowering. If you want to, you can always live off French chicory coffee, red wine at thirty cents a bottle and long loaves of French bread, or even pâté de foie gras and champagne at just over one dollar a bottle.

Of things to do besides eat on Moorea, one of the most exciting is fishing. One way consists of going out on the reef at night with a few friends, armed with flashlights, lanterns and fish spears and attempting to spear some of the fish that come up among the coral ledges near the surface of the water at night. Another kind, and this is the most exciting, is big-game fishing with rod and reel from the stern of a motorboat. Moorea is in the big-game fish waters. It was near here that Zane Grey hooked his one-thousand-and-twenty-four-pound marlin swordfish. There are other marlin, gigantic ones, and huge tuna waiting for those with the pluck and perseverance to catch them.

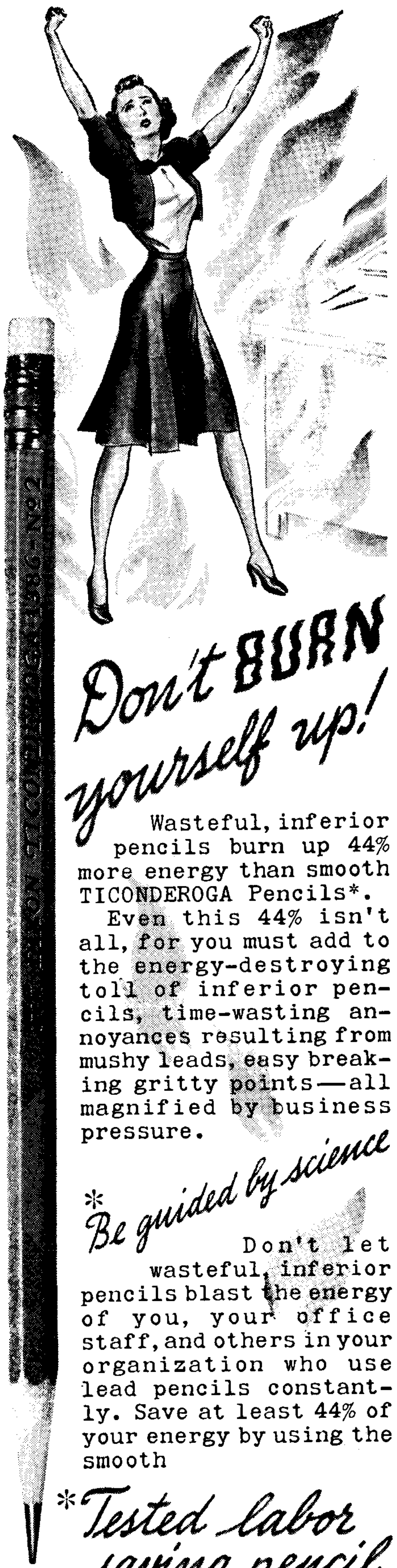
Perhaps this all sounds a little too quiet to us, geared as we are to movies (the ones shown in Papeete are side-splitting old silents), newspapers and the amenities of Radio City. Of course, there must be work to do or hobbies to pursue and in this lies your salvation. Lacking all our high-speed comforts and conveniences there is still a peace and beauty that should more than make up for city life.

### An Enchanted Island

For those who, like my friend Fred, have thought of making a living in a more congenial clime, I should like to suggest the life of a coconut planter on Meheetia, an island that is probably not known to more than a hundred white people. Meheetia lies about sixty miles east of Tahiti. The island at no place is more than about four miles across. The only safe landing place is on the eastern side where there is a break in a narrow coral reef that surrounds the island. Once safely on the small landing beach, you climb up a rather steep bank (we must put in a flight of steps here) to stand on the beginning of a little trail that winds off up the main valley of the island.

The scenery is typical of the group of islands about Tahiti, as wild and beautiful as any scenery anywhere. Off to one side rise the frowning black basalt cliffs of Meheetia's extinct volcano crater. Dripping down its incredibly steep sides is a mass of luscious green vegetation, wild ginger and orange trees, interspersed with miniature rivulets and waterfalls sparkling in the sun. Farther down, the regular fronds of coconut palm begin, blanketing the valley from end to end. Near at hand is an open space and in it stand a cluster of banana plants, loaded down with fruit. Not far beyond is a grove of lime trees. Pineapples line the trail, and at intervals great-leaved breadfruit trees hang over the path, full green-fingered foliage contrasting with gray branches spattered with lichens. Papayas, guavas and even vines of vanilla beans cover the open spaces between the palms.

And yet this enchanted island, rich in fruit and resources, with wild pigs and chickens roaming its mountainsides and with a wealth of fish, beyond computing, in the sea about it; this paradise, this green jewel set in the midst of a blue-and-silver sea, lies today untenanted. Once upon a time, more than five hundred years ago, the story goes, the Chief of Meheetia entertained one of the "Ariki" of noble-born of Tahiti and, dur-



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ing the feasting and general jollity, lent him his wife as the laws of hospitality demanded. Because of this custom, rule of the island eventually passed to Tahiti through the descendants of the visiting chieftain. Twelve or fifteen years ago the last inhabitants who had not already moved over to Tahiti decided that Meheetia was too lonely. Not enough callers stopped in. The visits of the schooners from Tahiti were becoming increasingly rare. And so it was that the remaining population packed up and moved once and for all over to the larger island where things were more sociable.

Now then, there is the island. There is the perfect situation, and so how about it?

Who are to be your companions in your new venture on Meheetia? Who is to help you with your plantation?

Copra making is a simple but laborious business. The coconuts that have fallen from the palm trees that fill the valley of Meheetia must be collected frequently. The dry husks are split open, the nut inside is removed, and the thick white rind of coconut meat gouged out. This meat is dried on long racks in the sun and then packed in big burlap sacks and shipped to Tahiti as South Sea sun-dried copra at a little over a thousand francs a ton. For this work you will have to have native laborers as assistants, about as many in proportion as will cost you one fourth of your gross profit on the copra. Thus, if you sell three hundred and sixty dollars' worth of copra during the year you can afford to keep just about one laborer as helper, as one man to feed and clothe during the year should cost about ninety dollars. The crop on Meheetia should necessitate about four men.

There is one great and all-embracing virtue to living on Meheetia and that is, amazingly enough, no taxes. Simply no taxes at all.

### How to Be a Trader

Even though you have heard otherwise, copra is still paying a living wage, and there is always the possibility of making a little extra with a crop of vanilla beans. That should mean that after a few years you might have put aside a small amount in the local bank.

What other advantages would have appeared?

Well, you would be fabulously healthy working in that atmosphere. There are no diseases peculiar to the island. No malaria or blackwater fevers, yaws, dysentery, cholera or other tropical unpleasantnesses.

As to the rest of it, it's up to you. If the life of a copra owner really appeals to you, I offer you Meheetia.

But perhaps Meheetia hasn't rung the proper responsive chord. Maybe you are interested in mechanics or sailing? Well, there are always jobs for responsible people on some of the many schooners plying back and forth between the islands. Perhaps you'd even like to be a shopkeeper in Papeete? This I wouldn't advise, as competition is great. There are other possibilities of jobs, but most require specialized training.

Next to owning a plantation yourself the most popular sort of job in the South Seas is that of a trader and so I want to give you some details of a trader's life in the Solomon Islands, which lie off Australia.

The most attractive islands of the group are the small coral islands lying off the coasts of the larger ones. Here the climate is invariably pleasant, there is always a breeze blowing, and no malaria to worry about, as the unpleasant little mosquitoes seem to prefer to stay on the larger islands.

To get to the Solomons, you must sail from San Francisco to Sydney, Australia. Fares range from four hundred dollars to a little over two hundred dollars. From Sydney it is ten days on a small coastal steamer to Tulagi, the capital. Here supplies can be bought, there is a club with golf course and two-months-old copies of the Illustrated London News and the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic, and here the traders gather for an occasional spree at the Chinese hotel and for the endless telling of tall tales.

If you intend to set up as a trader you must register and apply for permission with H. M.'s Resident Commissioner, a charming British gentleman who is installed in a neat white house on the top of a hill whence at dawn and dusk issue melodious trumpet calls and much raising and lowering of the flag.

In the meantime, having gathered together all the boxes and bales of stuff necessary for a trader, you await the sailing of an interisland boat for, let us say, the island of Santa Catalina, far to the south of the group and one of the most beautiful of the low coral islands that I have ever visited. The trade goods for the natives are the most fascinating part of your supplies. Unless you are an old hand at the game, and know how to start a new fashion, you should get all your trade goods at Tulagi. The reason for this is that otherwise you might bring, for example, a large supply of five-inch knives all the way from America, only to find that the natives use the three-inch knives, which they happen to have at Tulagi, and just aren't interested in your kind.

Besides knives and axes, other popular articles of trade are stick tobacco, calico prints, cotton shorts and undershirts, beads for the ladies, needles, thread, mirrors, canned foods, corned beef and sardines principally, lanterns and kerosene, rope netting and a few odds and ends such as fedora hats for the men or bottles of peroxide for the women to dye their hair. You will have to take canned food for yourself. All the tropical fruits grow there and wild game is abundant.

Carpentry tools must be brought also, and perhaps a small sailing cutter. You will want a battery radio, possibly, a small library and a thousand and one odd personal necessities, most of which you will never use. And finally a case of whisky for medicinal purposes. And so you set sail.

Santa Catalina is low, with a long, smooth stretch of palms between the vibrant blue of the sky and the sparkling white expanse of beach. All along the shore a thousand lines of white wave crests play unceasingly, riding in on the combers that start far out as deepest blue, fading as they near the shore to palest green.

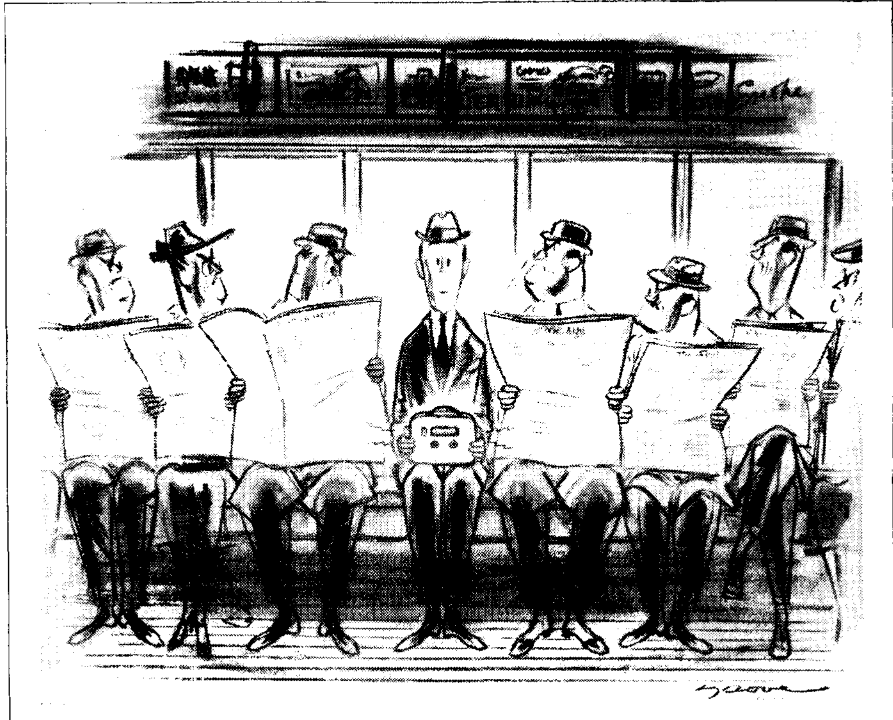
Once ashore and all the boxes landed, the real work begins. Unless you're lucky enough to buy out a trader, you have to start from scratch and build your house and store. This is not hard with a hundred native hands to help. With the help of his tools and native workmen, a man can build his house on the trade value of two cases of stick tobacco and the expenditure of twenty or thirty dollars for some dressed lumber from Tulagi for flooring.

### A Healthy, Happy Life

After this the real work of the trader begins. In return for trade goods, the natives will sell you their copra which you later sell to the copra steamer that makes its appearance a few times in the islands. The trader's margin of profit on these deals is steady and not unremunerative. Other things to be traded for are shells of several varieties. The most valuable is the trochus shell, a conical pinkish shell growing to a length of about eight inches. This shell is one of the best for making mother-of-pearl buttons, and sells for about two hundred and fifty dollars a ton. Buttons are also made from green snail shells and from the ivory nut, a kind of palm grown in these islands.

The natives of the Solomons, particularly of the smaller islands, are gentle, happy people, good-looking and in some cases of magnificent physique.

On Santa Anna, not far from Santa Catalina, lives Kuper, a German, one of the happiest men I have ever met. Years ago he jumped ship and settled down to run a trade store. He ended up by marrying the only daughter of the local chief with the result that he is now a chief of sorts himself. Of course, Kuper doesn't see newspapers very often and a movie not more than once a year when he goes to Sydney. There are no automobiles on his island and no fast motorboats and if his radio doesn't work it takes a long time to get it repaired. He has his health, though, has Kuper, and he's very young for his age. Above all he is supremely happy, for there are few people who know better than he does how to get away from it all.



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*So he's promised to love, honor... and throw away his flute!*

**1. I no sooner rented a room** to this handsome young fellow than he turned out to be a flute player! About midnight he started tooting a big silver flute, and the other tenants started banging on the water pipes!

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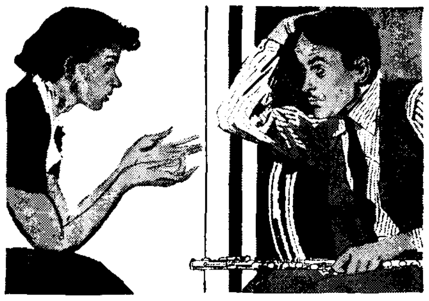
**2. He had paid in advance,** so I couldn't throw him out. But after two hours of torment, the other tenants served notice that it was him or them! So I made an effort to reason with this flute addict before calling the cops.

**3. "Nobody can sleep!" I pointed out.** "Neither can I!" he replied. "I drank coffee at dinner! I seldom touch it—it keeps me awake! But tonight I couldn't resist—so I can't sleep. Playing the flute quiets my nerves!"



**4. "Drink Sanka Coffee!"** I told him. "Delicious coffee ... but it's 97% caffein-free and can't keep you awake!" "You're a pretty widow, and I like you," he replied, "but I *know* that *any* coffee will keep *me* awake!"

**5. "Try Sanka!" I said.** "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' " "I *might* try it," he said, "for *you!*"

**6. We didn't hear the flute** the next night. The following morning he came downstairs, crying: "It worked! I switched to Sanka and I slept fine." (P. S.—Now he's proposing to me! How you going to figure these flute players, anyway?)

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# The Winners

Continued from page 18

Edmonton with "World Champions" lettered on their uniforms, it was just a question of what the police would do with the crowd that remained outside the building when the last rafter had been draped. It was after the Grads had removed the fancy lettering and about everything except the uniforms themselves that the seeds of trouble were sown. Trimming the toughest opposition became a habit with the Grads, a habit that the years and a personnel that has completely changed several times has in no way affected.

The salt of defeat has its place in the diet of the average sports follower, however, and unseasoned fare has left the mass of Grad fans indifferent. The Edmontonians have lost less than four per cent of their last five hundred games, with most of the losses away from home. On five occasions they have had fifty or more points scored against them but they have turned this trick on a hundred and thirty-four opponents. One burst of twenty-five consecutive games saw them average over eighty points, which gives some idea of how little worry they cause their followers.

### No "Arrangements"

There are dyed-in-the-wool fanatics who still drive all night from the surrounding country to see the girls perform under any circumstances, and there are citizens who from civic pride would turn out to see them play a kindergarten team, but they have ceased to add up to $2,000 a series, the minimum at which opposition can be brought to Alberta. Any public subscription idea is out. The Grads believe that if the game is not worth support for the game's sake it is not worth supporting.

In 1930 the girls were facing an earlier crisis as a result of seventy-eight consecutive wins. One night the Chicago "Taylor Trunks" slapped a ten-point loss on the startled Edmontonians in the first of a two-game series. The second game was played before the biggest crowd ever to attend a sporting event in Edmonton. As a matter of added interest, the Grads treated the 6,792 cash customers to a 43-13 victory.

After an experience like that you would think that the winsome bevy might listen to a Missouri manager who recently suggested, "Our plan would be to agree to play you close games, keeping in mind at all times future annual engagements which would mean additional drawing power. We would not be interested in running up a big score. We would only be interested in breaking even, say, on a four-game series, and to play off the fifth and deciding game with every game to be a close battle."

But it is pretty hopeless to try to teach an old dog new tricks. Coach Percy Page, who had handled the girls over a period that has seen babes in arms become franchise holders, knows only one way to play. And if the box office has to take a beating along with the opposing team it is still heads-up basketball.

"We just try to do the simple things a little more efficiently than our opponents," he explains. "I've always stressed the two fundamentals, passing and shooting, and ignored almost completely the complicated plays which are featured by other teams. 'Percentage' basketball has paid. Over a season the Grads score close to forty per cent of their field shots. Opposing teams' accuracy is about half that figure. Our girls are equally certain from the free-throw line. Margaret McBurney once dropped in sixty-one consecutive shots and Etta Dann scored ninety-five out of one hundred in a similar test this year. Simple, isn't it?"

Thirty-seven girls have worn the uniform and no two of them have been alike except the identical twins, Helen and Edith Stone, who made the opposition see double when the team went to the Los Angeles Olympics in 1932. Yet there has been a definite uniformity in the whole crew, a uniformity of character that has been both contributory and superior to straight playing ability. They have always been people before players.

You'd remember Etta Dann if you'd never met her anywhere except at a skating party or dance or in the shop where she sells fancy china. You'd remember her more clearly, of course, after you'd seen her dropping in free throws.

She is one of the smallest, lightest players ever to have appeared in the Arena. Her field accuracy surpasses anything the club has ever seen. She is constantly appearing under the enemy basket with the ball poised for the shot that stands a fifty-fifty chance of scoring. This is very confusing, both to spectators and opponents, in view of the fact that a moment before she has been filling her post as guard at the opposite end of the court.

And then there's Noel MacDonald, Etta's predecessor as skipper of the Grads. Last year MacDonald was picked as Canada's outstanding girl athlete. The willowy stenographer, if for no other reason than her sheer grace, was worth watching whether she was hitting the hoop or not. Usually, though, she was hitting it and her average of better than fifteen points a game was just five points less than the average entire team has scored against the Albertans. Noel was married in 1939.

### They Make Good Wives

If you want to get further high lights on that game look up John Fry, a retired contractor who is Edmonton's mayor. His daughter, Gladys, was captaining the Grads at the time. Gladys had a smile that grew brighter every time she was bowled over.

There was a fan, though, who followed these games with a critical eye. One day he recorded his findings and there no longer was Gladys Fry, the scintillating center—only smiling, quiet-spoken Mrs. Jack Douglas taking up housekeeping.

That is the sort of thing that keeps the Grads circulating at the rate of about two a year. It's a long time now since Winnie Martin, who led the first Canadian champions, became Mrs. Bob Tait and presented Canada with six young athletes who are shaping up into first-rate prospects. Yet through the years, as one girl after another has packed up her uniform and tied on her apron, there have been two notable features about their marriages. They have been permanent without exception and they have produced children. There has been an unwritten agreement that a wedding day marks the end of a playing career.

Grads don't blossom overnight. They start as Grad Cubs in the regular high-school team, come up through the Gradettes and eventually reach the senior squad—always under Page's eye. His primary duty is to make them capable young businesswomen but even this helps in the creation of top-flight basketball players. The formula, he says, is the same: "Play all the rules—not just those you can get away with."

The Grad gate has run into six figures but no player has ever received a nickel. All profits go into the travel fund. When the team goes overseas it means London, Paris, Rome, a trip down the Rhine.

And there isn't one who can't pass a sandwich or tip a teacup as effortlessly as she does a basketball. If you want to talk about what goes on beside the Thames or Tiber, the Hudson or Rhine, they're as game as though you had kept the conversation to the banks of the North Saskatchewan. They haven't traveled 125,000 miles with Percy and Mrs. Page just to fatten their scoring averages.

What's to become of them next season? Hard to say. The reason they didn't disband this year was because 1940 will mark their quarter century as a team and Edmonton is eager to put on a sort of super Old Home Week. Not only will all the former Grads return but ex-citizens as a whole will flock in for the series that is being planned for the celebration.

So the girls are keeping in trim. None of them smoke during their playing years; few afterward. Pretty Jean Williamson, the newest regular, is showing all the earmarks of another Noel MacDonald. Still in her teens, she has stepped up her field accuracy nine per cent in the past twelve months, a remarkable improvement for a player of major caliber. The old Grad magic is still working.

Will it work for another coach? Another team?

Percy Page has been too busy to speculate on that since he has been nominated for a seat in the provincial legislature. There are a lot of Edmontonians who are convinced that there is a need down at the Parliament buildings for a fellow who can "do the simple things just a little more efficiently than the opposition."

## Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 20

Faulkner. I wonder . . ." But she refused to let herself wonder too much because she knew that this was the girl whom many intimates had expected Gregg Stuart to marry. Yet Carol had announced herself a friend of Lynn's, she had insisted on coming to the jail with her—and now she stood shoulder to shoulder, offering a warm, deep sympathy, a firm belief and an eagerness to help.

Lynn allowed herself to be led across the barren room. She sank down on the horsehair sofa between Carol and Mrs. Stuart. Gregg's mother said, "I don't wonder you don't feel like sleeping. . . ."

Lynn answered, "I wish you two would go home. You must be exhausted. It's four o'clock."

"That's not important."

Lynn was grateful to them for not having asked questions. They were willing to listen to whatever she might care to say, but they did not intrude, and she had the feeling that they believed in her innocence. She wasn't certain of that—but she *was* sure of their loyalty, and at the moment that meant more than anything else in the world.

The door opened and Gregg Stuart came in. He looked at the three tired, tense faces of the women on the horsehair sofa, and said, "Come along, Mother. You too, Carol."

"Come along where?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"To the front door. You're going home."

Carol said quickly, "I'd rather stay here with Lynn."

"I'll drive you home and come right back. Lynn won't be alone."

"You mustn't, Gregg." It was Lynn speaking. "You're exhausted."

"Not entirely. And I'm sure even my company will be welcome. Tomorrow we'll arrange bail."

"Bail? On a charge . . ." Lynn bit the word off, but Gregg understood.

"Yes. Carey Marshal says it's bailable in this state under these circumstances. He'll arrange it."

Lynn turned impulsively to Mrs. Stuart. She said, "I wish he wouldn't. Believe me, I've tried to keep him out of this."

Mrs. Stuart smiled warmly. "Don't be a silly child. Of course he'll arrange bail, and of course you'll come right home with us."

"I don't think—"

"You're not supposed to think, Lynn. You're going to do exactly what we say."

Lynn smiled wanly. "Your kindness is what makes it so difficult for me not to break down."

Gregg took his mother's hand and pulled her to her feet. "Out, lady. And this time I'm not foolin'."

Carol said, "Go home with me, Mrs. Stuart."

They understood what she meant: That the house where a murder had just been committed would not be pleasant. Lynn said, "Please go, Mrs. Stuart. I'll rest—really."

Gregg's mother was tired. You could see it by the dark circles under her eyes, by the little lines at the corners of her mouth. She said, "You'll come right back, Gregg?"

"I'll be here with Lynn until she's ready to go home again."

LYNN didn't argue. She had protested for hours against their kindness, against their loyalty; loving it, but feeling that she was imposing. And she knew that Gregg would return anyway, so she didn't argue that point, either. She wanted to be alone with him. There was so much to say, so many thoughts that perhaps might be less chaotic if she could put them into words. And so she insisted that Carol and Mrs. Stuart go, and she watched them circle the square and drive off toward the little residential town of Pineville in Gregg's car, and she stood motionless for a long time, staring numbly through the bars.

When Gregg returned, he produced from a large pasteboard carton a pot of steaming coffee, two cups, two spoons, some sugar and cream. "Drink this first," he said. "It's good for what ails you."

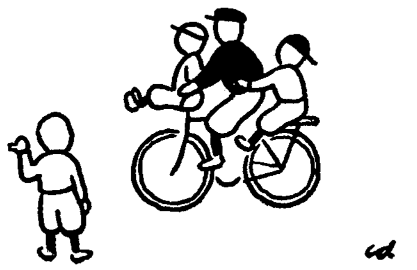
She shook her head, but allowed herself to be persuaded. The coffee did help. It wasn't very good, but it was hot, and it gave her something else—however trivial—to think about. Then Gregg asked, "Mind talking a few minutes?"

"I've been waiting for the chance."

He said, "When I was out before, I was doing things."

"That's not unusual."

"Nice things." He was trying to talk



How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

**The Twins: Bless Us All! Aunt Ollie's Got a Date!**

**The Twins:** Why Auntie! You're a regular vampire!
**Auntie:** No such nonsense! Vamping's old stuff. Mr. Green says it's my *pep appeal.*

**The Twins:** We know! *You've been getting all your vitamins!*
**Auntie:** For once you are right. And what a change it's made in me! I *needed* 'em! What's more, plenty of vitamins wouldn't do you two any harm at all. "Vitamins for pep!"—and that reminds me. Let's go raid the pantry.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

**Auntie:** And right in this delicious cereal—appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, $B_1$ and D.
**A Twin:** Auntie! You've been holding out on us! This is the crispest, best-tasting cereal I ever ate. Boy! Are we going to have KELLOGG'S PEP every morning!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

normally, to ignore their grim surroundings. "I had New York on long distance."

She waited, and he went on:

"Ever hear of Jason Marsh?"

"Vaguely."

"He's supposed to be tops in criminal procedure. He's flying down tomorrow morning to take charge of your case."

Her eyes filled with tears. "Gregg, I've begged you—"

"Not to butt in. I seem destined to, anyway. And Marsh will stick right here with you until after—er—"

"Trial?"

"Yes. He'll be associated with Carey Marshal—says it's necessary to have a local attorney with him. Jury picking, procedure—all that sort of stuff. But, honey, you can quit worrying. Right now. Jason Marsh is shrewd."

"What did you tell him?"

"Just what happened tonight, as I knew it. I also mentioned my belief in your innocence."

"Did you tell him how we met?"

"I didn't dare—on the telephone. I simply said it was under very unusual circumstances. I told him that there was a lot behind this thing that I didn't know . . . and he told me not to try to find out until he'd had a chance to talk to you. But he did say that it was all right to discuss any part of it that I already knew."

She shook her head. "I don't know whether to be disappointed or relieved. Tonight . . . I might have told you the whole story, and yet I still feel I shouldn't."

"Now you know you mustn't, so that's that. But as to things that we both know . . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

HE LOOKED around to be sure that they could not be overheard. Then he asked, "You think Rick did it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"He knew I had those jewels. They were very valuable. I figure he came down here to get them."

"The jewels that were taken from the Andrewses on Long Island?"

She held his eyes steadily. "Yes."

"And when he went after them . . . ?"

"He probably knew about the barbecue at the lodge. Thought the house would be empty. And when Madge came in alone . . ."

Gregg hesitated. "Maybe I shouldn't ask you this, but I think it's all right. Why was Madge with you?"

"I told her I had the jewels and wanted to return them."

"When did you tell her that?"

"Tonight."

"Why tonight?"

"Because you told me Rick was in Karnak, and I figured he was after them."

"So . . . ?"

"I explained everything. Madge believed me. I asked her to go to my room and take them from me."

"I saw you start off together. But what happened then?"

"Toby stopped me on the way."

"Toby . . ." His eyes opened wide. He said, "Holy smoke! Where *is* Toby, anyway?"

Lynn said, "I'm afraid she's gone away with Rick."

Gregg whistled. "It does get complicated. And Jason Marsh told me not to question you about what happened before I met you. . . ."

She said, "I doubt if I would have told you. Yet."

"You mean there's more to it?"

"Yes. It's a pretty rotten mess. And there are reasons . . ."

"And so many things I don't understand. But to get back: What did Toby want with you?"

"Nothing special . . . that was the queer part. She just chatted with me for a while."

"And Madge?"

"She walked on. Said she'd wait for me in my room."

"Did Toby hear her say that?"

"I don't think so. Why do you ask?"

"Skip it. I was just wondering." His eyes were intent on hers. "It seems to shape up this way: That Madge was waiting there when Rick came in—if he did—and he killed her."

"That's what I believe." She became slightly emotional. "But how can any of that be proved, Gregg? How does my opinion—or yours—make things better? I've been thinking and thinking . . . and it all seems to add up to one thing."

"Steady. And tell me what."

SHE controlled herself with an effort, and spoke slowly: "What little I understand about law would indicate that even if it could be proved that Rick did the actual shooting—I'd still be in just as deep."

He didn't evade: "You mean because of your—well, your past connection with him?"

"Yes. It would look as though we were doing this together."

"But you had already told Madge the truth."

She shook her head and asked, "Who can prove that—now?"

"I see what you mean. . . ." He was trying to fit together the pieces of this amazing jigsaw puzzle. "They might think that Madge suspected you and that she had sought you tonight, instead of the reverse. And that you tricked her to your room. . . ."

"They could think all of that," agreed Lynn. "And logically."

"And the only ones who really know the answer—"

"Rick. And, to a certain extent—Toby. And they're gone."

He said, "Hadn't we better send out a statewide call? Have Rick picked up?"

"I suppose so. But I doubt if they could catch him. We don't know how he's traveling or anything else about him."

Gregg said, "I'll suggest it anyway." He looked at her. "Just one more question and then I'll quit tormenting you. I thought you told me once that Toby thought Rick was okay."

Lynn nodded.

"That still goes. She'd believe anything he told her."

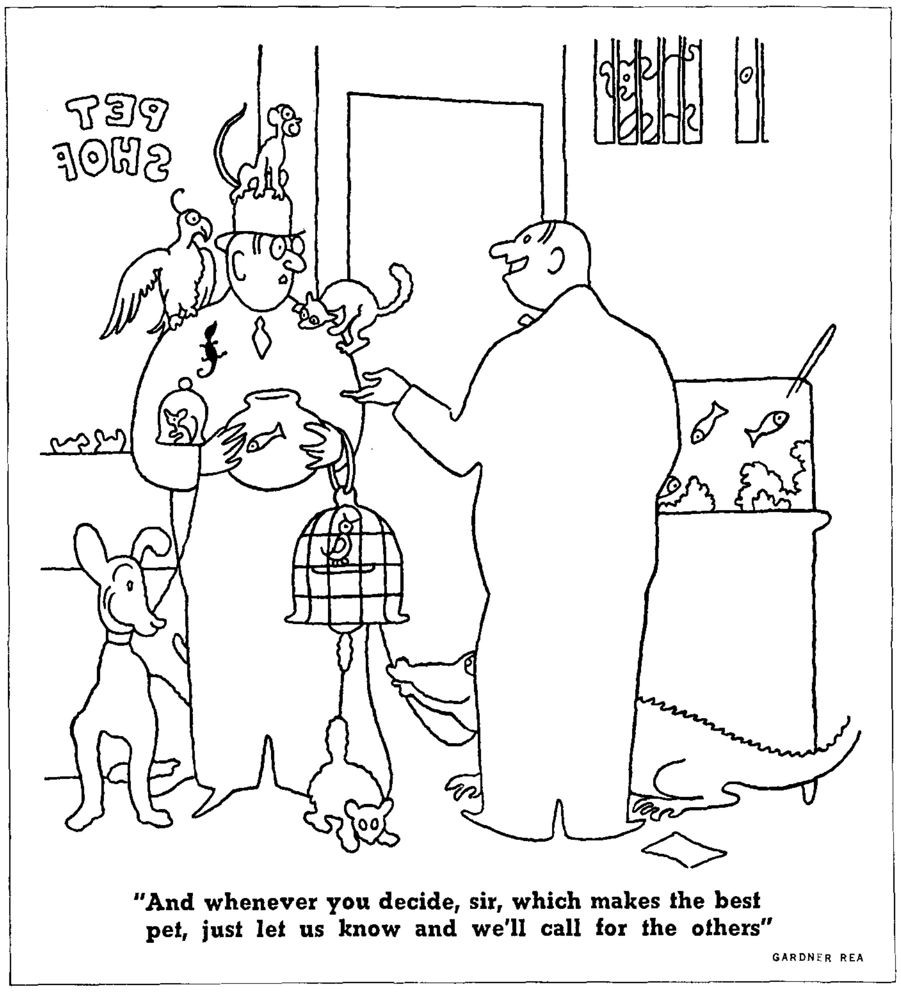
He could see that she was shaken; that the discussion had hurt rather than helped. It had hurt him, too, because putting things into words had clarified her danger. He said, "There's one last, final question—the most important I've asked you."

"What is it?" Her voice was flat, and he felt an infinite pity for her.

He said, "Will you marry me—now?"

At first she did not seem to grasp his words. She faced him and looked straight into his eyes.

And then—for the first and only time that night—Lynn Harrison broke down: broke completely and terribly. He put his arms about her and held her close and whispered things to her, and she clung to him desperately. But all she said was: "I can't, Gregg—I can't. It isn't fair—and it isn't possible."



"And whenever you decide, sir, which makes the best pet, just let us know and we'll call for the others"

GARDNER REA

From the veranda of the Stuart cottage Lynn Harrison looked out upon a perfect autumn day.

The bail had been arranged immediately after the coroner's inquest. Carey Marshal had conferred with Lee Winthrop, the stocky, efficient, politically ambitious solicitor for the Fifth Judicial Circuit, and together they had appeared before Judge Mayberry. The grand jury was in session, an indictment against Lynn was a certainty—but Gregg had put up the bail, and now she was free.

Gregg and Mrs. Stuart brought her home, and at first she had been apprehensive. But Gregg had insisted, and now she found herself quartered in his bedroom. She took it for granted that he had moved into the room she had formerly occupied with Toby—the room in which Madge Andrews had been killed—and she was mutely grateful. It was just another touch of his infinite consideration.

She went inside, and a few minutes later heard Gregg's car out front, and then his voice. She heard Mrs. Stuart greeting someone, and then Gregg—"Lynn! Where are you?"

She pulled herself together with an effort, and went to meet Jason Marsh, the famous criminal lawyer who had flown down from New York to defend her because he was a friend of the Stuarts. She walked into the living room and heard Mrs. Stuart say, "Lynn, may I present Mr. Marsh? Jason—this is Lynn Harrison."

She experienced a slight sense of shock. This man was the direct antithesis of everything she had imagined. She had thought always of great criminal lawyers as massive men with iron-gray hair, blazing eyes and resonant voices. Jason Marsh was none of that.

He was short—scarcely five-four in height—and slender to the point of emaciation. His features were sharp and keen, his eyes colorless; his hair was sparse and sandy. The hand he placed in hers was cold and not strong, and she found herself thinking: "There's some mistake; there's bound to be. This isn't Jason Mash."

The confidence she had experienced when she first heard that Gregg had sent for the famous barrister, ebbed from her. This wasn't the sort of man to sway juries, to fight aggressively. And yet—his reputation: that couldn't have sprung from nothing. She tried to like the man, *tried to restore her confidence in his* ability. It was difficult, and his thin, nasal voice made it no easier.

GREGG saw that she was worried and uncertain. So he said, "Yes, Lynn—this is really and truly *the* Jason Marsh. And on the way out I told him everything I know. He wants to have a long talk with you—right away. Then he's seeing Carey."

She looked uncertainly, first at Gregg and then at Jason. There was just the faintest ghost of a smile on Jason's thin lips. He said, with rare comprehension: "You'll like me better later, Miss Harrison."

She flushed. "Mr. Marsh! Please . . ."

"Don't explain. I realize I'm no Mark Antony."

Lynn's embarrassment did much to dispel her instinctive dislike and distrust, and then she found herself wondering whether his method had been entirely without calculation. Perhaps he *was* shrewd, after all. Perhaps he had designedly attacked her doubts from the flank, knowing that a frontal assault would have had little chance of quick success. She saw his cold, calculating eyes on her and said impulsively, "Thanks, Mr. Marsh."

"Okay, Miss Harrison. Perhaps we already understand each other."

Gregg asked, "What gives now, Jason?"

"You and your mother get out. Miss Harrison and I have a lot to talk about."

Gregg passed close to Lynn and paused long enough to whisper, "You can trust him a million per cent." Then he and Mrs. Stuart went upstairs together, into the latter's room.

Mrs. Stuart seated herself and looked at the tall, rangy figure of her son. She said gently, "We haven't had much time to talk, have we, Gregg?"

"Or to think, either." He moved from the window and sat close in front of her on a ridiculous little hassock that made sharp angles of his figure. His eyes met those of his mother and he asked flatly, "What's the verdict?"

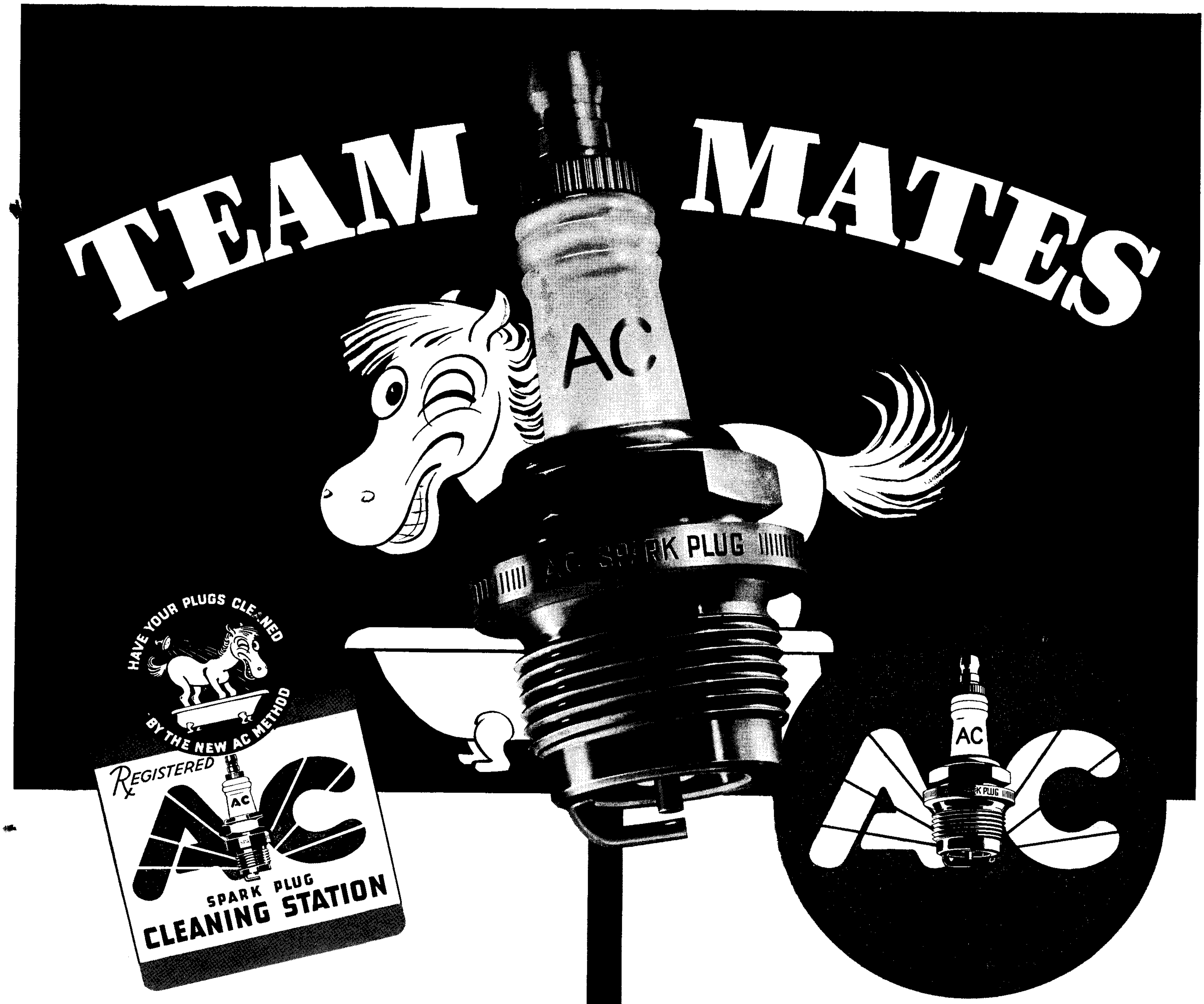
Mrs. Stuart said, "I don't believe she did it."

"Why?"

"No reason at all, Son—except that I don't. Intuition, I suppose."

"She's in a bad spot, Mother."

"That's fairly obvious." Mrs. Stuart's eyes were soft with affection. "You don't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HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD
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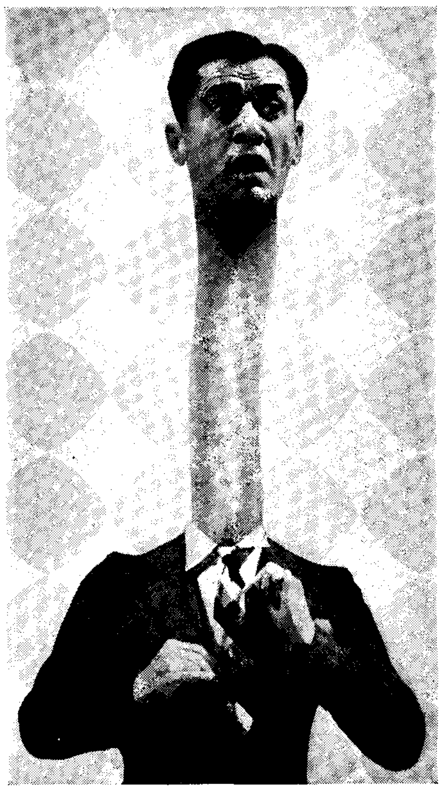
Have you had any nightmares lately?



1. **IN YOUR DREAMS** do your collars shrink so tight they squeeze your neck out like a giraffe's? Better switch to Arrow Shirts. They're Sanforized-Shrunk; their fabric can't shrink even 1%!

2. **EVER DREAM** you were inflated like a balloon, filling out your shirt's tent-like cut? ℞: Arrow Shirts. Their *Mitoga-cut* curves with your waist, slopes with your shoulders, tapers with your arms.

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ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

*Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit*

have to tell me, Gregg—but just how much do you know?"

He answered honestly, "Very little. And what I do know doesn't look good."

"This story of a holdup on Long Island . . . ?"

"I believe she was there."

"Did she ever explain?"

"No."

"But you still believe in her innocence because you're in love with her."

He flushed and smiled. "I never did have any luck keeping secrets from you. Yes, I'm overboard. So what?"

"So I suppose you'll see her through this and marry her."

He took his mother's hand and held it tightly. She looked away suddenly, so that he might not see the fear in her eyes. It was the same gesture he had always used—even as a little boy—when a problem too big for him had presented itself.

They didn't have much to say after that, perhaps because there was so much to say. There was a rare sympathy and understanding between these two; they were friends, not merely mother and son. And they had been silent for a long time when they heard the voices of Lynn Harrison and Jason Marsh in the living room downstairs. Gregg said, "That sounds like our entrance cue, Mother," and she went downstairs with him.

Lynn seemed under less strain. She said to Gregg, "I've told him the whole story," and Gregg looked inquiringly at Jason Marsh.

The attenuated little attorney shook his head. He said crisply, "And she's not telling anyone else. Not even you."

"Why?"

"It isn't a question of trust: it's just that, as her lawyer, I don't want anyone else to know. Not now, at any rate."

"But surely, Jason—"

"Who's in charge here, you or me? I've had case after case smashed higher'n a kite because somebody knew too much and tried to help. This young lady is in a jam; she's in deep. Maybe I can get her out and maybe I can't. But I don't want any help or any other opinions or any advice."

"You mean she was right not to tell me?"

"It's the only sensible thing she's done. And she isn't telling you now, either."

"Do you think . . ."

"No, I don't. I never think. Not out loud, anyway. And I want you to start taking me places. I want to meet this Carey Marshal and the sheriff and a few other people." A sardonic smile twisted his mouth. "If I know anything about small towns, hell's going to pop loose here in the next few days."

THINGS happened and happened fast. Metropolitan newspapers dispatched their best reporters and feature writers to Karnak. Here was a story made to order for the public: The social and financial prominence of the Andrewses, the rarefied atmosphere of an exclusive hunt club in the South, the youth and beauty of the young girl who stood charged with murder and the mystery of her sponsorship by one of the most brilliant young architects of America.

With the reporters came photographers and newsreel cameramen. Anything and everything pertaining to Karnak was good copy just then. And Lee Winthrop, the district attorney, proved an ally of the press from the outset.

Winthrop was a bright young man. Politically ambitious, he saw in this case a steppingstone to greater things, perhaps even to the governorship. He was an impressive person, short and stocky and with a voice . . . silver-tongued, they said of him, not untritely. He was cordial to the press, and adroit: he hinted of sensational things as yet unknown, impressed upon them that he was a Southern gentleman . . . seeking conviction only if there was guilt, which left him an excellent loophole.

Oh, it was a grand story all right. As one New York editor instructed his star man: "Sink your teeth into this, and keep 'em there." He did. They all did—these keen, inquisitive representatives of the press. They even made superb copy of Wally Andrews' departure from Karnak with the body of his wife—just the grief-stricken Wally and a few friends from the club, and a somber steel case . . . no flowers . . . no ostentation . . . nothing but stark grief, which was later given the public through printed words and newsreels. And Wally's only statement: "I'll be back for the trial."

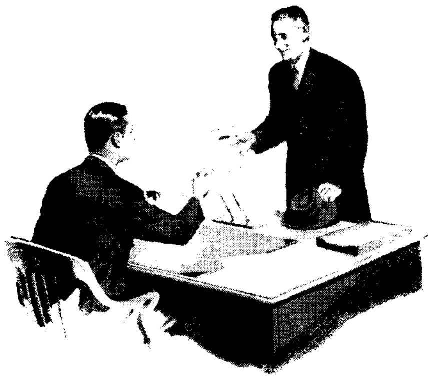
Jason Marsh held several conferences with the solicitor. Lee Winthrop was impressed by the reputation of his opposing counsel, and wondered where he got it. The man himself seemed rather—well, contemptible; not in character so much as in appearance and manner. And it was odd about Jason going to Lee Winthrop, because Jason brought information that interested the solicitor—information about a man named Rick, of whom Lee had known nothing up to that time. And so, pending trial, they became to a certain extent, allies; and Winthrop and the sheriff got in touch with New York and a keen young man named Dave Graham came down and showed his credentials as a representative of the insurance company that had been about to pay the claim on the Andrewses' stolen jewelry.

YOUNG Mr. Graham was not communicative. He simply inspected the jewelry, announced that it definitely was the stuff that had been taken from the Andrewses in the Long Island holdup, and offered to do any other little chores they might want—including staying through the trial. "We're not only interested in recovering the jewelry," he explained, "we want also to catch and convict the thieves."

So Mr. Dave Graham heard something, too, about a man named Rick who had been in Karnak the day of the murder, and he did a great deal of investigating, and in a certain room in the ornate, yellow-brick Karnak hotel he found innumerable fingerprints, which he sent to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington . . . and even the hard-boiled Mr. Graham exhibited a trace of excitement when the answer came, and he went at top speed to the office of the solicitor. Mr. Lee Winthrop rubbed his hands together gleefully. He said, in a manner most un-Southern-gentlemanly, "We'll tear that girl wide open with this." And to himself he thought, "It won't do me any harm to make a monkey of Jason Marsh, either."

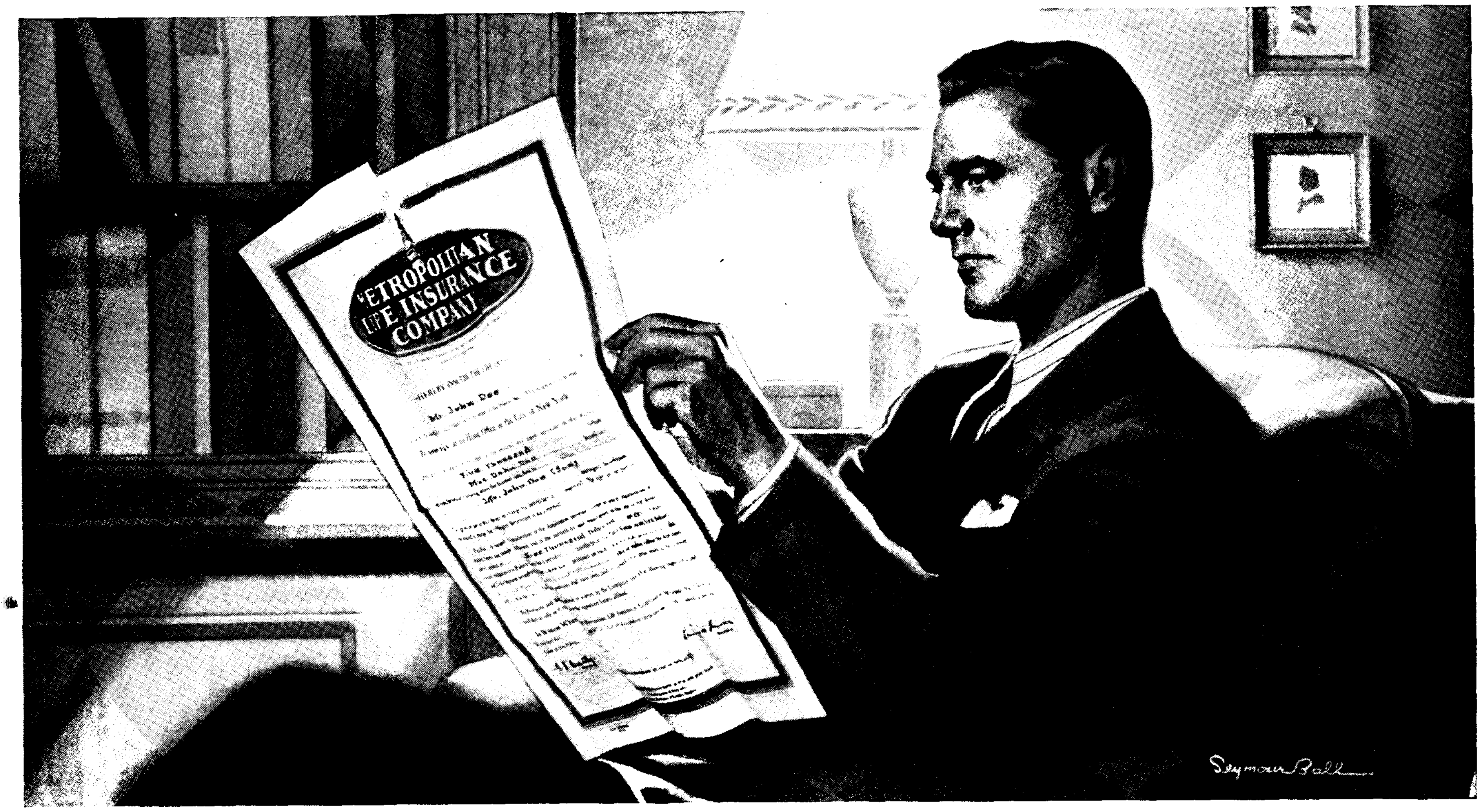
And then one afternoon Gregg came

SAMPLE
MANNA
SAMPLE
COE



## You were wise enough to buy it . . .

# Have you been wise enough to read it?



THAT life insurance policy you so wisely bought—*have you ever taken the time to read it, carefully, from beginning to end?*

Do you know all the privileges, all the benefits and options, it offers—not only to you, but to those for whom you bought the insurance?

▶ These are things you *ought* to know—for the provisions in your policy are of the utmost importance. From a practical point of view, the time it takes to read and understand them could not be better spent!

To be sure, when you read your policy, you may wonder why it contains so many different provisions, and why it is written in language that is so exact and detailed. There are several reasons for this . . .

**1.** In addition to the major provisions for payment of a stated amount of money under the terms of the contract, a life insurance policy affords the policyholder many benefits and options. In order to make these provisions as clear as possible, each of them is set forth in detail, for . . .

**a.** The company wants you, as a policyholder, to be thoroughly informed about the privileges to which you are entitled, so that you may avail yourself of them if occasion arises, and . . .

**b.** By taking pains to define your rights in terms that are unmistakable, the company seeks to protect both you and your beneficiaries from any interpretation of the policy which would be contrary to the intentions you and the company had when the policy was issued.

**2.** There are laws in many states which require that certain provisions be included in every policy, in order to define the duties and obligations of the company to the policyholder, as well as the privileges and options available to the policyholder.

▶ If your policy happens to have been issued by Metropolitan, at least ten of the provisions you will find in it are required by law . . . provisions, for example, such as the one making the policy incontestable after a specified period, the one setting forth your right to cash and loan values, the one explaining the various optional modes of settlement, and the one stating your right to participate in the company's annual divisible surplus.

It is true that your policy contains many provisions. But if it did not, you might well be justified in complaining that you were not fully informed as to your rights as a policyholder.

▶ *We urge you to read your entire policy, carefully.* Then, if there is anything in it you do not understand, by all means speak to your agent or his manager—or, if you prefer, write to the company itself for a full explanation.

For Metropolitan, consistent with its desire that its policyholders have a clear understanding of how their company operates, wants you to be thoroughly informed concerning your rights and privileges as set forth in your policy.

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*This is Number 23 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. In this advertisement the provisions referred to as required by law, are particularly those contained in Ordinary policies. However, whether you own an Ordinary or Industrial policy, it is to your advantage to read it carefully. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

*Frederick H. Ecker*, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
*Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

home and sought Lynn. She never went out now. There were always reporters and cameramen trying to get at her. And Gregg told her, "I'm afraid it's no soap on Rick, honey."

"What do you mean, Gregg?"

"I've just been talking to the sheriff. Apparently, Rick has dropped out of sight."

"And Toby?"

He shook his head. "She must be with him. And we need her so badly."

Lynn handed him a telegram. She said, "I got this today, Gregg."

MISS LYNN HARRISON
CARE GREGG STUART
KARNAK HUNT CLUB
KARNAK

HAVE SEEN PAPERS. TERRIBLY WORRIED. EAGER TO DO ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HELP. FINANCIALLY OR OTHERWISE. KEEP YOUR CHIN UP. BERT

Gregg asked, "Who is 'Bert?' "

"My employer." She smiled, just a trifle. "I wanted you to know, Gregg—that there really was a nice side to my life—before you met me."

THERE was a light rap on the door, and Lynn Harrison opened her eyes. Brilliant sunshine filtered in through the open window, and for an instant she lay as she was—completely relaxed, as yet untroubled by an awareness that on this clear December day she was to stand trial for murder.

But now, as full consciousness came to her, she experienced an admixture of fear and relief: fear for what might happen, relief that the strain of the past week was about to reach its climax. She tried not to think of the immediate past, and dared not consider the future—and the good-night words of Gregg Stuart recurred to her: "From now on, honey—it's up to you."

Well, she'd do her best. It wasn't going to be easy, but Gregg was right, of course. To look terrified . . . that might be construed as an admission of guilt. To think at all was dangerous, and besides, she was worn out with thinking.

Once again that tap on the door and she said, "Who is it?"

A voice answered, "It's me, Miss Harrison."

Lynn brightened, pulled a bed jacket around her shoulders, touched her soft brown hair with deft fingers, sat up straight and said, "Come in."

The door opened and Gregg Stuart entered. He was smiling broadly—and if the light in his eyes was not of laughter, she ignored it—because he so obviously wished her to do just that.

Gregg was carrying a silver tray. He came toward the bed and announced, "Yo' breakfus', Ma'am. An' I suttinly do mean you."

Lynn smiled then, in spite of herself. She said, "Gregg! What on earth . . ."

"Just a little idea I thought up." He placed the tray across her knees. "I've always thought I'd make some gal an excellent mother."

"You're being pretty grand."

"Can't help it, lady. It's chronic." He was trying—trying hard—to bolster her morale. "Sit up, honey chile—and get to work. Fauna's mighty sot on havin' her waffles well et, not to mention them there sausages and those omelet."

She poured a cup of steaming coffee, and sipped it. "Hot," she said, "but nice."

He grinned. "I bet you say that to all the boys."

"Only when I think it'll be effective." She took a tiny forkful of omelet and nibbled at a bit of toast. He looked at her reproachfully. "Keep punchin'. Don't quit on me in the first round."

"I'm not terribly hungry."

"You may not be hungry, but you are terrible. So pitch in."

She tried, rather heroically; tried to eat, tried to second his efforts to help her. But the cobwebs of sleep had been cleared from her brain now, and facts were presenting themselves, coldly and inescapably. She said, "You know what I'm thinking, Gregg."

"Yep. And so am I."

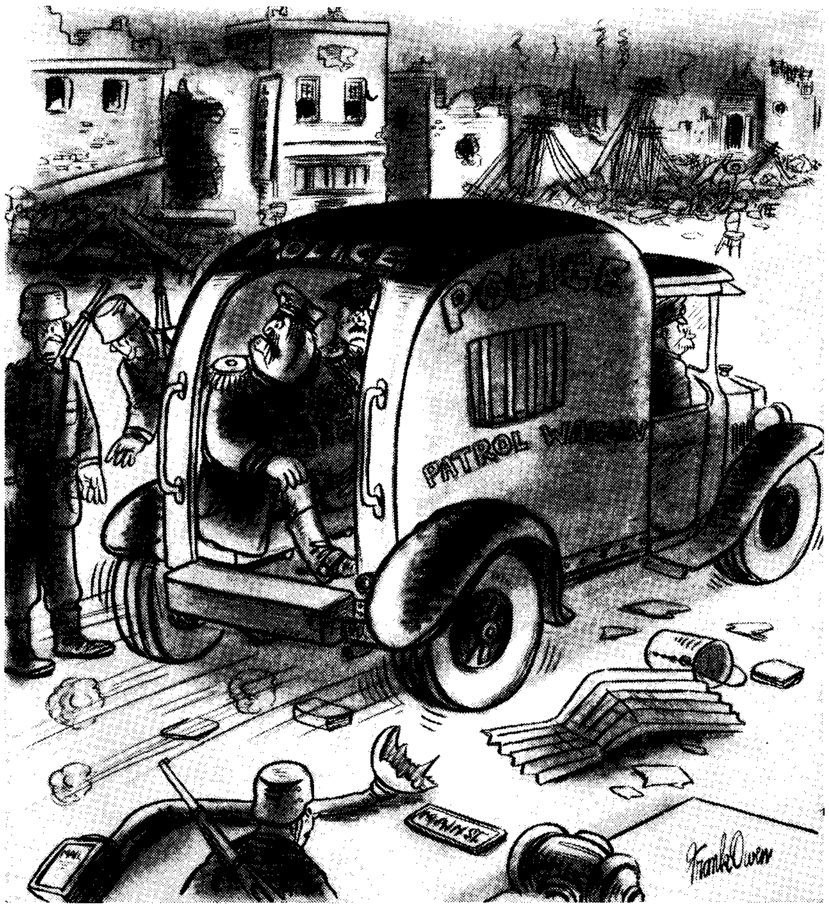
"I know you're trying to help—"

"Eagle Scout—that's me. Need a new merit badge."

"You'll be weighted down with 'em if you get all you deserve." She pushed the tray aside. "Sorry — but I'm whupped. Appetite done fled."

He took the tray from her and placed it on the very masculine walnut dresser. Then he sat beside her, acutely aware of the femininity of the figure outlined under the blankets, conscious of the soft curve of her breasts and of the warmth of the hand he held. He said, "Of course this is very irregular—"

### THE GENERAL



"I thought you guys told me you had this town under control!"

FRANK OWEN

"And very nice."

"But I wanted you to get out of the right side of the bed. It'll be your last night here for a while."

HER eyes clouded. "You mean . . . ?"

"Heavy conference last night after you turned in. Shall I explain, or would you rather I'd elucidate?"

"The latter. I might understand better."

"When you show up in court this morning your bail bond is automatically discharged. Theoretically, you'll be in the custody of the county—a prisoner—until the final Not Guilty comes in. Actually, however, after each day's session the district attorney—they call him solicitor here—will request the court to have you paroled until the next morning in the custody of your counsel."

"And so . . . ?"

"Of course you could come home here, but Carey Marshal thinks we'd better hew strictly to the legal line. There might be some criticism if you didn't stick close to him, and we don't want criticism at this stage of the game. So he and Dale—that's his wife—have invited you to be their guest, and Mother will send some of your things over there today, and everything will be what is popularly referred to as jake."

"I—I'm rather overwhelmed by kindness."

"You rate it. You've been rather severely pushed around, you know."

SHE said, "I have only one outstanding regret—you!"

"So I'm a regret, eh?"

"I begged you to keep out of it. Right from that first night in New York."

"Lady, keeping out of things is no longer my specialty." He became more serious, more gentle. "You know what I'm trying to do, don't you, dear?"

She looked away, then smiled bravely at him. "I understand. And I'll help all I can."

"Good. Then start off by getting dressed. Sorry I can't offer to help. I'll be waiting downstairs."

He waved to her from the doorway, but once outside the smile vanished from his lips and his head moved slowly from side to side. Tough sledding, he reflected; mighty tough sledding. Jason Marsh was more pessimistic than usual—and less communicative. Late last night he had said, "She's in a hell of a spot. I don't know yet what I'm going to do. It all depends on how much the state really knows about her."

That was ominous, and Jason had refused irascibly to explain. Carey Marshal, too, seemed depressed; and Lee Winthrop had made an eloquent speech to the representatives of the press about justice that wasn't always blinded by feminine beauty. Gregg didn't like the thought that this was more than a mere trial to the solicitor. It was a vitally important political steppingstone.

He went to the kitchen door and told Frenzy to bring the car around. Mr. Gillings was overwhelmed with his own importance. He said grandiloquently to Fauna, "Us has got to be travelin'."

"You mean you fixin' to drive 'em down?"

"I said *us*," stated Mr. Gillings with dignity, "an' I mean us. Me an' Mistuh Gregg an' Miss Lynn."

"Hmph! What you got to do besides chauff?"

"Ise a witness. I been suppeenied."

"Is you troofin'—sho nuff?"

"Uh-huh." Frenzy shook his head. "That lawyer gemmun, he tol' me I got to tell the strick troof, too. Ise sorry."

"How come you is sorry?"

" 'Cause troof ain't gwine be so good fo' Miss Lynn. An' if they'd gimme half a chance, I could lie somethin' elegant."

He strutted out of the kitchen and into the garage. The gargantuan Mr. Joe Herring glowered at him, but this morning Frenzy was impervious to unspoken threats. He even waved airily at Mr. Herring and inquired after his health.

Joe's response was not entirely reassuring. He said, "I been watchin' you an' Fauna. So I figger my health is heaps better than yours is fixin' to be."

Mrs. Stuart, Gregg and Lynn were waiting on the veranda when he drove the sedan around. They sat in back and Frenzy started for Karnak. He said, "Gwine have trouble parkin', Mistuh Gregg. Heaps of folks comin' to town today."

FRENZY was right. This trial promised to be the greatest event in Karnak history since the World War. For two days every hotel room and boardinghouse accommodation had been jammed; citizens of three counties had migrated to Karnak, and the residents of the town itself had arrogated to themselves a most colossal importance.

Courthouse Square had taken on a festive appearance. Already every inch of parking space was occupied; extra constables were on duty frantically struggling to keep traffic from bogging down completely.

Under the stately oaks on the square, certain enterprising individuals had set up barbecue and hot-dog stands and soft-drink counters. Farmers had brought their families in, as though to a picnic, making the journey in rattletrap jallopies, trucks, farm wagons, buckboards and even on muleback.

Deputies kept the crowds back from the courthouse veranda, and only those with passes were permitted to enter the gaunt, antique building. Outside, a battery of newsreel cameras had been set up, and press photographers and reporters were waiting. The judge had arrived and so had Jason Marsh. Lee Winthrop had been there for some time, and had posed for a press photograph with Jason Marsh, much to the latter's disgust. Solicitor Winthrop had then burst into oratory of a rather flamboyant sort, fancying that his words would resound from the screens of America, and Jason Marsh watched and listened. Mr. Marsh said to his associate, "The man isn't stupid, Carey."

"How did you guess?"

"I can tell. Not much legal training, perhaps, but he's shrewd."

"You're right, sir. And he can do things with Karnak juries."

A lane was opened for the Stuart car. There was a craning of necks, a milling forward of the mob, a chorus of "Yonder she is . . ." and Gregg whispered to Lynn, "You've got to take it, honey. So don't wince."

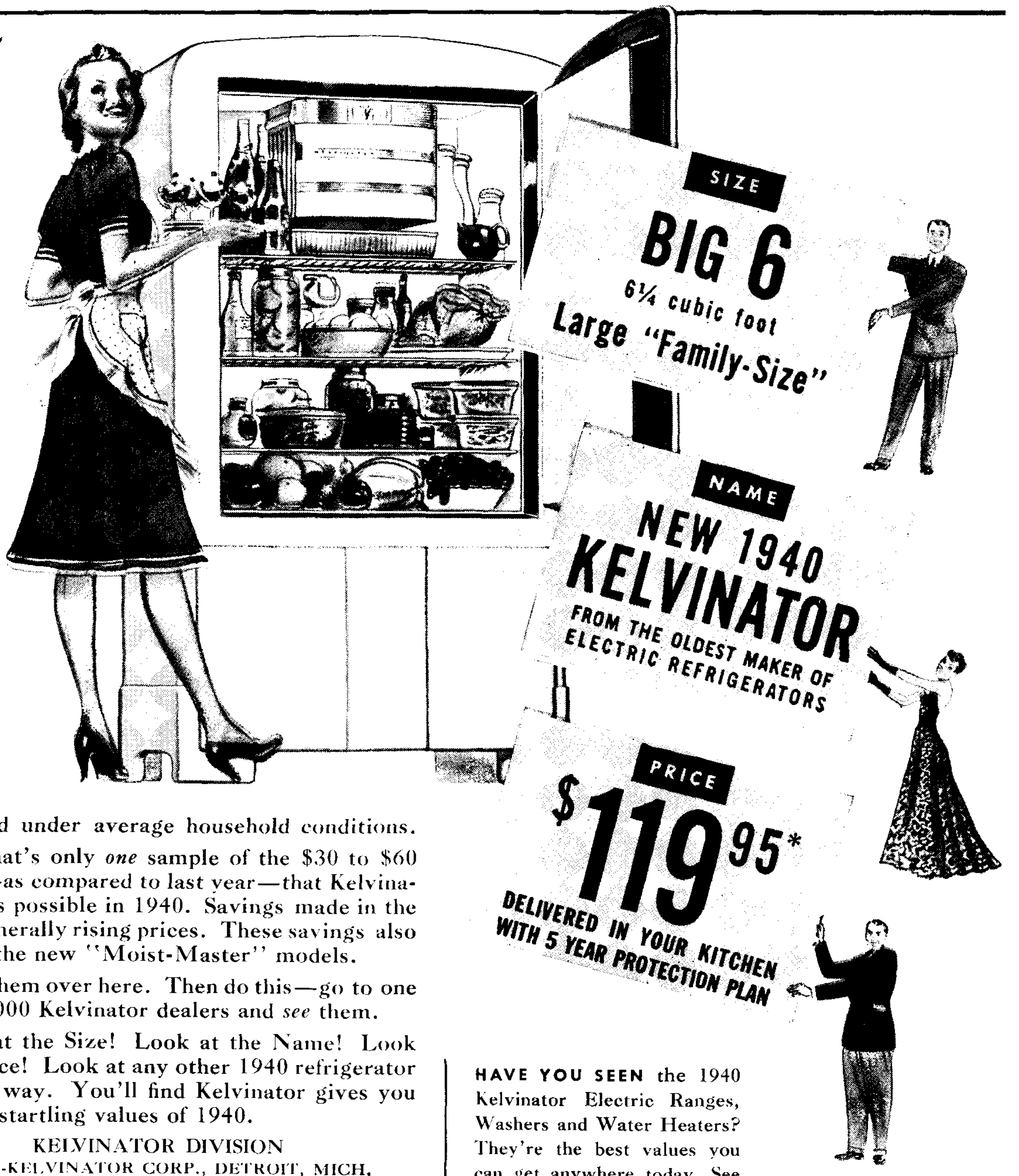
It was a rather ghastly ordeal. She didn't pose for pictures, though they begged and pleaded; but she heard the click of shutters and the whir of the newsreel cameras. She walked firmly and not too fast; head held high, eyes straight to the front.

(*To be continued next week*)

# It Had To Come!

## *Through a New Program of Large-Volume Production and Low-Cost Selling, KELVINATOR and 5,000 retail merchants throughout America now present a Bigger, Better 1940 Refrigerator at a Greatly Reduced Price!*

*Look at the Size!*
*Look at the Name!*
*Look at the Price!*


SIZE
BIG 6
6¼ cubic foot
Large "Family-Size"
NAME
NEW 1940
KELVINATOR
FROM THE OLDEST MAKER OF ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
PRICE
$\$119^{95}$*
DELIVERED IN YOUR KITCHEN WITH 5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

HERE is wonderful news for the millions of families who have outgrown their old refrigerators—or who have yet to own their first one.

*Today it's no longer a matter of $175 or $200* for a *big* electric refrigerator — nor is it necessary to buy an out-of-date, last year's model.

Kelvinator has made sweeping changes to bring you a *finer, larger 1940 model refrigerator at a new low price*. Here's how we did it—

FIRST, we found a *more efficient* way to distribute Kelvinator products . . . and we cut the cost of selling. This made a big saving.

SECOND, by putting 96% of our production on six-cubic-foot size models and larger, we were able to build big refrigerators at a *lower cost*.

THIRD, in anticipation of greatly increased sales, we are *doubling* production schedules, and passing on the manufacturing savings to you.

And today you buy this 6¼ cubic-foot model *1940* Kelvinator for only $119.95*. It has 84 big ice cube capacity . . . with the famous Polarsphere sealed unit, that uses current less than 20% of the time and has power enough to keep five refrigerators cold under average household conditions.

And that's only *one* sample of the $30 to $60 savings—as compared to last year—that Kelvinator makes possible in 1940. Savings made in the face of generally rising prices. These savings also apply to the new "Moist-Master" models.

Look them over here. Then do this—go to one of our 5,000 Kelvinator dealers and *see* them.

Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price! Look at any other 1940 refrigerator the same way. You'll find Kelvinator gives you the most startling values of 1940.

KELVINATOR DIVISION
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

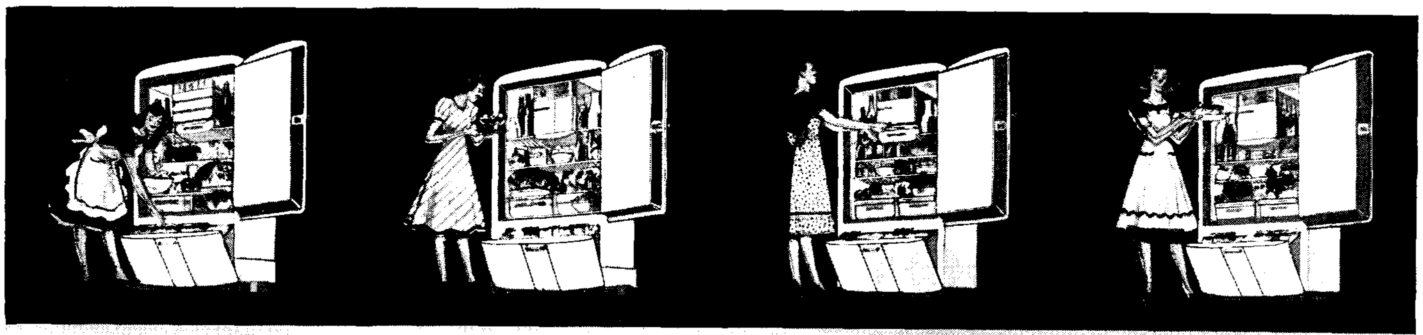
**HAVE YOU SEEN** the 1940 Kelvinator Electric Ranges, Washers and Water Heaters? They're the best values you can get anywhere today. See them at Kelvinator dealers!

**Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

© *Nash-Kelvinator Corp. 1940*

## *See these other big* KELVINATOR *Values for 1940*

**TO HELP YOU PICK** the best refrigerator for your money, your Kelvinator dealer will gladly give you a free copy of "The 1940 Refrigerator Guide." It contains complete, authoritative information regarding 1940 refrigerator values.



**WANT COMPLETE EQUIPMENT?** Model S-6 has big dry storage Vegetable Bin, New-type Trays, Crisper. Compare with $180 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price only $\$139^{95}$*

**WANT "MOIST-COLD"?** Model HS-6 has new "Moist-Master" System — decreases the loss of moisture from foods. Compare with $230 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price only . . . . . . . $\$169^{95}$*

**WANT ALL DE LUXE FEATURES?** Model R-6 has De Luxe equipment, Two Crispers, Cold Chest, Speedy Cube Trays, etc. Compare with $210 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price only . . . . . $\$179^{95}$*

**WANT THE FINEST REFRIGERATOR MADE?** It's Model HD-6. Has *all* conveniences, plus "Moist-Master" System. Compare with $230 to $300 refrigerators. Kelvinator's price only . . . . . $\$209^{95}$*

# "I Value My

## Says ALEXANDER

"As one who puts in much of an otherwise misspent life going up and down America, I look forward to every night on a Pullman as the safest and most satisfactory of refuges . . . Here is all the comfort any man is entitled to, plus such privacy—such blessed escape—as lets him get his work done and his thoughts, if any, straightened out . . . "

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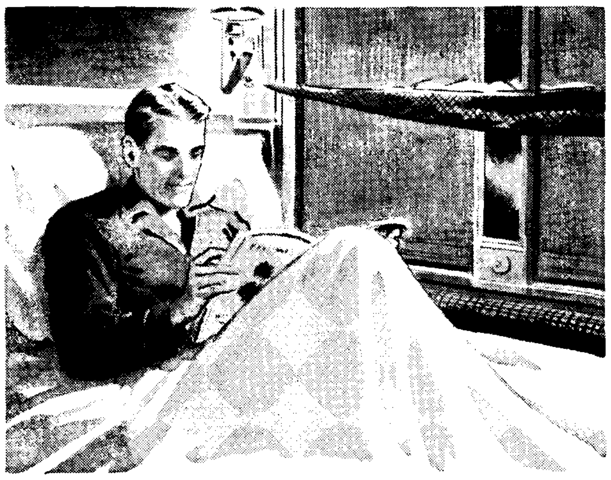


**SLEEP IN A REAL BED** . . . with a real mattress, clean sheets, warm blankets. *You're comfortable*, whether you're in a lower or upper berth, bedroom, compartment or drawing room!

## These exclusive advantages make Pullman the greatest travel value your money can buy

Like Mr. Woollcott, you will appreciate the travel advantages *only* Pullman offers.

You get a real bed . . . the same privacy in your sleeping quarters that you demand at home. You can sit up and read, or switch off the light and retire if you prefer. You can control the ventilation in your lower berth or room to suit yourself. You get up when you wish in the morning—refreshed by a night of *genuine* sleep!

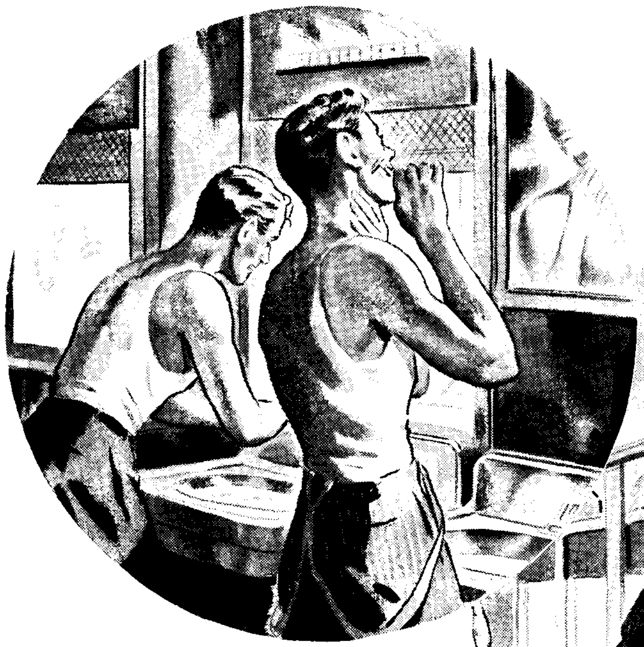
During the day—you enjoy the comfort of your spacious personal quarters. Or relax in the friendly surroundings of the lounge or club car provided on Pullman trains.

You will welcome the attentive services of a trained personnel, too, and those conveniences that make travel pleasurable.

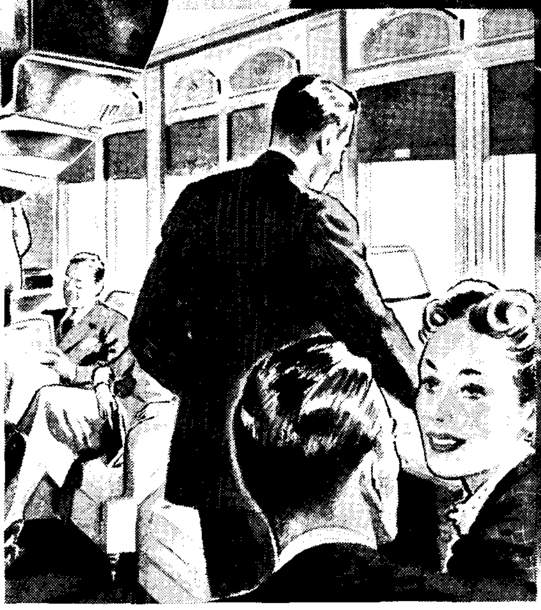
So—next time, go Pullman. Though you pay more than in a day coach or on the highway—you get more for your money. *In fact, no other type of transportation gives you so much for your money.*

And, remember that Rail-Pullman is the safest, most dependable *All-Weather* transportation in the world.

Wherever you go you get the *same high standard* of Pullman service. And its moderate cost will surprise you! On an average overnight trip, for example, a lower berth costs only $2.65 (plus, of course, first class rail fare).



**PLENTY OF WASHROOM SPACE!** Plenty of towels . . . plenty of hot water . . . ample shelves . . . large mirrors. All private rooms are provided with individual toilet facilities.



**LOTS OF LOUNGING ROOM,** with restful, easy-chair comfort and an air of informal friendliness. This is one of the important niceties travelers enjoy when they go Pullman!

**SAFEST**

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The Pullman Company, Chicago

# Comfort!”

**WOOLLCOTT**

**TELLER OF TALES,** tall and otherwise; broadcaster; book and drama critic; author; playwright; actor . . . Alexander Woollcott is a nationally-known Master of Arts. Above all, he is a master of the art of living graciously and comfortably . . . You would expect Alexander Woollcott to go Pullman . . . *and he does.*

*MOST COMFORTABLE WAY TO GET THERE QUICKLY!*

# Go Pullman

# The Last of the DiMaggios

Continued from page 13

say it?—is his brother Joe. During the past season, Dominic handled 428 chances and made only six errors on balls he got his glove on. Take the center fielders—all of them—even Joe DiMaggio and the incomparable Tris Speaker—how many of them ever handled more than 400 chances in one season in center field? Not one, except Speaker, and that was in the day of the dead ball when the middle fielder played right back of second base and handled a lot of Texas leaguers.

Can Dominic throw? He can! He had thirty-one assists in the 1939 season. I saw him turn in the most spectacular throwing exhibition ever seen in any ball park. The Seals were playing Hollywood a double-header. In the sixth inning of the first game, Dominic whipped a perfect strike from deep center field to nail Norman going from second to third. In the first inning of the second game, Uhalt, the Hollywood speed burner, was on second base. The batter powered a long fly to center field, which Dominic took on the run. Even though he was off balance, Dominic let the ball fly to third base and caught the racing Uhalt in a photo finish at the bag. In the fourth inning of the second game, Dominic made a perfect throw to the plate to choke off a run and in the fifth inning he again cut down Uhalt, who was trying to score from third on a fly ball to deep right center.

Dominic DiMaggio, who was born in San Francisco, February 12, 1918, in the rugged, hell-for-leather North Beach section, will never forget his sixteenth birthday. That day, in 1934, the DiMaggios, far from the economic royalists they are today, held a family conference. Present were Papa and Mamma DiMaggio, the five brothers—Tom, Mike, Vince, Joe and Dominic—and the five sisters. Their sole support was a fishing boat, run by Tom and Mike, who like the sea.

### Vince Starts a Parade

Twenty-one-year-old Vince, who was aggressive, smart, possessing an excellent tenor voice and a nice personality, said, "I signed with the Seals today. I'm going to be a big-league ballplayer some day."

Vince was a minor sensation with the Seals his first year—in fielding and throwing. But, on myriad occasions, Charley Graham was ready to give up on him as a hitter and release him. "I don't know whether Vince will ever be able to hit a curve ball," said Graham at that time. "If Vince could only hit—he'd be worth $75,000. I don't think that name—DiMaggio—will ever be listed among the great hitters."

Graham was thinking and talking about Vince when he said this.

In the spring of 1935, Vince came into Graham's office, presumably to talk about his contract. But, instead, he said, "Mr. Graham, I've got my brother outside. I want you to look him over. He's going to be a better ballplayer than I am."

"Okay, Vince," said Graham. "Take your brother out and get him a uniform. I'll take a look at him."

Three hours later, Joe DiMaggio had signed a contract with the Seals. Three weeks later, Vince DiMaggio was given his release. He had proved too good a prophet. Joe was a better ballplayer than he was.

Baseball time marched on. Joe was an immediate sensation, performing brilliantly in 1935 and 1936, joining the Yankees in 1937. Vince kept pace with Joe in the Coast League—and even excelled him in fielding and throwing—but still he couldn't hit "curve-ball pitching " with any degree of efficiency. Despite this weakness, the Boston Bees decided to take a chance on him because Charley Graham told the scouts: "Frank O'Doul has convinced me that if Vince shortens his swing and stops shooting for the fences he will hit in the majors!"

With Joe and Vince ready to report to major-league clubs, it was Dominic's time to act. He said to his brother Tom, "I'd like to take a crack at baseball." Tom said, "Okay, Dominic. We'll have Graham look at you one of these Sundays." For three successive Sundays, Graham did not watch Dominic and the young fellow visualized a prosaic existence in the box factory where he was employed—while his two brothers were men of the world and heroes in the baseball business. It mattered little to Dominic, now, that his family wanted him to go to college and become a chemical engineer. Baseball was the important thing.

Then it happened! One Sunday in late February, Graham tore himself away from his fireside and went out into the blustery, cold afternoon to look at a busher who had already been touted to him as "just a fair high-school ballplayer."

"In winter they're all indoors . . ."

JAY IRVING

Graham watched the nineteen-year-old kid traffic around shortstop. He watched him mishandle ground balls; he saw him throw wildly to first base twice; he saw him take a peculiar, half-swing at the plate. The kid looked like a bust to everyone—except Graham. After the game, Graham said, "I'll take a chance on him. He has a certain fixity of purpose that I like. But—before I sign him—I want an oculist to look at his eyes."

The oculist reported: "Dominic DiMaggio's eyes—with glasses on—are absolutely normal. They will strengthen as he grows older. He has unusually quick eyes, as proved by the concentration tests. He has also a high degree of split vision."

That sold Graham. "Quick eyes" mean quick reflexes. "Split vision" means the same thing it does in football—a fellow can look two places at once.

When Dominic reported to the Seals in the spring of '37, Frank O'Doul said to him, "You're a center fielder from now on. You've got speed and a good arm. They tell me you're intelligent. I hope so—because if you are smart and will listen and will work—I'll make a hitter out of you. Now—get out there and go to work!"

I happened to come into the park two hours later and saw Dominic at the plate. He looked like the world's worst hitter. He was hitting late on every ball. I said to my good friend O'Doul, "You may be a magician with hitters, but you're going to have a tough time making that kid hit. Why, he's late and he doesn't swing and he hasn't any power."

### Schooling a Star

O'Doul turned on me savagely and said, "Say, smart guy, did you ever figure that his left hip is locked and that as soon as he gets that hip out of the way he'll be lashing that ball to left field? Just wait!"

Smartly, O'Doul protected Dominic his first year out to give him confidence and poise. He put Dominic in the lead-off spot where he couldn't be expected to hit more than .300; a spot that wouldn't put the pressure on the kid.

Dominic was told to bunt, to wait out pitchers, to hit to spots and hit in spots—to hit when he was ahead of the chucker. He was nursed along like some crown prince until his swing got stronger, until he had gone through a certain, definite schooling. Remember, Dominic broke in AA baseball cold, which is no joke, even in these baseball days.

Using this sort of strategy, O'Doul carried the small, undersized kid along in 1937 and master-minded him into hitting .306. O'Doul was satisfied and in 1938 he said to Dominic, "Hit for yourself—this year!" With a year's experience, more weight and with increased hitting skill, Dominic started to blast the ball in '38.

The Seals kept strangely silent about his achievements. They wanted to give him more time and they didn't put any pressure on him. His batting average of .307 in 1938 was a greater improvement over the '36 average than the one point indicates.

When Dominic reported in the spring of '39, O'Doul said to him, "This is your year to go to the majors. If you're ever going up—you've got to do it now. We're going to turn the spotlight on you right now—so tighten your belt, grit your teeth, get ready for the praise and the criticism—and don't forget—everyone is going to compare you with Joe!"

With a cold face and a warm heart, Dominic listened to the rumbling of the publicity drums, blanched as they beat louder when he was hitting over .400, almost swooned when he read that Graham was asking $75,000 for him. But he stayed in there, keeping in top-flight condition; he went on parade before a legion of scouts. He could see—and hear—the scouts analyzing him. He knew what they were saying: "He's too small—he hasn't too much power—sometimes he seems to misjudge fly balls. Is it the lights—or his eyes? He's not worth $20,000—he can't hit a good curve ball—he won't do because he can't hit really good pitching." Then, too, he heard these things: "The Giants have offered $25,000 for you. . . . The Cubs will give $45,000 for you and Holder. . . . Joe Cronin of the Red Sox will go as high as $60,000, providing the Seals throw in pitcher Lefty Powell for delivery in 1941."

Why didn't the scouts recommend a big price for the kid immediately?

"The Little Professor" lacks color. He is definitely not "box office." There is nothing melodramatic about him.

Dominic can give Joe four yards in a hundred-yard dash and beat him. He gets a faster jump on the ball than Joe; is a better judge of hitters.

### A Great Year for DiMaggios

Dominic studies the game night and day. He is always caught in the fire of concentration, both mentally and physically.

Dominic is so alert that Frank O'Doul, a taskmaster of the John McGraw type where "mental baseball" is concerned, has never criticized him. "Dominic has never missed a sign, has never thrown to the wrong base and has never tried to steal when it wasn't the right time to try," says O'Doul. And Graham adds, "Dominic is the smartest young ballplayer I've ever seen."

Dominic actually blushes when the boys begin to compare him with Joe. He does think that he can do two things better than Joe: (1) play a better game of pinochle; (2) talk Italian more fluently.

How will Dominic go in the majors? I think he'll make writers hunt adjectives to describe his fielding, throwing and base running. How will he hit? Around .310 his first year. That doesn't sound like great hitting but take a look at the averages of accepted stars—Mel Ott of the Giants, Bill Dickey of the Yankees, Dolf Camilli of the Dodgers, Ted Williams of the Red Sox. Not one of them hit over .325 in 1939.

Dominic will go to the majors as the most "on the spot" rookie since Freddie Hutchinson of Seattle went to the Tigers in the spring of '39. Everyone in the National League will say: "Is he a better ballplayer than Vince?" Everyone in the American League will say: "How does he compare with Joe?" Vince had a good year with Kansas City in the American Association, went up to Cincinnati late last year and will be there again this season. At Cincinnati he found his old-time manager, Bill McKechnie. McKechnie has already said, "I've always had faith in Vince. I think he's going to be a star with us next year."

In the majors in 1940, the three DiMaggios will gross approximately $50,000. Joe and Dom will be opposing each other all year in the American League. But "The Three Glamorous DiMaggios" will be a hit anywhere they go.

# TRUCK BUYERS KNOW TRUCK VALUES

## and when the truck buyers of the nation purchase more Chevrolets than any other make—

## *that means "It pays to buy Chevrolets!"*

"Best Haulers—Best Savers—Best Sellers" in the entire truck field. That's Chevrolet trucks! And the fact that they're the *"best sellers"*—the fact that truck users buy *more Chevrolet trucks* than any other make—is conclusive proof that Chevrolets give better haulage service at lower cost! Truck users *know* that Chevrolet's extra-sturdy truck chassis and extra-sturdy truck units throughout mean greater endurance and longer life! Truck users *know* that Chevrolet's famous Valve-in-Head Six-Cylinder Truck Engine gives the maximum pulling power at the minimum cost! And truck users *know* that the nation's preference for Chevrolets is the buyer's guarantee of their greater dollar value. Take the gamble out of truck buying this year—profit by the combined experience of the truck buyers of the nation—choose Chevrolet trucks! Your Chevrolet dealer will be glad to give you a thorough demonstration—*today!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION • *General Motors Sales Corporation* • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**ONLY CHEVROLET TRUCKS BRING YOU ALL THESE FAMOUS FEATURES**

**NEW DE LUXE TRUCK CABS • CHEVROLET'S FAMOUS VALVE-IN-HEAD TRUCK ENGINE • NEW HYPOID REAR AXLE • EXTRA-STURDY TRUCK FRAME • NEW FULL-VISION OUT-LOOK AND NEW CRYSTAL-CLEAR SAFETY PLATE GLASS WINDSHIELD • PERFECTED HYDRAULIC TRUCK BRAKES • SPECIALIZED 4-WAY LUBRICATION • NEW SEALED BEAM HEADLIGHTS (with separate parking lights) • FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE (on Heavy Duty models)**

*(Vacuum-Power Brakes, 2-Speed Rear Axle optional on Heavy Duty models at extra cost.)*

CHEVROLET

***More than ever, the "THRIFT-CARRIERS FOR THE NATION"***

**CHEVROLET TRUCKS**

Is *Teeter-Totter Vitality* making you a whirlwind one day

. . . a washout the next?

Keep your vitality *up!*

Drink Horlick's

America's delicious energy-builder

**Horlick's** is a nourishing drink for growing children . . . and they love its delicious flavor. Refuels energetic young bodies. Contains calcium and phosphorus—good for teeth and muscle.

**Storyland Poster Stamps,** selected by leading librarians are now free to Horlick users. An album and four stamps will be sent free on receipt of wrapper or coupon from any Horlick package. Address Horlick's, Dept. C-3, Racine, Wisconsin.

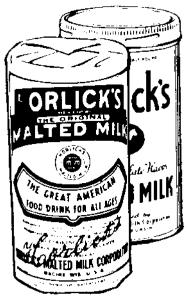
If you feel peppy one day, listless the next—you probably have *Teeter-Totter Vitality*. Your body may be starving for precisely those vitality-building essentials found in delicious Horlick's!

*How Horlick's helps keep vitality up*

Horlick's helps build energy because it contains: (1) Natural vitamins A, B, and G. (2) Muscle-building proteins. (3) Important minerals—calcium and phosphorus. (4) Its carbohydrates have been partially pre-digested by hydrolysis and by processing with malt enzymes—so that metabolism is speeded up and digestion made quick and easy.

*Thousands of peppy people*

. . . drink Horlick's with meals, between meals, cold or hot, *natural or chocolate*. Taken at bedtime, it ends night hunger, helps you awake refreshed. So specify Horlick's—at the fountain, too. And keep candy-like Horlick Tablets in your car, handbag, office drawer. Get the healthful Horlick Habit and keep your vitality UP.



Horlick's

The Fountain of Youth

## Million-Dollar Voice

Continued from page 12

the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Koussevitzky. She was also expected to rest, but she had her New York debut, planned for the fall, ahead of her, and she worked more doggedly than ever, especially because she was in the country. She has never been comfortable in a big city; the traffic, noises and speed make her restless and uneasy. In the Berkshires she climbed each morning to a lonely spot on a hill and there sang until lunchtime; then home for lunch and back to her outdoor studio.

### "A Musical Revelation"

In the meantime Dorothy's friends were badgering Koussevitzky to hear their protégée, and he dodged this one as long as he could. He had just finished rehearsing the bull-fiddle players one day and, having been a bull fiddler himself, he was grumpy. At this point he said to bring the girl on. He threw a light coat around his shoulders and sat down three rows from the stage. He seemed to expect the thing to be over in a couple of minutes, and he didn't mean maybe. The members of the orchestra ducked out. They preferred strolling about the lawn, smoking, chatting and looking at the view to hearing another singer.

Dorothy mounted the platform of the music shed at Tanglewood, the festival's beautiful grounds. As she sang, Koussevitzky's face lit up. The orchestra players appeared at the rim of the shed to listen. Koussevitzky urged Dorothy to sing more. Then he shouted: "A musical revelation! The world must hear her!"

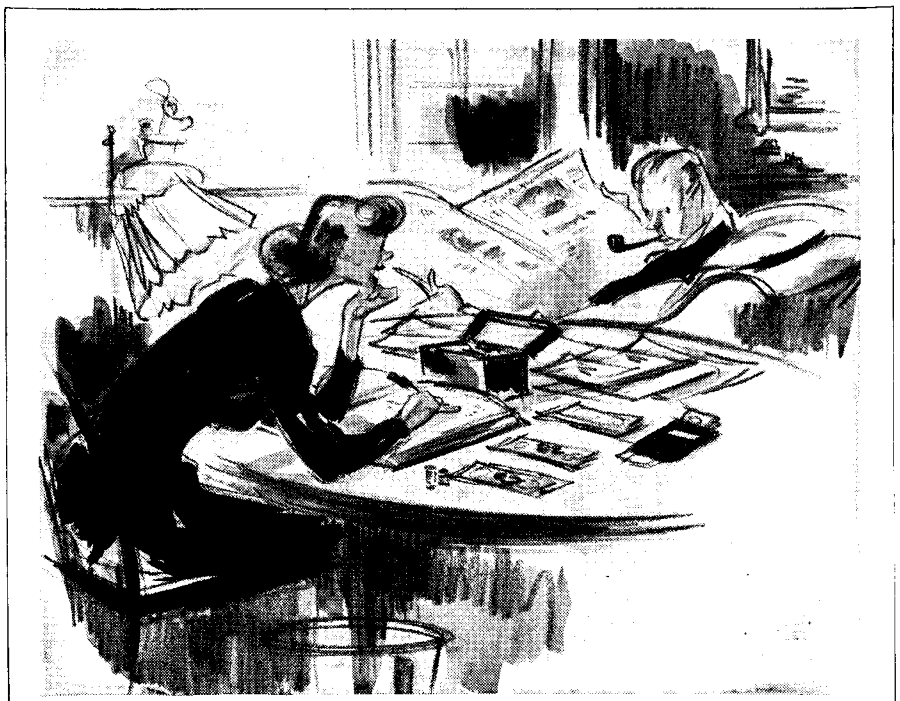
Koussevitzky had Dorothy sing at a tea party for the orchestra, festival bigwigs and their friends and several music critics the next day. The press discovered her. That made things tough, because it guaranteed a huge, knowing audience for her New York debut. It wasn't tough for her manager. A New York debut costs about $1,000, and usually it is all expense and no income. Dorothy's took in $1,500. The manager figured Dorothy would have mighty few dates this season, since bookings are fixed six months to a year in advance. He was wrong about that too. Dates have been turning up like hotcakes.

The tremendous hullabaloo hasn't changed Dorothy's way of life, except that she has to give interviews and pose for pictures, which eats into her time. She still gets up in the wee hours of the morning, like the farmer's hired hand. She begins with two hours of memory work—silent study of words and music. Then she takes an hour of French lesson. Then an hour of German lesson. After a light lunch she practices alone for an hour. Next comes an hour with her accompanist. And then an hour with her singing teacher.

As if that were not enough, she finds new jobs. Her friends bawl her out for driving herself mercilessly. Occasionally they extract a promise that she will spend the evening reading. She returns to her little studio and goes to the bookshelf, meaning, she swears, to pick up a novel. She takes out a volume of songs, leafs through the pages, decides to try one, sits down at the piano, plays and sings. Once a musician said casually that singers in the old days managed a certain long phrase in a Brahms song in one breath. Dorothy tackled the problem the moment she got home. When she started it was 9 P. M. and the next time she looked at the clock it was 1 A. M. Fortunately her studio is in Carnegie Hall, where the walls are soundproof.

Dorothy is a bundle of nerves. She sleeps fitfully because she keeps thinking of the things she wants to work at. Before and after a concert she doesn't sleep a wink. Before her New York concert she spent three miserable wakeful nights, and had to take sedatives to get some rest.

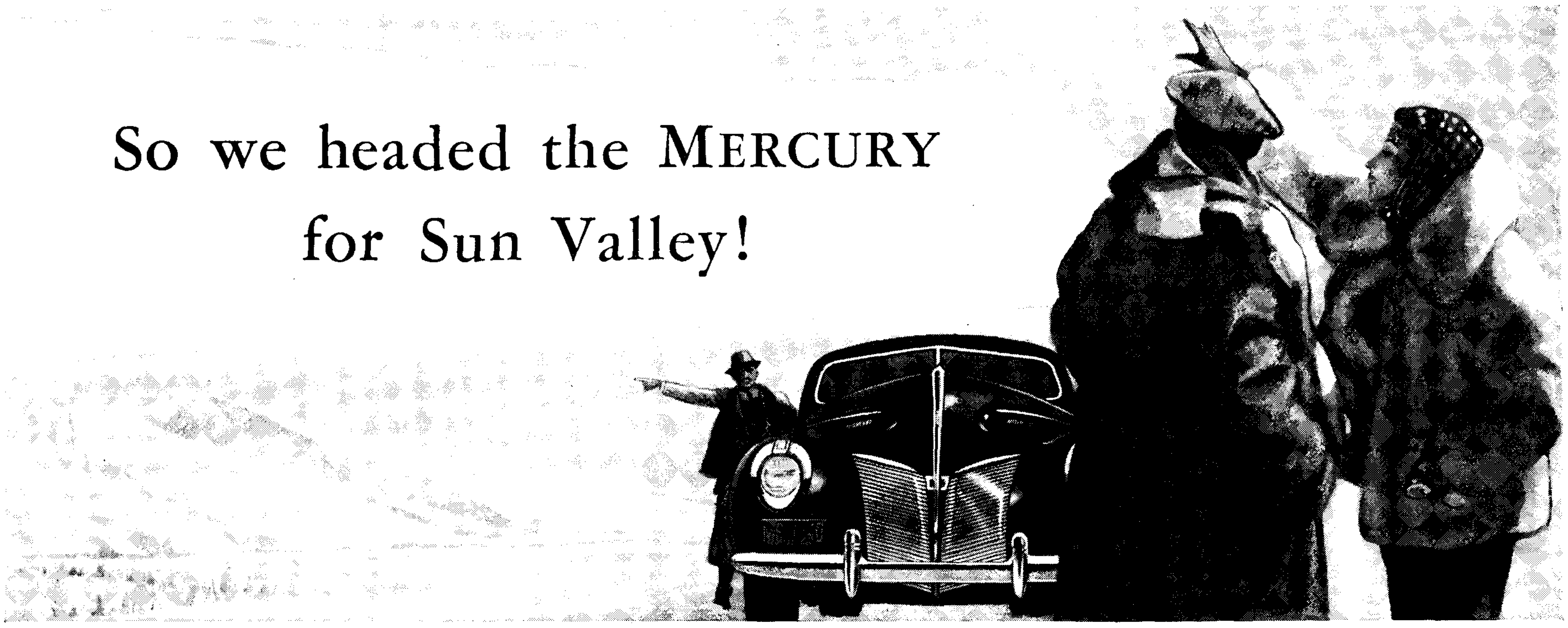
Dorothy speaks without any suggestion of a Southern accent and has no superstitions. She is fond of setter pups, but likes them best when they are scampering up and down a country lane with her. She isn't married; hasn't had time to think of it. Her one ambition now is to grow as a musician. She would like to become as fine a singer as those great artists of her race: Marian Anderson, Roland Hayes and Paul Robeson. Actually she has already been established on a level with them. But try to make her believe that!



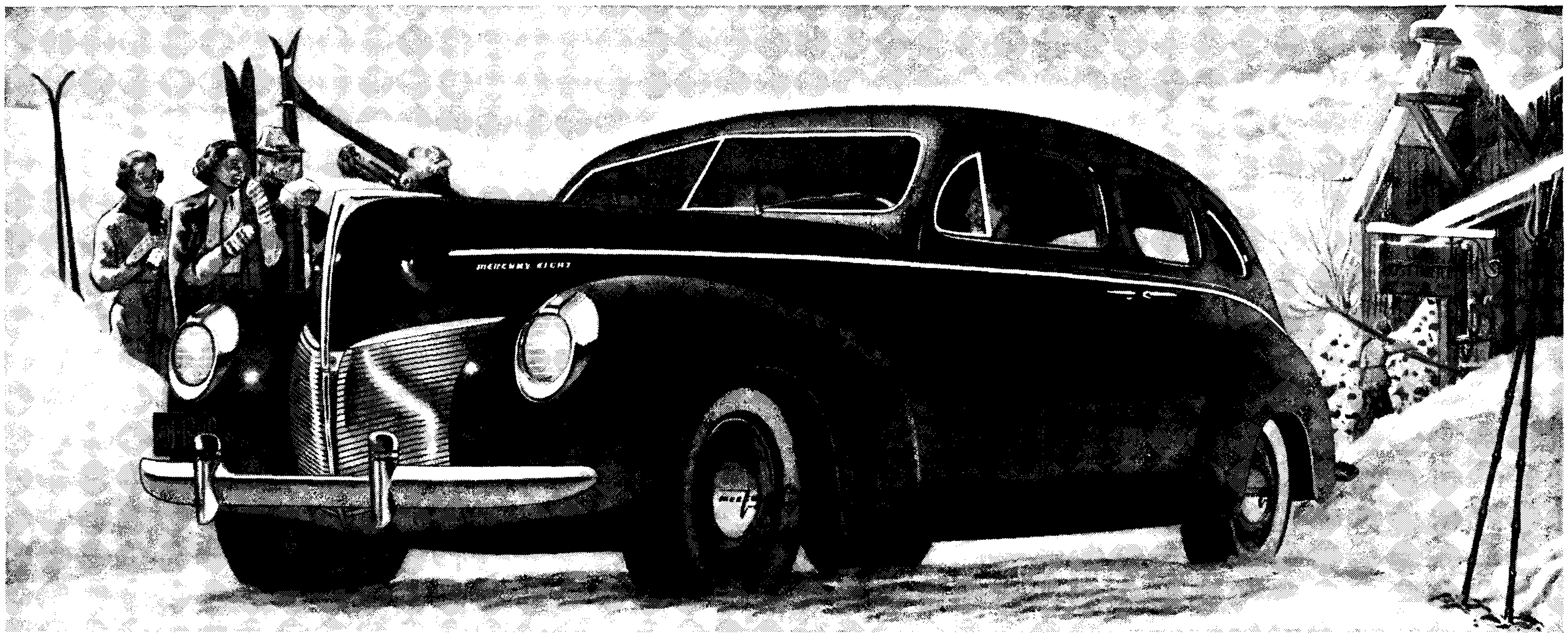
"Darling, we have a balance of $97. If I use it to buy a new fur coat, we'll balance the budget"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

# So we headed the MERCURY for Sun Valley!

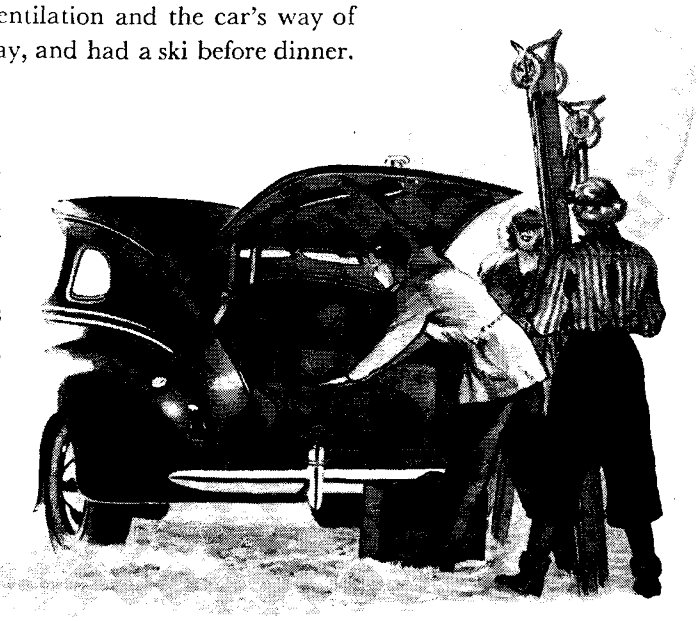


**"Weather clearing—skiing good,"** the paper said. "Four feet of snow at Sun Valley." Six signed up, so we drove my big Mercury 8. The way that car's lines widen out means just the difference between crowding and comfort. You'd be surprised how many miles we made a day—I could drive that car 500 and never know it! You don't really *drive* the Mercury—you *guide* it!



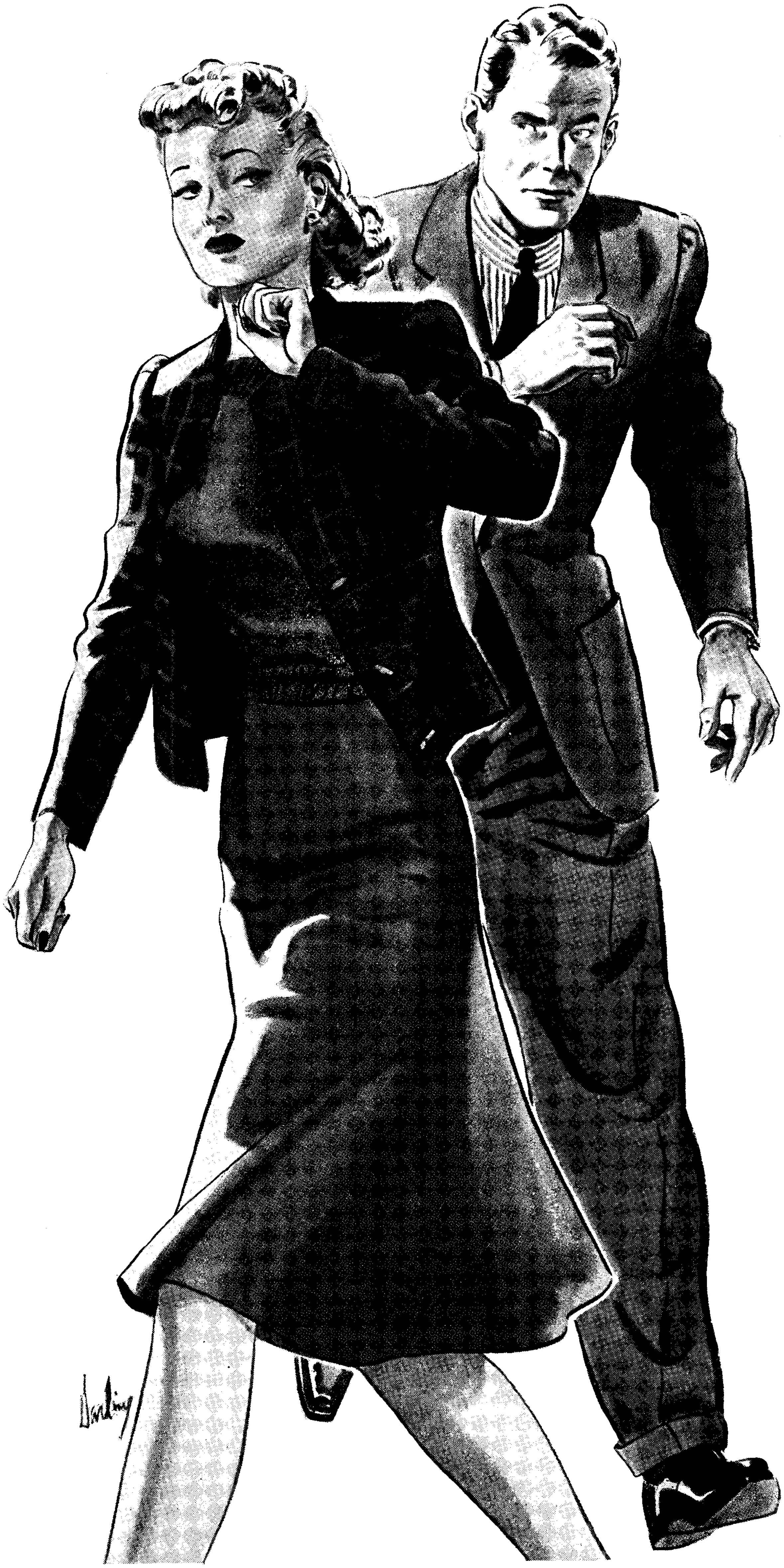
**Mountain driving in winter is *something!*** Rutted snow underfoot, hairpin turns—and plenty cold—a great test for the Mercury and that smooth, quiet 95-hp V-type engine. Matter of fact, with the new Controlled Ventilation and the car's way of hugging the road, it was easy as watching a travelog. We did 200 mountain miles the last day, and had a ski before dinner.

A long trip emphasizes Mercury 8 advantages—the features that earned this great car its sensational first-year success. When you reach the end of a day's drive relaxed and unwearied—you'll thank the Mercury's easy wheel, the roominess of its extra-wide seats, and the restful comfort of its stabilized, soundproofed construction. The high power-to-weight ratio and big hydraulic brakes justify your confidence. And when you add up expenses, you'll approve the Mercury's outstanding feature: real ECONOMY (up to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline, say owners!).



## Mercury 8

*Built by the Ford Motor Company—distributed by Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Ford dealers*



**"Oh, Barney . . . I've failed!" she cried; "those women have corrupted you." She ran into a bedroom. Barney went right in after her**

# Let Me Call You Comrade

## By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

*The Story Thus Far:*

LIVING with her Aunt Tissy in an imposing country house, Sunny Haven, near Hollywood, Audrey Atkinson yearns for a man whom she can reform, and marry. Unable to reform any of her suitors, she gives all of them the air.

Bernard J. McGill, a young aeronautical engineer, works in a near-by airplane factory. A victim of sabotage, Barney's *boss gives him a difficult assignment:* to pose as a hard-drinking, *losing* gambler and, if possible, worm his way into a Commu-Nazi group, known as the Hollywood Trojan horse, which, it is believed, is responsible for the trouble.

Barney goes into action. Seeing him drinking and gambling recklessly, in various night spots, Audrey stages a reformation drive on him. Barney side-steps adroitly. Whereupon, acting on the advice of Aunt Tissy, Audrey gives him a Mickey Finn, and, when he is unconscious, takes him to Sunny Haven. There, while her servants—all reformed crooks—stand by, she points to the evils of his ways, makes frantic efforts to reform him.

"Scoop" Duncan (who tells the story) is a newspaper reporter. A close friend of Audrey's, he is shocked when he learns what has happened. He helps the prisoner to make his getaway. Then, after wangling the truth out of Barney, he promises to co-operate with him.

But Scoop knows Audrey. He knows that, while reforming Barney, she has fallen in love with him. He knows that she cannot keep a secret. So, regarding her as a menace to the success of Barney's investigations, he decides to get rid of her. After a long argument, he induces Barney to inform her that he is engaged—to a girl in Boston.

Unfortunately, the idea does not work. Having succeeded in gaining admittance to a meeting of the Trojan horse (at the home of one Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer), Scoop and Barney again encounter Miss Atkinson. She has come, she says, to protect Barney against "evil influences" (notably Katrinka Rolfe, an attractive revolutionary, and the Baroness Thiele, a Bund member).

That same evening, Harry Kelleher, who belongs to the horse, is murdered. The police are mystified. Not so, Barney. He summons Scoop, tells him that Kelleher has been giving the Navy information on the Trojan horse!

*Scoop listens to the story. Then, seeing stormy days ahead,* he goes home to get some sleep.

### IV

THE Kelleher case had broken at three that morning—and Barney came busting in about noon. He gave me the low-down on the Navy Intelligence angle and another significant bit of news.

"Dot Walker was on the phone just before I left the plant," he said. "She said she was afraid I'd hear wild rumors connecting the organization with Kelleher's murder. She said it was just a plot to embarrass the Comrades. She didn't want anything to change my mind about Audrey, I gathered. But she sounded pretty scared."

"It's twenty-two hundred and fifty a week, if Dot gets caught with blood on her hands, pal," I said.

"I'm glad Audrey's out of it," Barney said.

We talked about the next move. I suggested that Barney start to cultivate the fleas on the horse's back—amateur pinko sympathizers like Joan Bakewell, Douglas Pervynn and John Rigney. Movie actors all, they would shake out of that Trojan horse in a mad scramble at the first hint of publicity. They might hear things and babble.

The telephone rang.

"Scoop? Oh, darling . . . I'm so sorry I was cross last night—"

"I'm awful busy, Audrey—"

"Oh, you're *very* busy—in bed at noon! Listen, dear—I've a surprise for you. I'm going to join!"

"The Girl Scouts are a noble—"

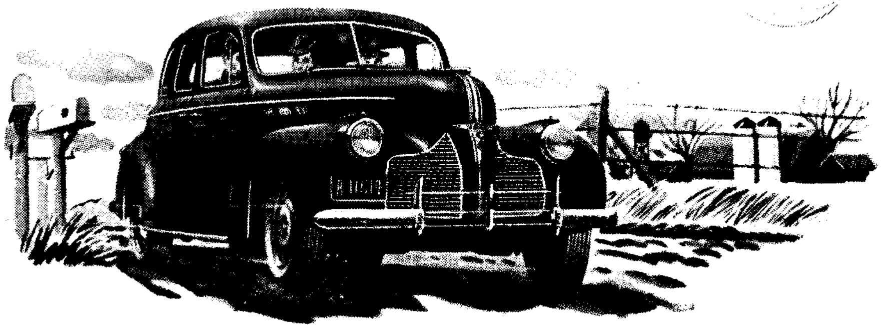
"No, you fool. The Trojan horse! I'm going to join the Trojan horse. Surprised?"

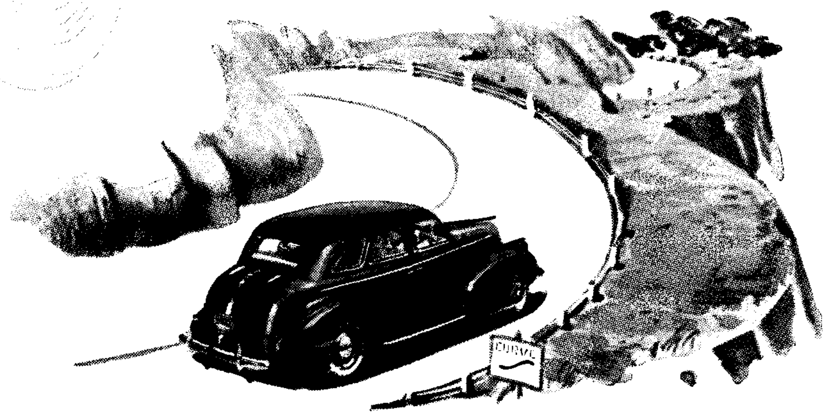
"Awwkkk—"

"Now, don't try to talk me out of it. My mind's made up. It's the only way I can keep in touch with Barney—"

I handed the receiver to Barney, saying: "It's

# Best Ride on Four Wheels!





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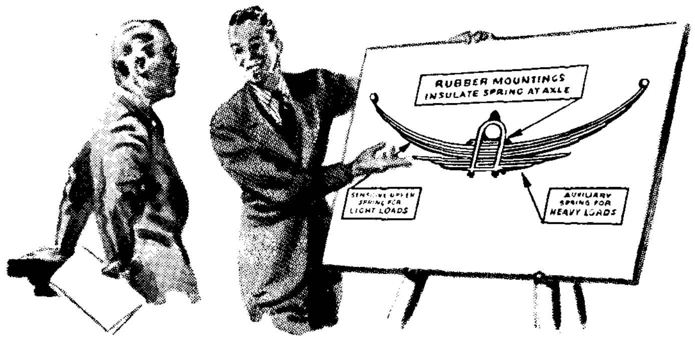
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AUXILIARY SPRING FOR HEAVY LOADS

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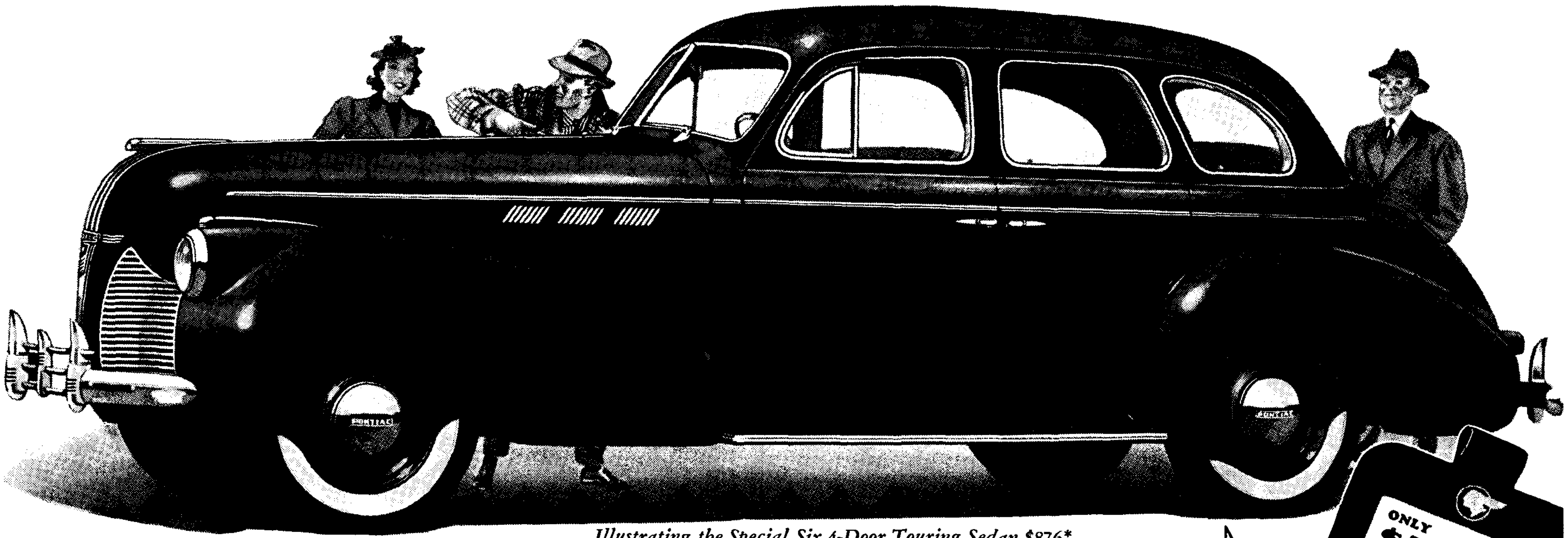

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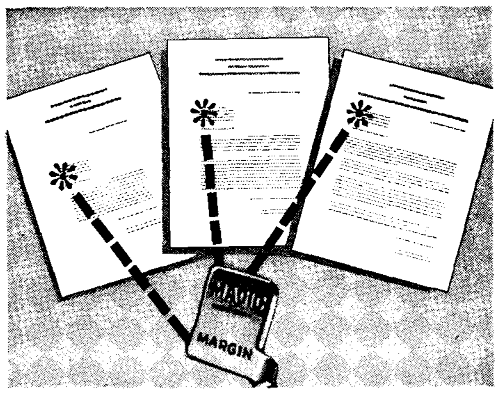

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EASY-WRITING

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TRADE MARK

Audrey. She wants to join the Trojan horse!"

"Good God—hello—hello—she hung up!"

Barney cursed softly and reached for his hat. I stopped him.

"Take it easy," I said, "it won't hurt her to join for a day or two."

"But they'll think that I—"

"Let 'em think. It puts you in solid. You're one of the Comrades. You're a valuable asset. Get me?"

Barney hit the ceiling. He wasn't going to play gigolo to Audrey Atkinson. Furthermore, that was a filthy, murdering outfit. He wasn't going to have Audrey get within two miles of them.

"Look, pal," I said, "there's only one way you can stop her, and that means 'fessing up the works. We can always do that. Of course, she'll tell Katrinka and you'll get some Luger slugs in the tummy. What's the hurry? We've got more than a few thermite pencils on the horse now. Give me just three days—and then, if Audrey is in any danger, I'll tell her myself. Boris can shoot *me*."

ONCE more superior intelligence won over mere boyish charm.

"Okay," Barney said. "We'll have to work fast. Climb out of that bed!"

The first day passed with no results.

My telephone rang at 2:17 A. M. of the next one, a Thursday.

"Mr. Duncan?"

"Yes."

"This is Katrinka Rolfe. Barney says you're a good friend of his."

"Right."

"When could we have a talk?"

"Not tonight."

"First thing in the morning?"

"We-ell, not too early."

"Could you have breakfast with me?"

I never eat breakfast and told her so. But she said, "I shall expect you at nine," named her hotel and hung up. There was a tiny metallic clang in her voice. I thought I had better be there.

It is all wrong to begin a day by eating breakfast, anyway, and to start off with a young woman who has been publicized as the Red Flower of Hate is bound to be distastrous. Katrinka marched across that hotel dining room with a sort of I-am-leading-a-machine-gun-section stride. She was wearing black tailored clothes and mannish white shirt. Had I been a foreign correspondent who wrote books, I should have leaped to my feet, kissed her hand and said: "Ah . . . not since Algiers, Katrinka!" But I upset a water glass, bumped the table and said: "Uh . . . how'ya, Miss Rolfe." She gave me a bold, direct stare; nodded, sat down and said to the waiter: "The usual, Jean."

He had it already—straight whisky with clam juice for a chaser.

"I'm in love with Barney," she said. "I think I'm going to marry him."

"Surprised . . . very—" I said.

"Atkinson is interfering."

"She is?"

"They've let her in."

"You mean—to the organization?"

"Yes. Last night." She lighted a cigarette. "I'm disgusted. I'm fed up. All they want is her filthy money." She jammed the cigarette's glowing end into a saucer. "Money. I went through that in Spain. Same damn' thing in China. To hell with it!"

"Sullied ideals, eh?"

"They're acting like a pack of wolves."

"Too bad."

"Are you sweet on Atkinson?"

"Well—yes and no."

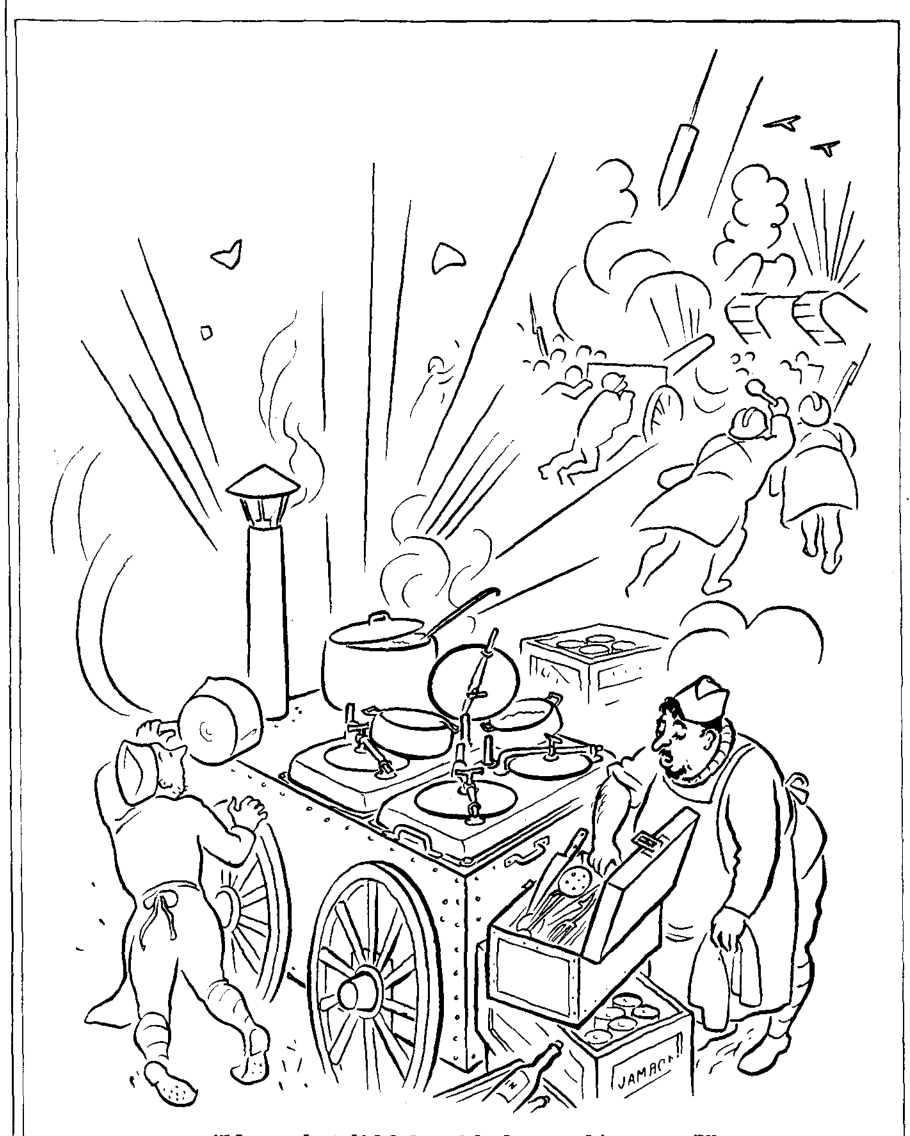
"Not your mistress?"

"A good girl, Miss Rolfe."

"Oh, yeah?"

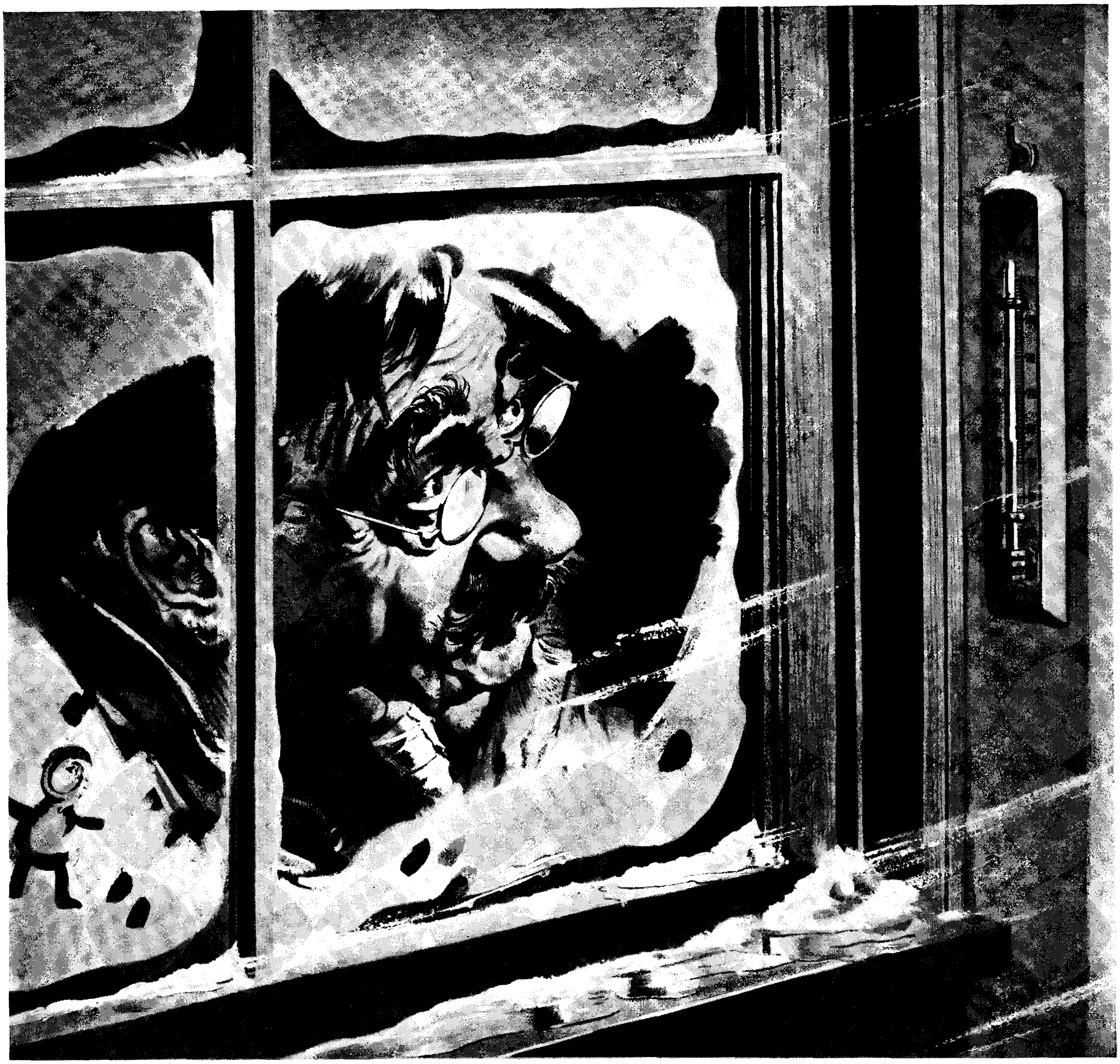
"Skip it."

Miss Rolfe's full red lips twisted in



"Now what did I do with that cookie cutter?"

ALAIN



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### She's up, she's down, but I don't care . . .

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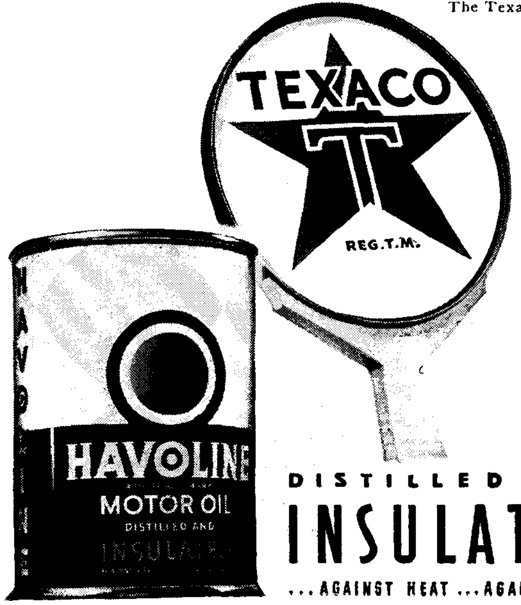


DISTILLED AND

**INSULATED**

. . . AGAINST HEAT . . . AGAINST COLD

one of those smiles that used to entrance the novel-writing boys in Paris about 1926. It was just a mite passé.

"Judas," she said, "a gentleman!"

"Barney's the gent," I said. "I'm a bum, as you know all too well."

Let me record this of Katrinka—she had stopped beating around bushes long ago. She now proceeded to hand it out, short and curt.

Audrey Atkinson, she said, annoyed her. Audrey's heiferish infatuation with Barney annoyed her. Everything about Audrey annoyed her. There was not room enough in the Trojan horse for them both. Unless Miss Atkinson withdrew from the organization at once, there would be trouble. Not trouble in some vague future, but trouble right away.

"Don't fail me now," I said, "specify the trouble."

The Nifty Nihilist did not let me down.

"There's going to be the damnedest publicity explosion you ever saw, Duncan," she said levelly. "And your friend Audrey will get hurt."

We Duncans can be men of few words.

"Rolfe," I said, "you can count Audrey out!"

Katrinka merely nodded.

I didn't think I could get back to sleep, and I failed to locate Barney for a conference. So I checked in at the office early—around one o'clock.

The city editor beckoned.

"Scoop," he said sneeringly, "have you solved the Kelleher murder?"

"Not yet, sir."

"I am definitely disappointed in you, Scoop. But in the meantime—"

"All the city briefs and obits are in, sir."

The city editor leered.

"A young woman describing herself as secretary to the Baroness Thiele telephoned five times this morning. She said the baroness wants you to have lunch with her at Perino's. I told her that we had a big murder story running but that we could spare *you*."

"So good of you, sir."

I found the baroness waiting in the company of her secretary, a Miss Brown, and Karl Lindauer who was a Bunder and her frequent escort. Lindauer clicked heels and withdrew with Miss Brown after introductions. The headwaiter led the baroness and me to a secretive corner.

THE Baroness Thiele was born in a secretive corner, I am sure, and spent her youth in secretive corners glowering suspiciously at the world. She was a faded blonde, very square-shouldered, and the only distingué feature she possessed were her eyes. They were an off-shade green, heavy-lidded and sleepy; they gave her the look of a big, pale Persian girl cat. I had the feeling that she brooded over tenebrous schemes, all remote and oblique, involving mice and men. Whereas Katrinka was a bomb with a quick fuse, this gal was just slow poison.

"I have so long wanted to meet you, Mr. Duncan," she said, "because you are a friend of my dear Barney."

"That's what all the girls tell me," I said.

She blinked languidly.

"He knows many women?"

"Dozens."

"He knows that Miss Atkinson."

"Oh, yes . . . very well."

"Miss Atkinson has joined our organization."

"So I understand."

"She is very rich. She has given already ten thousand dollars, I think."

"That much? Whew!"

The baroness paused to order a clear soup, a trout, corned beef and cabbage, potato salad, toasted rye bread and beer. I ordered an omelet.

"The girl, Miss Atkinson, is stupid," the baroness said. "I do not like her."

I pretended great astonishment.

"How odd. Katrinka Rolfe doesn't like her, either."

"Katrinka Rolfe . . . h'mm."

"She says she's engaged to Barney."

"So? She says that?"

"Yes."

"It is not true. I have asked Barney. He says it is not true. That Katrinka . . . so!"

"I should think she'd be the one you dislike, not Audrey. I can't imagine why anyone should dislike a happy child like Audrey."

"So? . . . H'mm."

The Baroness Thiele was not the gal to be hurried. She ate slowly, finishing off with a double portion of cheesecake. She talked slowly, between long intervals of somber brooding. But, in about two hours, she managed to convey to me that Audrey Atkinson had better get out of the Trojan horse.

The baroness did not betray any jealousy. She warned me, she said, solely because Audrey was in danger. And Audrey was in danger, she hinted, because she had picked the wrong portion of the Trojan horse. Audrey had given money to the Russian or Bolshie part. Any day now, the baroness indicated, the Hollywood Trojan horse would have the damnedest case of indigestion. The Nazi Bunders might drop their pretense of friendship and co-operation and proceed to drive those Bolshie rascals out.

"That Miss Atkinson," said the baroness as she was reclaimed at the door by Herr Lindauer, "does she enjoy sea travel? Perhaps Hawaii . . . or Australia. So!"

"I'll take the matter up with her not later than this evening, Baroness," I said.

"So? . . . H'mm."

I didn't wait that long. As soon as Barney telephoned me, from Beverly Hills, I told him to wait there and I would pick him up.

Barney, it appeared, had talked with Joanie Bakewell, John Rigney and Douglas Pervynn. He had also held a conference with Sylvia Ceeley's agent. The four movie stars were quaking in their boots. They had heard rumors that the Dies Committee was going to pry into affairs of the Trojan horse. Their advisers were urging them to resign, but they feared offending Koslov-Kundbeischer and the others. The organization might make their connection with the Trojan horse public as a reprisal. So the movie stars were stewing in a harried sweat of indecision—whether to make the break or sit tight.

"I'm convinced they were victimized by the organization," Barney said. "Joan says she went into it because people would say she had forgotten her working-class days. Rigney says—"

I cut him short with the announcement that we were on our way to Sunny Haven to tell all.

"Audrey's been threatened?"

"But definitely," I said.

Then, I told him of my interviews with Katrinka and the baroness.

"Surely you're exaggerating? Katrinka wouldn't stoop to—"

"Katrinka did her last stooping long ago," I said. "She's right down there with the rest of the rats now. We've got to tell Audrey everything—the whole truth. And pray that she'll keep her mouth shut."

Barney heaved a big sigh.

"I'm glad we have to do it, Scoop," he said. "I've felt like a heel ever since we told our first lie to Audrey."

AT Sunny Haven, the big front gates were locked. George was not on duty. We honked the horn, but no one came.

"I'm going to look into this," Barney said, rather pale around the gills.

We scrambled over the fence and walked up to the house.

Mrs. Regan, the housekeeper (no record) came to a window.

"Nobody's here," she said. "They all went to Santa Barbara."

"When?"

"This morning, early."

"The servants too?"

"Yes, Mr. Ralph. Miss Audrey went up there to get ready for a party."

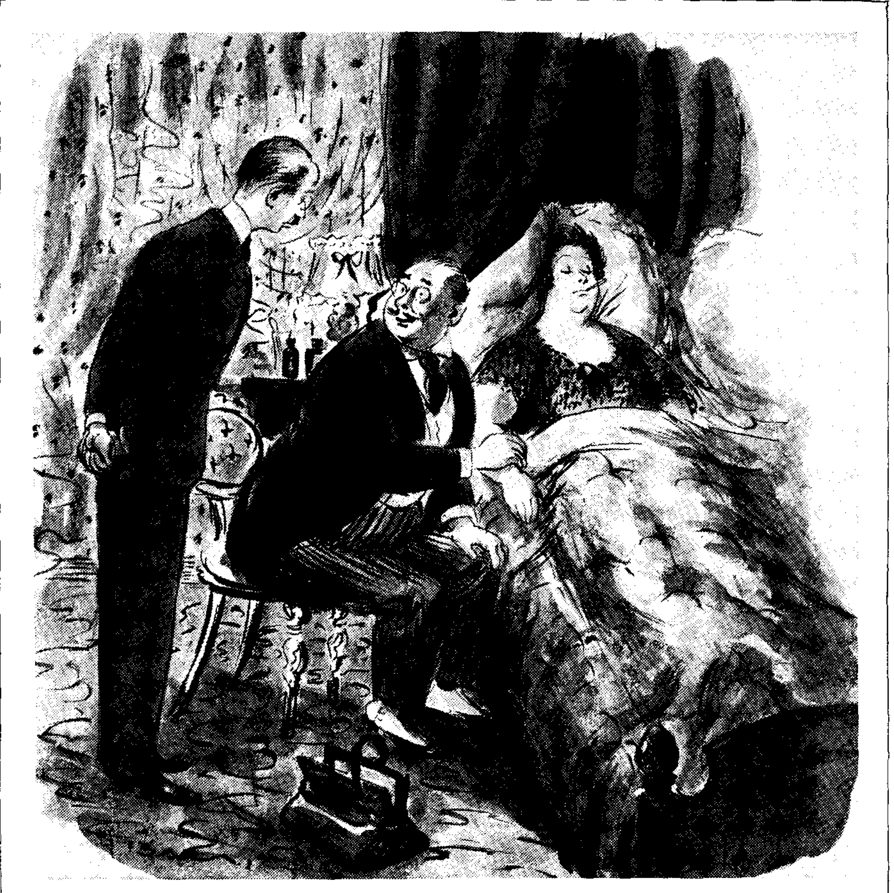
"A party?"

"I don't know a thing more than that."

Barney and I looked at each other.

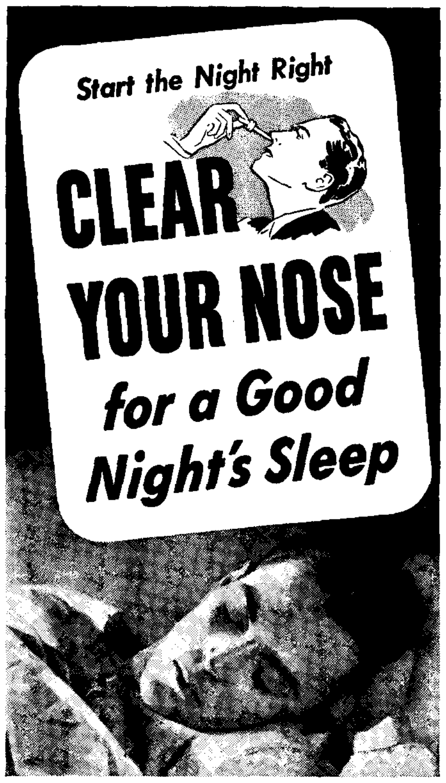
"I go to Santa Barbara," he said. "Right now!"

Well, I didn't quite see what could



"Delicate little machines, aren't they?"

HOWARD BAER



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# A $10 BILL THAT GAVE WINGS TO WORDS

EVEN geniuses must eat—and Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph, had not eaten for two days. Anxiously he awaited a pupil who owed him twenty-five dollars for drawing lessons. When the boy pleaded non-arrival of money from home and asked for another week, it seemed to Morse as if his long, hard fight to prove the worth of his invention were lost. Desperately he cried: "Next week! I'll be dead by that time!" Whereupon the pupil paid the inventor ten dollars on account, which carried him over a dangerous pass in the climb to his final success.

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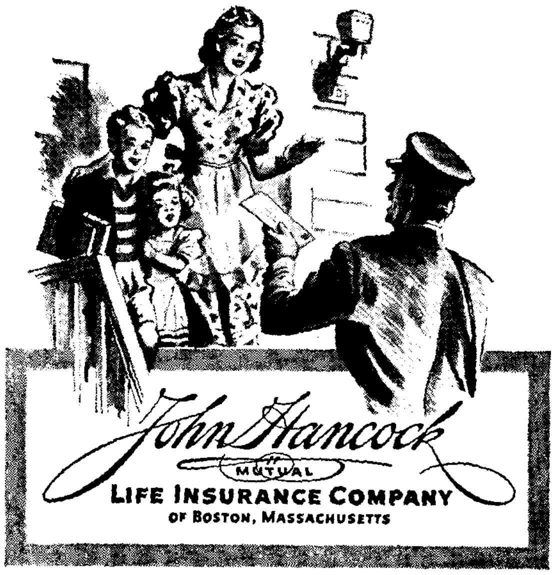


John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

**JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**... GUY W. COX, *President* happen to Audrey and Aunt Tissy in Santa Barbara. I thought we ought to send them a joint air-mail letter—enclosed please find confession. But Barney caustically said I was afraid to face Aunt Tissy (true) and that I didn't care whether Audrey was in danger (not true).

So we made a stirring dash up the coast road to Santa Barbara, with Barney becoming more alarmed by the mile.

We arrived at the Samarkand Hotel, and hurried inside to meet another anticlimax.

"The Misses Atkinson have not as yet returned," a clerk informed us.

An hour went by and darkness descended on Santa Barbara. Still no sign of Audrey and Aunt Tissy. No sign of Phyllis, Clara, George, Alfonso, Clarence and Cecil.

"We've got a tragedy on our hands," Barney announced, "I'm going to the police."

"Go ahead. I eat now."

We had just started for the dining room, when Audrey came bouncing in.

"Yoohooo . . . oh, *Barney*—oh, *Scoop*—what a lovely surprise!"

"There is a God," Barney said.

He grabbed both her hands, registering a Freddy March look of anxious yearning.

"Why . . . what on earth's the matter?"

"You are in dire peril, Pauline," I said.

AUDREY didn't look it. She was the hearty, tweedy daughter of the country squire. Her brogues were dusty and she had, just possibly, perspired.

"Well, I'll be damn'!"

Needless to say, it was Aunt Tissy. She also was wearing tweeds.

"Baby . . . be on your guard," Aunt Tissy continued, giving Barney and me a glance. "Little Nemo and Don Felipe have been raiding the corncrib. They have a guilty, sheepish grin around the muzzle—both of 'em."

"Uh . . . we better not talk here," Barney said.

Audrey promptly invited us to the living room of the Atkinson suite. Aunt Tissy didn't like it much. When Audrey started to order me a highball, she said: "Make it plain ginger ale."

Barney gave me the high sign to get Aunt Tissy out of there, so I said: "I'm sure Aunt Tissy must be tired. You go right ahead with your bath, Aunt Tissy."

Aunt Tissy plumped herself down in a chair.

"I'm paying the rent, young man," she said.

All this had mystified Audrey.

"I can't quite understand why you darlings drove all the way up here," she said.

I saw that Duncan would have to lead with the chin.

"Barney has had a great sorrow," I said.

"Oh . . . n-no—"

"That girl in Boston. She died."

"Oh, no . . . oh, Barney—I'm so sorry—"

Technology men have no humility. They always think they can do it better.

"There isn't any girl in Boston, Audrey," Barney said, "there never was. I lied to you in that letter."

"H'mph!" Aunt Tissy said.

"You—you're not engaged?"

"No."

"Oh, *Barney*—"

"It was Scoop's idea . . . I mean . . . no, I did it and must stand responsible."

"Oh, Scoop, how *could* you? But I'm glad . . . so glad, Barney—"

"Yes. Uh . . . we . . . I had to lie to you, Audrey, because I was just pretending. About the drinking, I mean, and the gambling and . . . uh . . . everything."

Audrey sat down suddenly on a chaise longue.

"Pretending?"

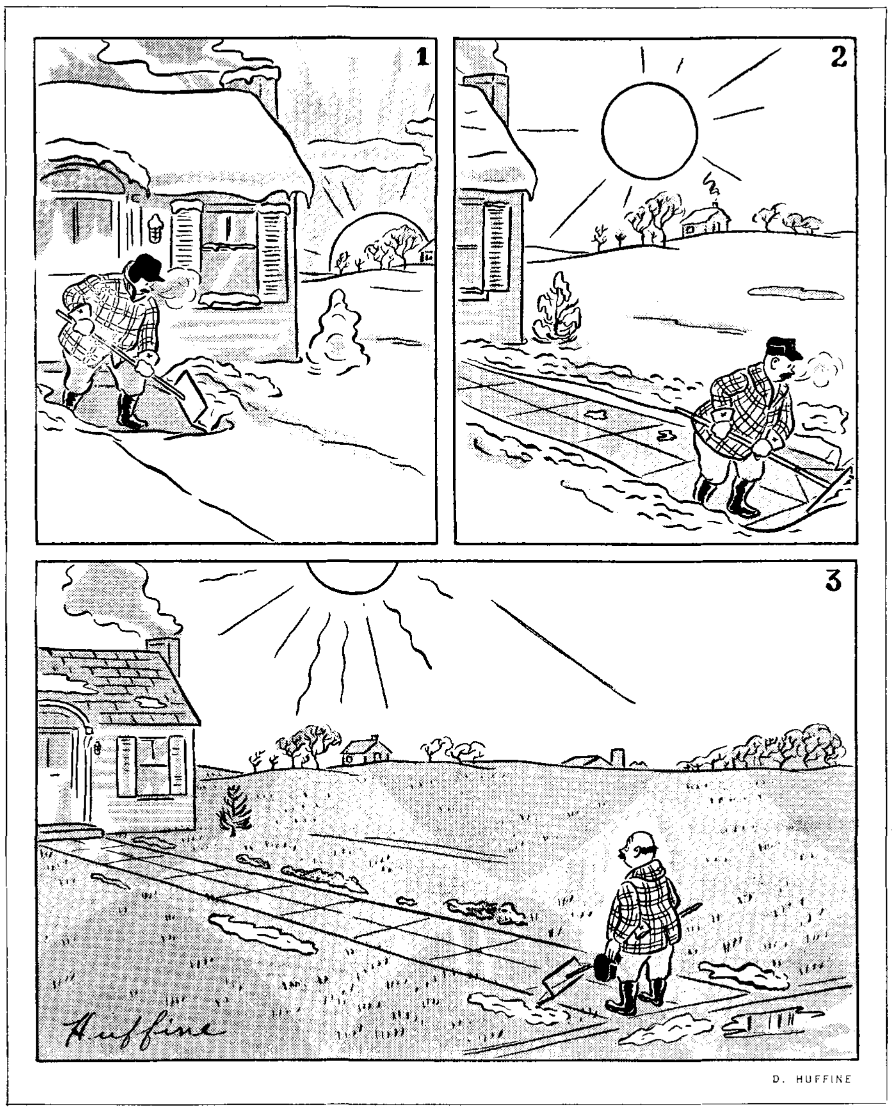
"Damn!"

Barney could see it wasn't getting over. He plunged in with a detailed account of the whole plot. Just why he started "going to the dogs." Just why he wormed his way into the affections of Dotty, Katrinka and the baroness. Just why he joined the Trojan horse. And just why Audrey must immediately resign from the organization.

It sounded phony as hell.

AUDREY merely blinked and gasped at successive revelations. But Aunt Tissy stiffened in her chair and started tapping a foot. Presently, she reached for her whip, which lay across a magazine rack.

"So you see, Audrey," Barney summed up, like a high-school debater, "for all the reasons that, I trust, I have made clear, you mustn't have anything more to do with the Trojan horse. And I do hope you will keep our secret. One word to those women . . . uh . . . Katrinka or the baroness, especially—and it might be pretty tough for Scoop and me!"



D. HUFFINE

Audrey turned to me:

"Ralph . . . is—is it *true?*"

"Absolutely and utterly," I said, "every word of it is God's solemn truth. This is a voice from the Old Testament!"

Aunt Tissy stood up. She popped that whip.

"The damnedest tripe I ever heard from the lying lips of man!" she said. "I don't believe one syllable . . . not a syllable of it!"

Barney looked stunned, crushed.

"You think we're lying *now?*"

"I do!"

He swung around to Audrey:

"*You* believe us, don't you?"

The tweedy, resolute young Diana of the County had vanished. Audrey looked exactly as Elsie Dinsmore would have looked had Uncle Sigmund Freud told her the facts of life. She arose with dramatic tensity, stung and aghast at the dark face of Satan. She burst into tears.

"Oh, Barney . . . I've failed!" she cried, "those women have corrupted you!"

She ran into a bedroom. Barney went right in after her. He closed the door and locked it. (What's this, Duncan?) I knew he did it to keep Aunt Tissy from interfering.

Aunt Tissy towered over me, the goddess of ancient wrath and judgment.

"Damn it," she said, "I didn't think *you'd* try anything like this!"

"But it happens to be—"

"Shut up! Think we're imbeciles? Oh, very clever—'I'm doing counterespionage,' he says, the young rip! He's chasing those women, that's what he's doing. Counterespionage, my foot. Why, even Audrey's Uncle Dolph, in his palmiest days, never tried to put over one like this!"

"But it happens to be—"

"Don't say that again!"

"No, ma'am."

AUNT TISSY had known all along it would come down to women, she said. The moment she first laid eyes on Barney, she guessed women were his weakness. He had a mild blue eye, Aunt Tissy said. A mild blue was not the drunkard's eye. It was not the sign of an inveterate gambler. It was the woman-weakness sign. Barney was just dabbling in drink and roulette. That proved itself in the ease with which Audrey had discouraged him. But those women in that Trojan horse were quite a different dish! Oh, Barney was pretty slick, Aunt Tissy said. The girl in Boston—that was always a good gag. Poor, betrayed creature! No doubt she had started Barney on his career. And it was most convenient to keep up the hollow pretense that they were affianced. Oh, very convenient—

"He doesn't even *know* a girl in—"

"Shut up!"

Well, said Aunt Tissy, luckily for her poor baby, she had gone all through this sort of thing with Uncle Dolph. But Dolph was a far harder case than Barney. He really swigged it, he actually gambled for keeps, and when Dolph went chasing women—damn! However, Aunt Tissy wanted me to know, she had cured Dolph of women-chasing. It had taken years—sixteen, to be exact—but then, Dolph was damn' stubborn. It wouldn't take that long to cure Barney. The plans were all laid—

"Scoop! Scoop!"

The bedroom door flew open and Barney staggered out. His hair was rumpled, there was a wild light in his mild blue eyes. (Come, come, Duncan, you don't mean that he—)

"She's invited 'em all up to the island!"

"Island?"

"Yes. For a house party. All of them!"

Audrey walked out of the bedroom. She had regained perfect composure. Her hair was not rumpled.

"There's no use making such a fuss, Barney," *she said*, "*I arranged it all with* Mr. Koslov-Kundbeischer. He thought it a perfectly splendid idea. It seems that the Soviet faction and the Nazi faction don't know each other very well yet. So I decided that my first party for the Trojan horse would be a little intimate get-together on the island—"

"But *Audrey*—"

"I've asked Mr. Boris and that nice little Mr. Beckstein and Mr. Caldwell and that cute Nazi, Karl Lindauer—"

"No, Audrey—"

"And you and Scoop make six men. Then—"

"Not I!"

"I'm not going!"

"And for the girls, I asked Joan Bakewell and Miss Walker and Miss *Rolfe* and Sylvia Ceeley and the *baroness*—I'm sure Barney will be glad to know I included *them!*"

I GRABBED Audrey by both arms and shook hard. Sometimes it works.

"Hasn't Barney told you that those people are *murderers?*" I said. "They're the ones who did for Harry Kelleher!"

Audrey smiled with sublime sweetness.

"That," she said, "is reactionary propaganda!"

"Huh?"

Aunt Tissy put a stop to further argument.

"Fiddle-faddle!" she said, "the Trojan horse is stuffed full of thugs, cutthroats and hoodlums. I will not say what the women in it are. But that's so much fiddle-faddle. We are giving the party for quite other reasons."

"Name one!" I said.

This drew a sniff from Aunt Tissy and a roguish giggle from Audrey.

"You'll find out soon enough!" said Aunt Tissy.

"The boat sails from Santa Monica at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. You dear boys *be* there!"

Once more, Audrey had driven Barney too far. These quiet, shy boys will stand only so much ranny-gazoo.

"I think this is a cockeyed, stupid, screwy stunt," he said, "and I want no part of it. Since you think I'm a liar—from now on, Audrey, I hope you will leave me severely alone. I shall certainly not bother you!"

And so on out the door, in as neat an exit as a turning worm ever made.

"That goes for me too!" I said. "And to you, Aunt Tissy, I say . . . uh . . . bah!"

I hurried after Barney.

But when we had cooled off, driving

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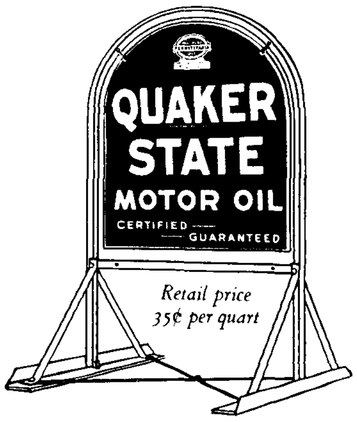


back to L. A., we decided to make a last-minute effort to save Audrey from her folly. Barney said he would squawk to Pop Dorsey. I decided I would try to work on Herman Beckstein.

It was well past ten o'clock when I reached the Hollywood Derby bar. But Herman was still there.

He did his penguin waddle to my table as soon as he spotted me.

"Scoop, my friend," he said, "I hear you are going to be with us tomorrow."

"You mean Audrey's house party?"

"Yes."

"You heard wrong."

"What . . . not going? You'll miss something swell. I, personally, am all excited."

"No good will come of this, Herman."

"Good has come of it already. Thanks to your friend Barney, she has joined the organization. Very handsomely, too."

"The new party angel, eh?"

"We do not believe in angels. That is bourgeois superstition."

"Still believe in American dough when you see it, don't you?"

"Ha, ha . . . not bad."

"Does Katrinka know the baroness is going?"

"Oh, yes."

"You lie like a commissar. Katrinka wouldn't get in the same boat with Thiele on Westlake Pond."

Herman puffed his chest.

"That is where you fail to appreciate the discipline of our organization, Scoop. Katrinka did not want to go. The baroness did not want to go. So what? The leader spoke—and they go!"

"Is the leader going along?"

"Oh, no."

"Too busy figuring how to kill more movie producers, eh?"

Herman laughed.

"Is that fair? Blaming us for what union gangsters did!"

IT DIDN'T seem much use, but I had a shot at it, anyway.

"You boys are getting a little too smart when you mix a girl like Audrey Atkinson into your happy family, Herman," I told him. "She plays rough, believe it or not. If you take my advice, you'll call up the leader and warn him to cancel this party. It's going to be bad medicine."

"Why?"

"Never mind."

"What do you know?"

"I'm just telling you."

Herman looked scared, then rallied.

"We cannot afford to be rude to her," he said, "and she cannot afford to be rude to us. It will be a nice party, I'm sure."

I didn't need to ask Herman what he meant. The Comrades hoped to move their Trojan horse right into lush Atkinson pastures. And they believed that Barney would see to it that Audrey behaved.

"Herman," I said, "what's your station in the Trojan horse?"

"I do not know what you mean."

I plucked a hair off Herman's collar.

"You've got to watch that tail closer, Herman," I said. "Good night."

When I got back to the office, the city editor was just checking out.

"That must have been an eight-course luncheon, Scoop," he said nastily.

"I've been to Santa Barbara on an important angle of the Kelleher murder," I said.

The city editor halted in his tracks.

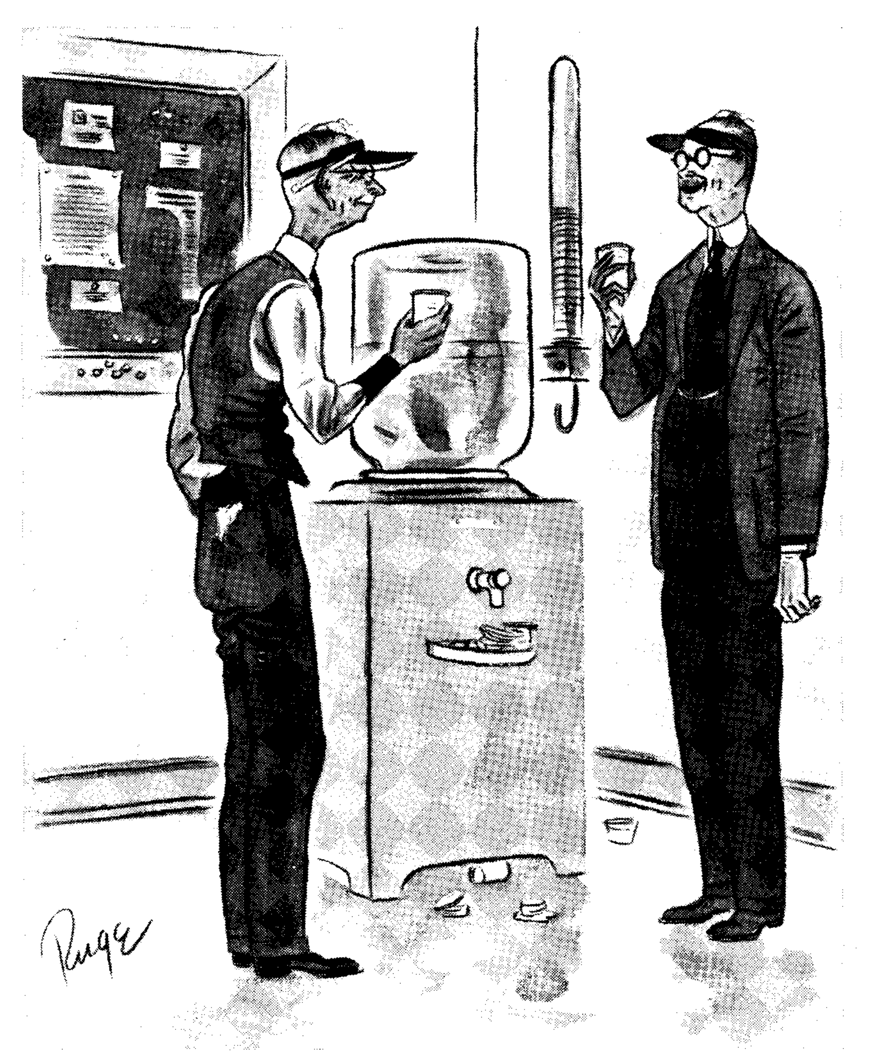
"Don't you ever read the Press? The case was solved."

"When? How?"

"Mortimer Snerd broke down and admitted it. Kelleher didn't lift his option."

"Ha, ha, ha . . . very good, sir!"

I sat down at my desk and brooded over the Racing Form. Duncan faced a future far from bright. Barney and I were no nearer discovering the identity of Mr. Big from the Kremlin than when we started. We had only succeeded in enmeshing Audrey with a very nasty crowd. Katrinka and the baroness hated her. That was going to be a happy boatload in the morning. There was only one hope now; that old Pop Dorsey could put the blight on the whole idea.



"Well, Cushing, what do you hear from the mob?" JOHN A. RUGE

THE phone rang. It was Barney.

"Dorsey can't do a thing with 'em, Scoop," he said. "So I guess . . . uh . . . it's up to me to go along."

"But we agreed—"

"I know we did—but I've got to do what I can to look after Audrey. After all—uh . . . why don't you come, too?"

"No!"

"Well, I can't blame you much."

"You said you were through—"

"So long, Scoop. See you Monday."

I knew what I was going to do. As soon as the desk gave me the nod, I went down to Willie's and got good and tight.

Some kind friend poured me into bed early the next morning. I fell into "the dreamless sleep that kisses down the eyelids" (boy, is *that* graphic?) and didn't hear any telephones ring.

But a vigorous pounding on my door, about nine o'clock, woke me.

It was Douglas Pervynn, God's gift to the gum-chewers.

Have you ever seen a really scared movie actor at nine o'clock in the morning?

"Duncan . . . something dreadful has occurred!"

"Have 'em retake the scene."

"Joan . . . she's on that boat—"

"A nice brisk day for it. Go 'way—"

"*He's on the boat, too!*"

"You mean—Mr. Big? The guy who gives the orders?"

"Yes! The one none of us ever saw. I didn't believe he existed. But he does. And he'll kill them all . . . he's utterly ruthless . . . it's murder, I tell you!"

Pervynn was cold sober and I had a head and the jeeps, but it was I who had to apply restoratives. I finally got out of him the little he knew. It seems he had gone to the dock to see Joan Bakewell off. But he had overslept and the Skylark was gone. He started back to his car when Kappman, one of the stooges in the office of the organization, appeared. Kappman was pleading with a motor taxi man to try to catch Audrey's boat. Kappman didn't have enough money in his pocket and the boatman wouldn't trust him. He recognized Pervynn and hit him for a loan. When Pervynn demanded an explanation of this urgency, Kappman said he had a message for Mr. Big. He even showed the message—a short-wave radio transcript in code.

"Whom was it for, stupid!" I yelled. "What *name?*"

"Pravda was the name."

"Pravda is a Bolshie paper."

"That's all he said—just Pravda." Then, Pervynn got hysterical, sobbing: "For God's sake, let's tell the government. Tell the coast guard. They can stop the boat—"

"Sure, and broadcast the biggest story I ever sniffed," I said. "Pervynn, do you want your name kept out of this?"

He did, so he loaned me fifty dollars. I gathered myself together from various corners of the room and prepared for a little boat trip.

TO SAVE time, I drove my flivver to Santa Barbara and hired a cruiser out of there. But I had no chance to overtake the Skylark, which could step thirty-five knots. It was almost a three-hour run out of Santa Barbara in the best little tub I could charter. I calculated that Audrey's party would beat me to the island by at least an hour.

This Atkinson island retreat, perhaps I should explain, had a curious history. It was Aunt Tissy's idea. She had been fanatically in favor of our intervention in the first World War. This attitude got her into a clash with Senator Hiram Johnson of California. In 1916, Aunt Tissy became so wrought up that she served notice on the state: either Senator Johnson must be impeached or Aunt Tissy would leave California, lock, stock and barrel. Senator Johnson kept his toga and Aunt Tissy bought the island. She named it "Wilsonia," built a big stone house, stables and yacht basin. She moved Uncle Dolph and herself there about two months before the United States declared war on Germany.

The war declaration proved Aunt Tissy right, she considered, and she was not the lady to leave her country in the lurch with a war on, although she still couldn't get rid of Senator Johnson. Swallowing her pride, Aunt Tissy forgave California and returned to the mainland to help with the war. Since then, Wilsonia had been a mere vacation home. Occasionally, when too much provoked by Senator Johnson, Aunt Tissy moved there to sulk; but the place stood most of the time as a monument of "conspicuous waste." Audrey had tried to give it away to various church organizations, with no takers.

MY DESULTORY conversation with the skipper of my boat—Cap'n Claude Trower—as we leaped from wave to wave in a cross-channel sea, brought back very poignant recollections of Wilsonia.

"Did the old lady invite you, Bub?"

"Oh, yes."

"You sure she's there this time of year?"

"Very sure."

"It's mighty lonesome."

"So I recall."

"The old lady's crazy—they tell me."

"No . . . just a bit eccentric."

"The young one's pretty, though."

"Yes."

"She hit Eddie with a whup."

"Audrey did?"

"Naw, the old one. Eddie's got the Dorene. Used to run supplies for them She hit him with a whup."

"What'd Eddie do?"

"Nothin'. She hit me with a whup I'd do somethin'."

"*Maybe* you would."

Cap'n Claude Trower grinned.

"I guess you know the old lady at that," he said.

We raised Aunt Tissy's island about one-thirty. It was the largest of a group, the others uninhabited except by wild hogs and occasional hunting or fishing parties. Craggy and bleak, with only scrub and brush for foliage, Wilsonia could not be called a smiling asylum from dull care. Cap'n Trower swung the Dorene toward the yacht-basin entrance on the lee shore. We saw Audrey's motor yacht tied to the dock.

"I'll be derned. You was right, Bub!"

A young deckhand was sleeping in the sun on the Skylark's deck as we ran past. He awakened and scrambled to his feet.

"Hey, who're you?" he yelled.

"I'm a guest. Missed the boat!" I yelled back.

This seemed to alarm him. He jumped to the dock and hurried off up a rocky path to the house. Cap'n Trower brought his craft alongside the dock.

"Want me to wait a bit, Bub?"

"Oh, that won't be necessary."

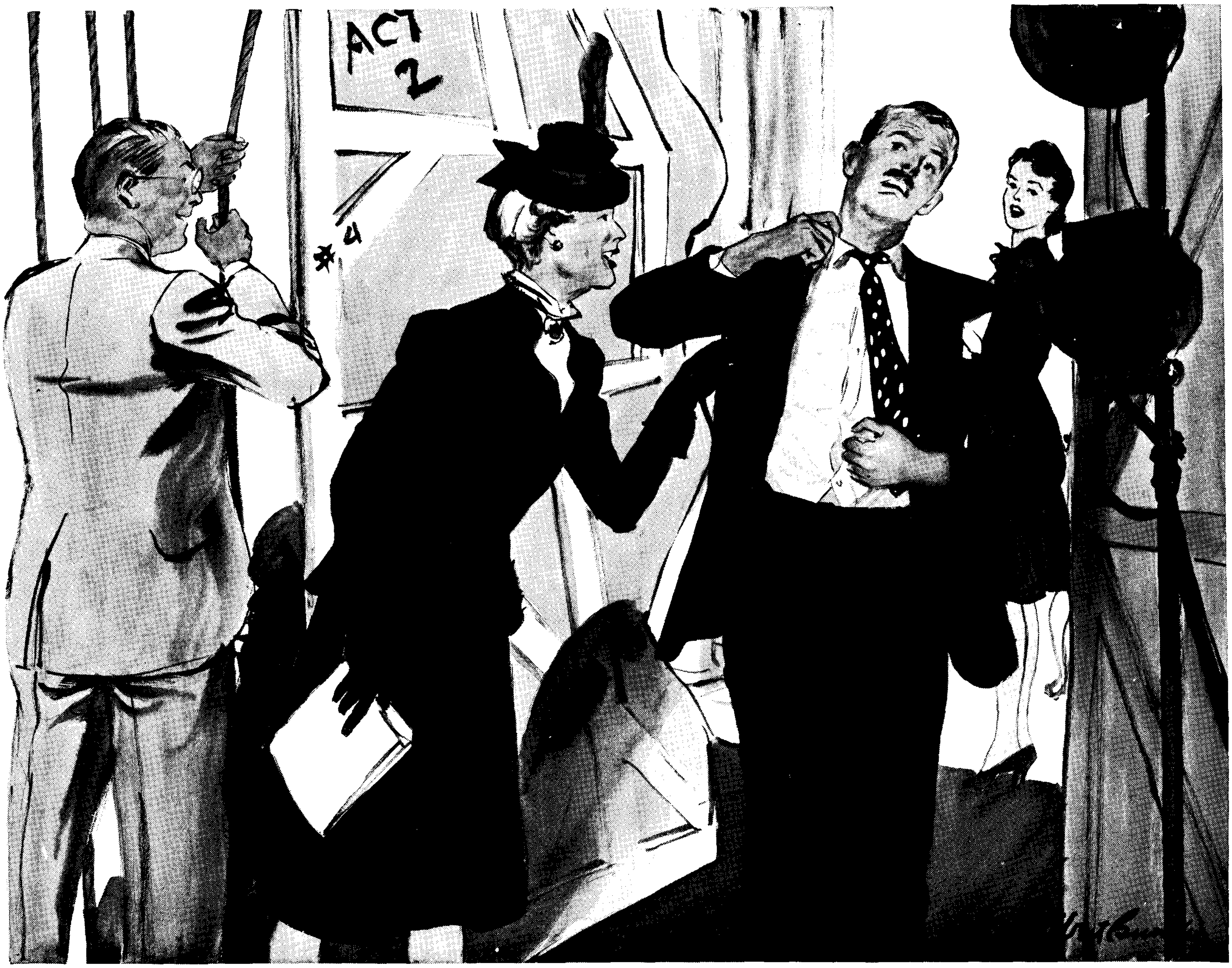
"Don't seem to be much show of life—"

"I guess they're all at lunch."

"Well—okay."

I paid the cap'n and he, still cocking a dubious eye on the house, a quarter of a mile up the hill, put out to sea. I was already preoccupied with what I must tell Barney. I started briskly up the path.

*(To be concluded next week)*



# *"Homer, darling . . . you brought down the house!"*

**MRS. GRIBBIN:** Oh, Homer, I'm so proud of you! The way your voice choked as you bent over her—and that wild look on your face! *So* much better than rehearsal.

**HOMER:** *Khp! glmmph! Listen—(PUFF)—I've got to get out of this shirt. I can't breathe—I can't—*

**MRS. GRIBBIN:** Homer! You mean you weren't *acting* in that death scene?

**HOMER:** *Acting? I darn near* was *the death scene. (PUFF) Gladys, if you don't stop buying me those so-called "pre-shrunk" shirts, I'm going to divorce you!*

**MRS. GRIBBIN:** Why, aren't they what you like?

**HOMER:** NO! *I've told you time and again it's* SANFORIZED-SHRUNK *you have to ask for. And if you don't get me one pretty quick, I won't go on in the third act.*

**MRS. GRIBBIN:** Oh dear! What do I get? Shrunk-what?

**HOMER:** SANFORIZED-SHRUNK! *Patented process! Takes all the shrinkage out of the fabric down to a measly 1% by standard tests. Shirts can't shrink out of size!*

**MRS. GRIBBIN:** Homer, will you please stop shouting, and tell me where to go—

**HOMER:** *Anywhere! They sell this Sanforized-Shrunk stuff all over town—shirts, shorts, pajamas—all makes—at regular prices. Get one my size—and hurry!*

**MRS. GRIBBIN:** Oh Homer—I hate to!

**HOMER:** *Why?*

**MRS. GRIBBIN:** Once you get a Sanforized shirt on, you'll just talk natural—and ruin the whole play!

***Your cue, Mrs. Gribbin!***

Other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas are Sanforized now. Look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon—

*Women's Dresses*

*Children's Garments*

*Work Clothes, Overalls*

*Slip Covers, Draperies*

*Utility Dresses*

*Trousers, Slacks*

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Anheuser-Busch Inc.

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# Baron Henry Jones

Continued from page 23

coming with me to see my new villain."

Poppy shook her sunny head.

"Not me," she said firmly. "I get enough wrestlers around here all day."

"Just the same," Saltzman said, "you are coming with me tonight to see Baron Gudrayoska be villain. Because after the match I got an appointment with a chump from the West Coast and I need you for contracts maybe."

So Poppy went, and what she saw widened those blue eyes of hers with horror. She saw Henry Jones, the Henry Jones who caused those flip-flops inside her, in his role of villain of the Jack Saltzman string of bums and the spectacle curdled the blood that coursed through Miss Poppy Lloyd's diminutive body.

Henry—the baron—was greeted by a storm of boos when he climbed into the ring. Some grapevine telegraph had apprised the crowd that Henry was a villain and the crowd was ready for him. Mild-mannered men and women rose up, shrieking with hate, as Henry stalked about the ring, waggling his Vandyke belligerently and sneering at those who yelled at him. When Chief Mink Paw followed him into the ring, Henry tripped the "Indian" and laughed uproariously as the other man sprawled. The referee prevented what appeared likely to be a fist fight before the match started. The crowd roared for Henry's blood.

Poppy's eyes grew wider and wider as the match progressed. Henry broke every rule in the book. He tore hunks of Chief Mink Paw's epidermis loose with his teeth. He punched. He kicked. He banged the chief's head against the floor. When the referee warned him, Henry went for the referee. One of the chief's seconds broke a chair over Henry's head. Henry threw the second into the audience.

Poppy sat in her ringside seat, shuddering, until Chief Mink Paw, bloody but unbowed, caught Henry unaware, administered the "Mohawk Spin" and pinned the baron. The crowd indulged in mass hysterics.

When Henry left the ring, he found Miss Poppy Lloyd waiting for him in the aisle. Poppy had her hands on her hips and her blue eyes blazed. Henry grinned when he saw her.

"Hello, Miss Poppy," he said. "I didn't know you were here."

The tip-tilted nose pointed toward the ceiling.

"Henry Jones," she snapped. "I never saw anything more disgraceful in my life! To think that you—you—"

Rage choked her. Henry stared.

"Aw, Miss Poppy," he said. "You don't want to take none of that serious."

The crowd was pushing close to Poppy and Henry, still showering the bearded man with uncomplimentary observations about the baron's antecedents. Then somebody reached over Poppy's shoulder and seized the Vandyke beard.

There was a hearty yank. Henry's head came down. His forehead caught Miss Poppy Lloyd in the right eye. She gave a startled squeak and sat down.

The police were there by then, struggling with the churning mass of blood-lusting customers and bearing Henry off to his dressing room. The baron struggled with his bodyguard but he was subdued. Behind him, as he was rushed toward an exit, he heard a high voice telling him:

"Henry Jones, don't you ever speak to me again as long as you live!"

The crowd took it up.

"Oh, Henry Jones!" they roared. "Hittin' a woman, Henry Jones!"

HENCE Jack Saltzman's memo to Poppy. Hence Poppy's black eye. Hence the frigidity between the girl at the desk and the big man with the Vandyke, standing miserably inside the fence near the door of Jack Saltzman's office.

"I can explain," Henry repeated. "Honest, Miss Poppy, I didn't mean to butt you in the eye. Somebody pulled my whiskers and I hit you by accident."

"Huh!" said Poppy. "And I suppose it was by accident that you bit Chief Mink Paw. And threw that man into the crowd. And hit the referee."

Henry's brow wrinkled, and his eyes grew sadder.

"Well," he said, "that wasn't an accident. But you know about rasslin'. A feller's got to do things he maybe don't want to. It's all in the contract."

"Contract!" said Poppy viciously. "What kind of a contract is it that makes a man act like a beast? A savage beast!"

"Well," said Henry, apologetically, "you write them out on your typewriter, you know."

Poppy bit her lip. It was true.

"And," Henry pursued, "you know I'm just rasslin' so's I can get some money and buy that four hundred next to Pop. I got almost enough. When I got enough I thought maybe—maybe—"

He stopped. Poppy walked toward the railing where the baron stood.

"Yes, Henry?" she asked softly.

JACK SALTZMAN hurled open the door of the office, then recoiled as though a king cobra had risen in his path. He stared at the broad back of Baron Gudrayoska. He looked at the two small hands that nearly met in the middle of the baron's back. He recognized the tint of the fingernail polish on the small hands and raised his voice in a cracked scream.

"So!" he shouted. "Romantics we got! It is not enough that Baron Gudrayoska is Henry Jones in every paper in town. No! It is not enough that my chump from the West Coast don't sign the contract because my confidential secretary she is gone home crying with the contracts in a brief case. No! Now we got to have love in my office. Ha!"

The small hands slowly disentangled themselves from around the baron. Henry turned, his Adam's apple working again. Poppy peered at Saltzman through her good eye and smiled.

"Mr. Saltzman," she explained. "Henry and I are going to be married."

Saltzman ran his fingers through the mop of hair.

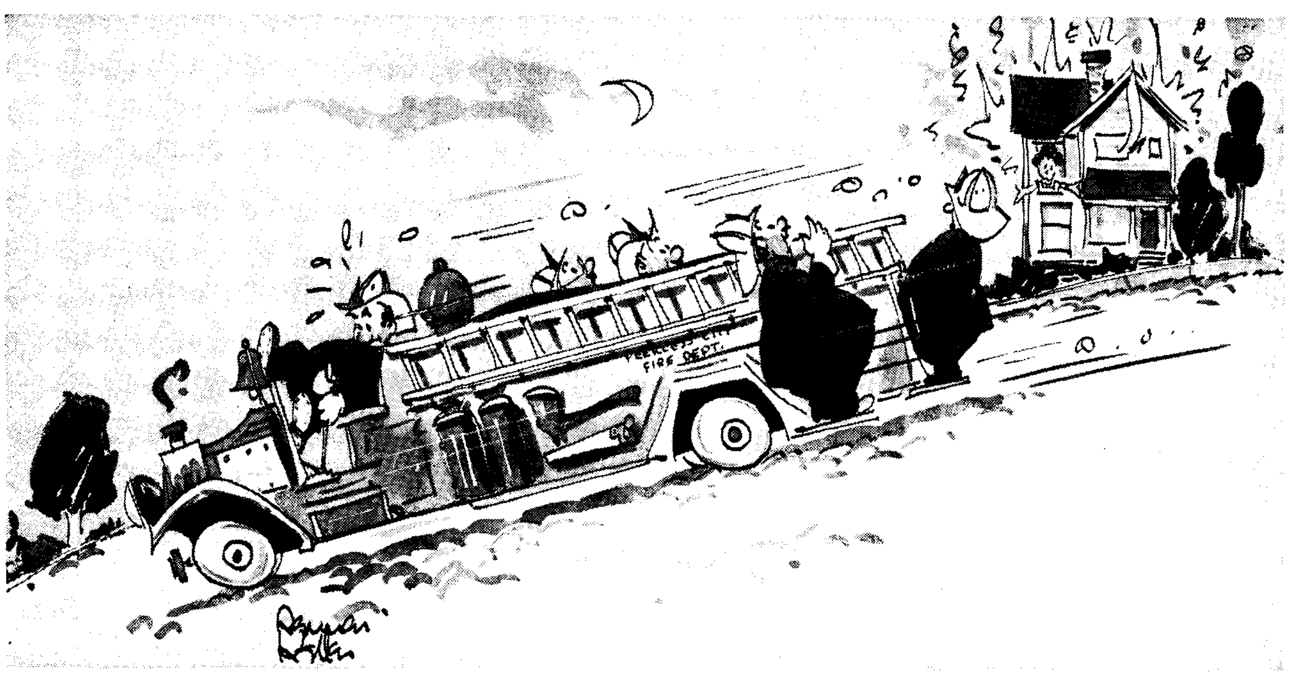
"Henry!" he shouted. "Henry! How many times I got to tell you he is Baron Gudrayoska? Notes I write you about it! Still all I get is Henry, Henry, Henry!"

He paused and his white teeth shone suddenly.

"But that is nice," he admitted. "We can play it up big. About the baron marrying the girl he socked in the eye and now she is going to be a baroness. Yes, it is nice."

Poppy stuck out her chin so far that the dimple disappeared.

"Henry," she announced, "is giving up



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wrestling. We're going back to Nebraska."

There followed a turbulent scene that, in any office building but that housing Jack Saltzman, would have brought the police. Saltzman screamed, wailed, threatened. Poppy stood firm. Henry just stood still swallowing.

Saltzman's voice finally dropped to a wheedling range.

"Listen, Miss Poppy," he said. "You do me one favor. I got the baron signed up for a fight tomorrow night in Philly. You know how they are in Philly about wrestling. It is a good house, sure, if I use the baron. Look, I'll tell you. You let the baron wrestle tomorrow night in Philly, as a favor to me, and I say goodby, God bless you, and I give you a nice wedding present. I tear up the baron's contract. How about it?"

Poppy considered. After all, she thought, Saltzman had treated her well, except for those daily explosions of rage. And Henry and she could use that money.

"All right," she said, finally. "He can wrestle. But he can't be villain."

"Not the villain?" screamed Saltzman. "After I build him up to be maybe one of the worst villains in the ra—business? This shouldn't happen even to my worst enemy!"

Poppy shook her blond head.

"He's going to be the hero," she said. "No hero, no Henry."

It took hours of argument but when Henry and Poppy entrained for Philadelphia the next afternoon, Baron Gudrayoska wore the mantle of clean, courageous sportsmanship. He now was officially a hero. His opponent, the old reliable Chief Mink Paw, had been given instructions to leave his halo in the dressing room and come out biting.

THERE was a packed house. Word from New York had it that Baron Gudrayoska had planted his huge fist in the eye of a five-year-old child who had toddled up to him, lisping protests against his brutal treatment of the heroic Chief Mink Paw. Thousands of otherwise sane men and women stormed the hall in Philadelphia to see Baron Gudrayoska torn limb from limb. Poppy sat in the front row, complacently waiting for Henry to emerge the hero, followed by loud cheers.

She clenched her teeth during the early stages of the bout, telling herself to remember that it was all an act and that Henry really wasn't being hurt. Chief Mink Paw, when he turned villain, really had thrown himself into the part. He did everything that Henry had done to him, two nights earlier, and he added some improvisations of his own. His best invention was grinding his knee into Henry's nose while hammering Henry on both sides of the head with closed fists.

Poppy looked around her. This Philadelphia crowd seemed to be reacting differently than the New York crowd had. They were cheering—actually cheering the villain! Each time Chief Mink Paw gripped his teeth on Henry's ear, the crowd roared with laughter. When the chief unleashed a particularly vicious kick, the crowd's voice rose in paeans of approval. When Henry's opponent hammered the baron's head on the floor, using the Vandyke as a handle, the rafters trembled with the laudatory clamor.

Slowly, rage mounted within Miss Poppy Lloyd. Her Henry, her husband-to-be, was taking what Jack Saltzman would term a positively terrific shellacking. Chief Mink Paw was hitting an all-time high in wrestling villains—and the crowd was cheering him on!

There was a roaring scream and Poppy turned her head back toward the ring. There was a jar, the explosion of a million lights and Poppy's head snapped back. There was a familiar pain stabbing at her eye—her left eye this time. Her half-closed right eye was open enough to see Henry Jones remove his elbow from her face.

Poppy felt Henry's big hands gripping her shoulders.

"Miss Poppy," she heard him ask, anxiously. "Miss Poppy—honey—are you hurt?"

Her voice was small and weak as she answered.

"Hurt?" she said. "I think I'm killed. What happened?"

His voice was terror-stricken.

"It was my elbow," he told her. "I didn't mean to do it. Honest, I can explain everything, Miss Poppy. He threw me over the ropes and my elbow—"

She struggled upright in her chair.

"Henry," she said, "never mind explaining anything now. You just get back in that ring and—and—you show that big bum he can't do that to me!"

She peered out of one eye—the eye that had been damaged in New York—but she could see little. She saw two shapes heaving and floundering around the ring. She heard the blaring thunder of the crowd. Once, when the two dark shapes were tangled in the ropes just above her, she heard Chief Mink Paw pant:

"What the hell's the idea? I'm supposed to be villain tonight."

And she heard Henry answer:

"You can't make me give my girl another black eye and get away with it!"

Peering through the swollen eye hurt, so Poppy closed it and sat in the darkness, listening to the screams of the crowd and the thump and rumble of the two bodies on the platform above her. Sitting with her eyes shut, she missed what probably will stand for many years as the most spectacular wrestling match ever seen in Philadelphia. She missed seeing two "villains" go for each other, with no holds barred. She missed seeing a referee, popeyed with amazement, looking at Jack Saltzman with a beseeching glance, as if asking what to do.

THERE was a tremendous roar, louder than the rest, and the bump and rumble on the platform above her stopped. Somebody had been thrown. She waited until the loud-speaker grated:

"The win-nah, Baron Gudrayoska, with a Hungarian twist in forty-three minutes and eleven seconds."

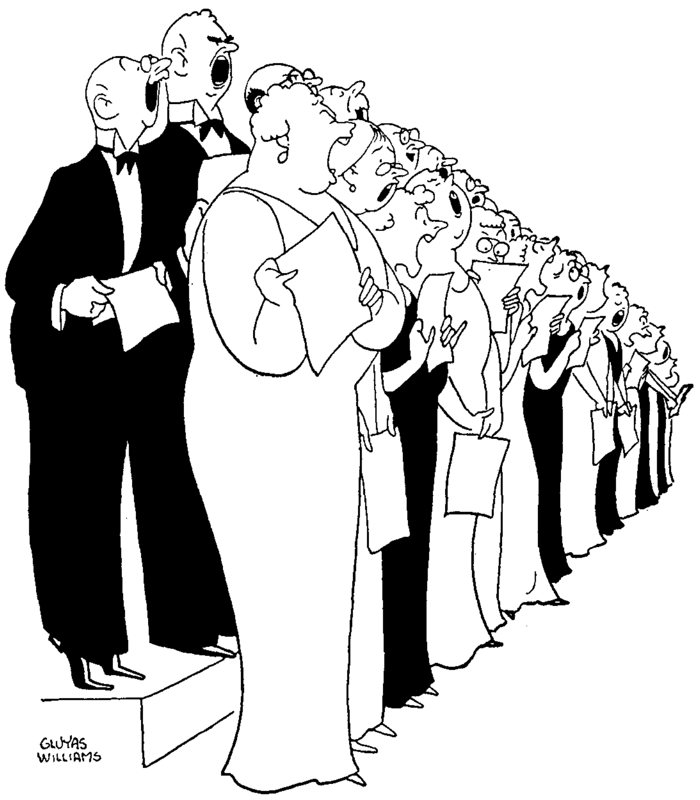
There was a storm of boos, a clashing hurricane of cheers. From the noises, Poppy could tell that fights were breaking out in various parts of the hall. A police whistle shrilled and there was the sound of a siren from outside.

One of the baron's big arms was around her. From the other side came Jack Saltzman's excited voice.

"It is marvelous," he was saying. "Believe me, as long as I been in this ra—business I never get a kick out of a bout like tonight. Honest, I find myself hating *both* guys! Not one villain, but two! Both in the same ring! It is stupendous! You are wonderful, Miss Poppy, even with those black eyes. This gives a fine wedding present, believe me! What is it you want I should give you, Miss Poppy, that is nice but within reason?"

Miss Poppy leaned against Baron Henry Jones as the three began pushing their way toward Henry's dressing room. Her puffed eyes ached abominably but she smiled serenely.

"First," she said, "you might give me a pair of dark glasses. Something that will go with the blue traveling dress I'm going to be married in."

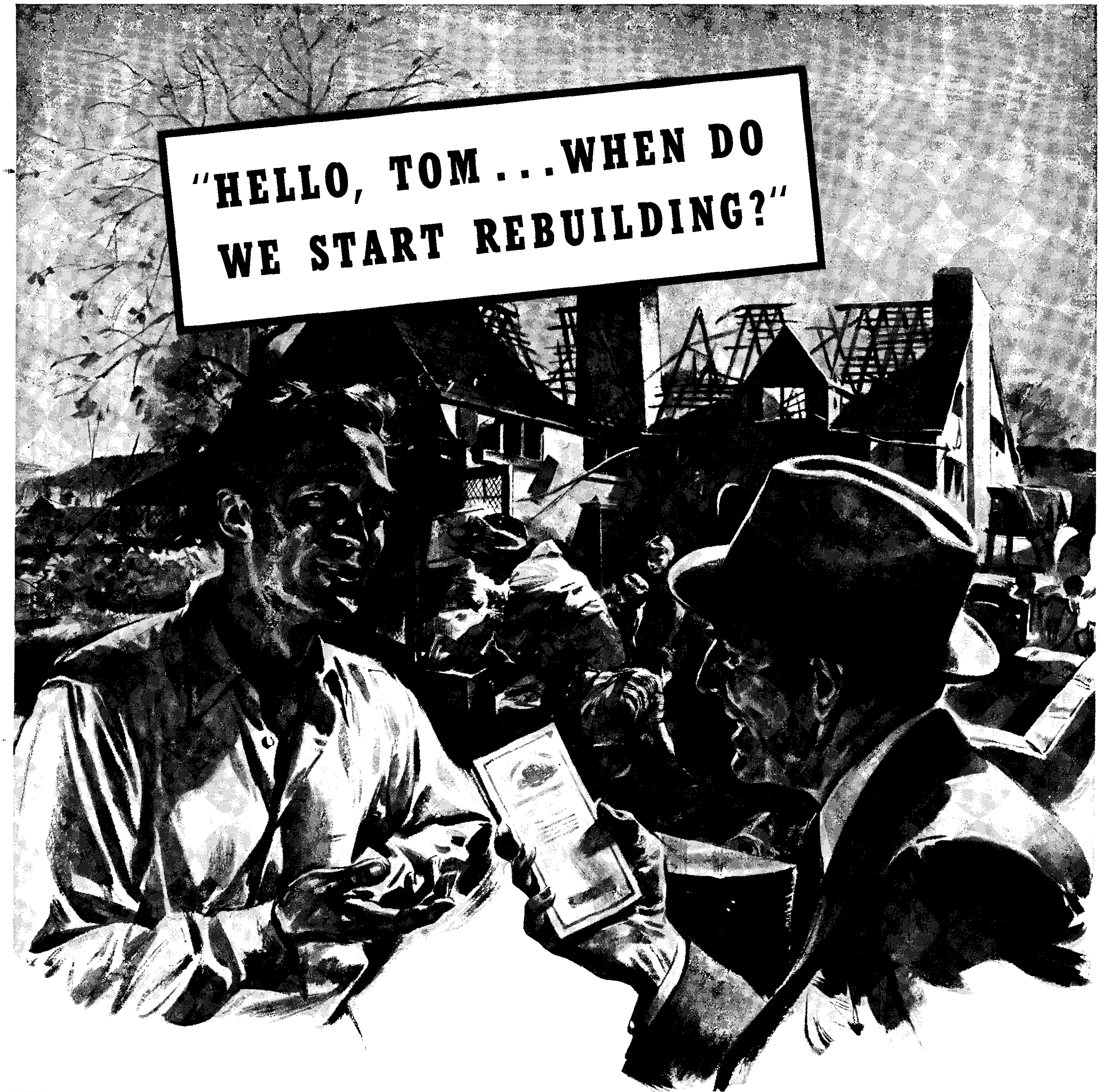


# People of Note

## By Laurence McKinney

### 20—THE MIXED CHORUS

**This motley mass we see before us—**
**This odd array—is called a CHORUS,**
**Or Glee Club, Choral Group or Choir,**
**Which Bach and Beethoven desire.**
**Sopranos, Altos, Tenors, Basses**
**Are rarely chosen for their faces**
**But for the strength which they employ**
**In shrieking out "The Hymn of Joy."**
**The keen-eyed listener often sees**
**Impending tonsillectomies**
**Or hears the twanging of the hordes**
**Of taut (and untaught) vocal cords.**
**One thing seems definitely certain**
**They should perform behind a curtain**
**And change the adage then to mean:**
**"Choruses should be heard, not seen."**


"HELLO, TOM . . . WHEN DO WE START REBUILDING?"

"Well, Jack, quite a fire, eh? Ethel and the kiddies OK? Fine, then there's nothing to worry about. Your insurance* is fire-proof. It will start you rebuilding right away. I've already notified the Company and they're prompt with their loss payments."

Tom is Jack's insurance agent. To be sure, he is likewise the agent of the capital stock* fire insurance company in which he insured Jack . . . but come the need or emergency and he is Jack's personal representative on the scene of trouble. He lives nearby, has his office in town and he personally planned an adequate insurance program for Jack.

Yes, your local insurance agent is a mighty valuable friend when fire destroys. It is his business to see that his policyholders are protected with the best insurance . . . capital stock company fire insurance. It's dependable because it operates on a sound financial basis.

***CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE** provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

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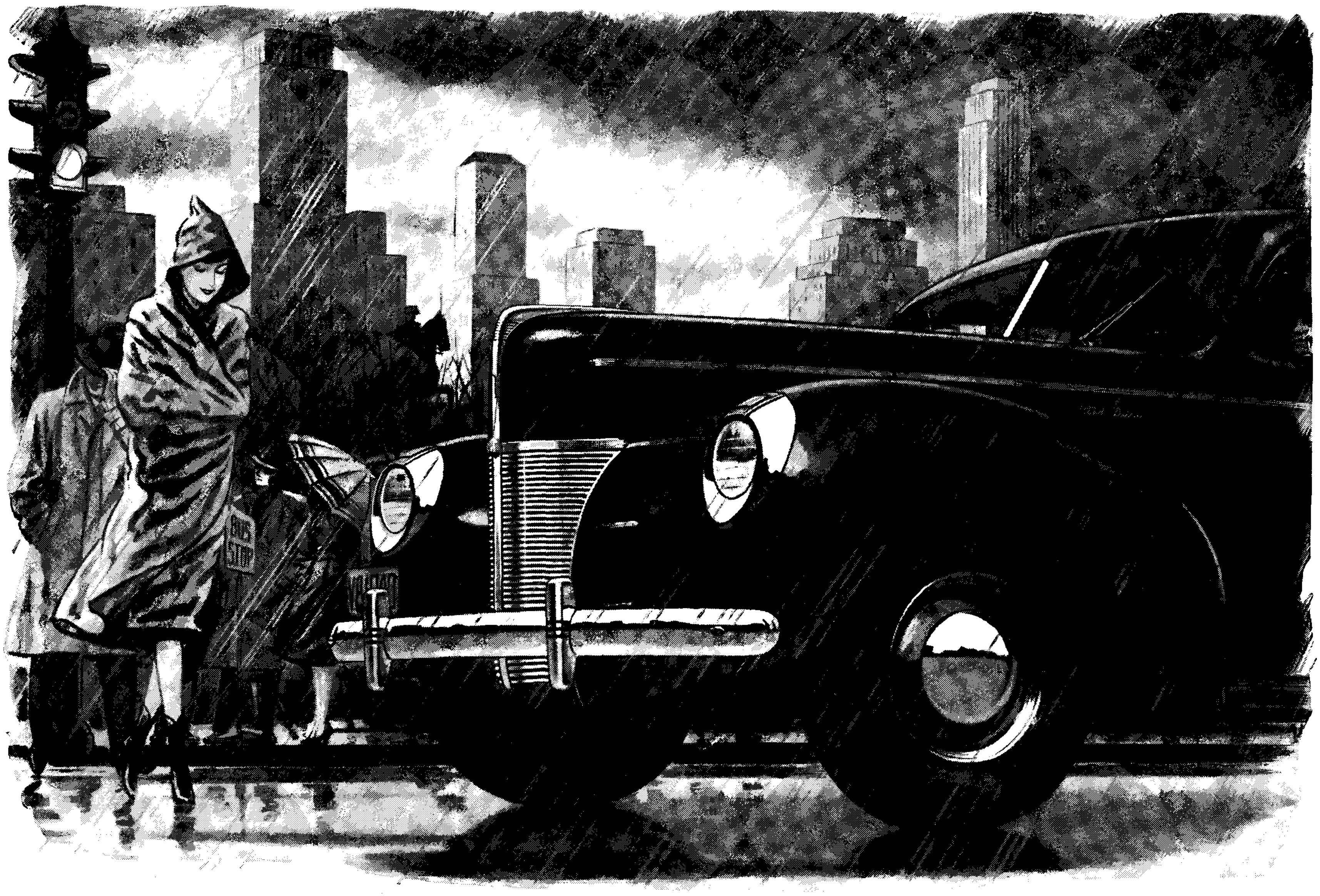

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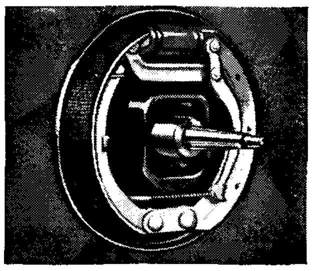

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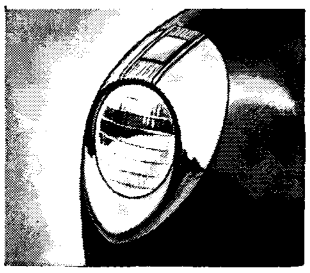

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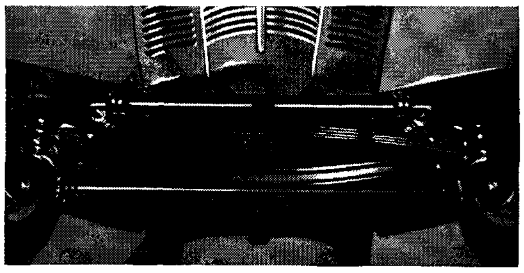

**LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY**—a safe, "close to the road" feel. Stabilized chassis, achieved by a skilful combination of transverse springing, torque-tube drive and front radius rods. You get an even, level ride—free from bobbing starts and dipping stops.

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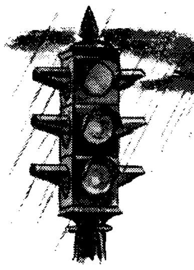
Another very important Ford safety factor is the V-8 engine, with its smooth power under constant control—drifting lazily along in tangled traffic—flashing away fast when occasion requires.

Driving this quiet, comfortable car just naturally gives you a sense of security.

And whenever you need sudden stops or sudden speed, you're doubly grateful that Ford *puts safety first.*



## FORD V·8

# A Song You've Heard

Continued from page 10

from the way it was broken up on the page. I was absolutely dying to see it, but the idea of showing it to me didn't seem to occur to him. He ripped the page out, addressed an envelope to Matt, who lived out in Connecticut, slapped a stamp on and galloped to the mail chute. Then he came back and took me in his arms.

“I've missed you, Fran,” he said.

After a while I said, “The song's all right, isn't it, Wallie?”

“All right?” he said. “All right? It's wonderful! It's another Lady Be Good! Wait till you see what Matt does with it! And now,” he said, “let's celebrate.”

We celebrated. Dinner. Wine. The theater. Supper.

The next day we celebrated some more. Wallie bought me some clothes. Because his birthday was only three days off, I asked him if I could charge a present. He said I could charge a hundred. So I got him the most beautiful watch in the whole world.

The next day a letter came from Matt. Wallie opened it and read it and threw it in the fireplace.

I said: “Any news?”

“No,” he said. Then in a minute, wearily: “No. No news—except that Matt says he'd just as soon try to write the melody for the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. as for that thing.”

“For goodness' sake!” I said.

He sighed. “We'll have to do a little fact-facing,” he said wryly. “I'm sorry, Fran. I can't tell you how sorry.”

“I can stand it,” I said.

BY GREAT good luck we sublet the apartment, and moved to a hotel on West 72d Street, which is where the Gotham is not. We had a little windfall from ASCAP, and then Wallie borrowed on his insurance to keep us afloat, because even lyric writers have to have money for food, just like people. We also paid a little on our bills. Not much, but a little. Life at the hotel was different, but not too bad.

I won't go into the details of those next months. Wallie tried a dozen new ways of getting—“inspiration,” I suppose you can call it, if you have to. With no luck.

When we first moved to the hotel, we ate eighty-five cent dinners. Then we had dropped down a peg to sixty-five cents, now we went down to fifty-five.

We saw almost nobody. About the only regular contact we had with the outside world was through Billy Cornell, the band leader, a skinny cornet player who thought Wallie and Matt did the best songs alive, and used to phone us to come eat with him, and give Wallie long fight talks. My, those steaks tasted good!

Then, to be sure, we saw Matt, whenever he came into town.

“Matt,” I said to him one day, timorously, “maybe it could be worked the other way round, for once. Tell me, don't tunes ever run through your head?”

“Oh, yes,” he said. “Yes, indeed.”

“Well, then,” I said.

He sighed. “The trouble is,” he said, “that the tune that runs through my head is always the same tune, and it's My Heart Belongs to Daddy.”

So that was that. My only idea, and a turkey. I resolved to keep my ideas to myself from then on.

I had plenty of time for keeping things to myself. There wasn't much repartee flying around, those days. Wallie hardly said a coherent word.

Yet, for all that, I was serene. Wallie and I had each other, we were together in everything, and that was what mattered. And when, in the late spring, we moved to Fourth Street, largely because a hamburger and canned peas, cooked at home, is even cheaper than fifty-five cents, I didn't mind. It was for us. I knew all would be well, before long.

And then, not a week after we moved, came the episode in the bathroom.

OF COURSE he apologized, abjectly. “I didn't mean it, Fran,” he said. “I must have been out of my head.”

But the experience had shocked me, and started me thinking. And my thoughts were not the sort of thoughts you'd include in a message to a sick friend.

Those were awful days—I, all smugness vanished, thinking and wondering and worrying; Wallie unable to do a thing; the continued heat, which now I suddenly minded dreadfully; our bank account going down below fifty dollars, and then below forty, and then, though I tried with all my strength to hold it up, below thirty. Black times.

Then one day, the blackest yet, came a package from Matt, and a letter. The letter said:

“Surprise, surprise, surprise. Here's something that just came to me in the night, and I hopped up and recorded it on the instrument. Aren't I wonderful, making music out of thin air? What do you think?”

The package was a phonograph record, with a blank seal. Wallie took it over to the turntable and set it going—a simple piano rendition of a gay, fast little tune.

I didn't have to ask Wallie if he thought he could do anything with it. When he turned, he was grinning.

I went to bed that night to the sound of that record playing, over and over. Good old Matt, I thought. Maybe now—

In the morning when I went into the living room, Wallie was asleep on the couch, dressed. The room was full of cigarette butts and stale smoke, the wastepaper basket stuffed with pieces of yellow paper, all wadded up. I unwadded one:

*Let's not worry what people say,*
*Let's not listen to gossip.*
*Let's not.*

That was all on that page. I unwadded another; another. They were all like that, beginnings. Bad beginnings. Even I could tell.

He awoke at about noon, his eyes looking like rolls, and had some coffee and started the record going. By mid-afternoon I couldn't stand it any longer; I went to a picture. When I came back it was still going. And again I went to bed to its sound.

Matt phoned the next morning. I heard Wallie talking to him.

“No,” he was saying, “to tell you the truth, I haven't got a thing, yet, not a damn' thing. But it's a wonderful melody, and I've got a couple of ideas. . . . Oh, sure. . . . Sure. . . . Sure. . . . I'll have something in a day or two. I'll let you know.”

But he didn't have something in a day or two. Or three. Or four. Or five. The bank balance was $11.08, and the rent due. And that recording played on and on, over and over and over and over, till I thought I would go raving mad.

Apparently it got on Wallie's nerves, too, because on the sixth day he said, “Enough is enough. I'm going out. I'll be back sometime.”

“Stop arguing, lady! He locked the front door! I came in through a basement window!” LAWRENCE LARIAR

He came back for dinner. He looked even more awful. I asked him what was the matter.

“Oh, nothing. . . . Nothing, except that I ran into Billy Cornell.”

BILLY was playing at the Village Green, just down the block and around the corner from us, but we hadn't seen much of him recently.

“It's always nice to see Billy,” I said uncertainly. Everything I said, those days, I said uncertainly.

“Not this time. He tells me Matt was around last night, with some kid he's thinking of maybe teaming up with.” And then suddenly he was walking around the room, waving his arms and shouting.

“Well,” he said, “why not! Why shouldn't he! He should have done it six months ago, and if he weren't God's own gentleman, he would have, too. He knows what's the matter with me! I'm washed up! I'm through! I'm—” His voice trailed off, and he stopped walking.

“Wallie, darling,” I said. “Sit down.”

Meekly, he sat down.

“Wallie,” I said, “why can't you write songs any more?”

“Fran,” he said, “I don't know. I just don't know.”

Now the time had come to say it.

“Wallie,” I said, “is it me?”

His head jerked. “What?”

“Is it me? Is it being married to me that's the matter?” I rushed on. “After all, before we were married you wrote songs. Since we were married, you haven't. Am I bad for you? Am I—wrong, for you? Am I the wrong sort of woman for the sort of man you are, somehow? I mean—” I ran out of breath.

He looked at me.

I waited.

He laughed. “Oh,” he said, “shut up.”

“No, I mean it. Am I? Am I wrong?”

“No.”

“But, darling, please, really, am I?”

“No! I told you no, didn't I?” His arms were about to start waving again. But they didn't start. They fell back onto his knees. “And suppose you were?” he said. “I love you.” The way he said it, it was a death sentence.

I didn't ask any more questions. . . .

In bed that night I went all over it, point by point. I loved him. I loved him so, and I would always love him, I would love him till I lay down and died. But when a man needs, like the need of bread, help and understanding, and the woman he's married to is simply, somehow, unable to give it—

Yes, it was as simple, as horribly simple, as that. I was inadequate.

I knew that if I tried to talk to him about it he'd say he loved me and needed me, and believe it, too, though he'd be wrong. And I'd say no, love alone wasn't enough; and he'd say yes, it was; and I'd say no—and in the end he'd convince me, against my better judgment.

No, I decided. The only thing to do was to write a letter, and leave. Yes, leave. Go away.

DAWN came at last, clammy and ugly and hopeless, the color of mildew, and I went to sleep. When I woke up the sun was shining, but not for me. I think I'd hoped that somehow, with a new day, I'd see things differently. I didn't. They looked the same; so terribly the same that the only question was, when to leave? And Wallie himself solved that problem, that very afternoon.

“I'm going over to the Village Green,” he said. “Billy said Matt'd be there this afternoon, and he thought we might all sort of talk. Not,” he said bitterly, “that anything will come of it. I might hang around there for dinner, though.”

“All right,” I said.

He was at the door, looking like—well, looking like someone you love very much, and never expect to see again.

“Wallie.”

“Yes?”

I'd meant to say, “Kiss me.” Somehow, I couldn't. I said: “Nothing.”

He nodded and left.

First, I wrote the letter, which wasn't hard because I'd already decided what to say, and I wrote it down as fast as I could, not letting myself stop to think what the words meant. Then I began to pack. My plan was to go to a hotel and wire Pop, collect, to send me the money to come home on. I'd go home. And then? After that? I didn't know. I didn't care.

While I was getting some things from the desk I happened to pass the turntable, and that recording was there, and I turned it on. I don't know why. As a way of saying goodby, perhaps. As a way of clinging, till the last possible moment, to that apartment, to the last place where Wallie and I had been

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together. When it ended I put it on again, and I kept it playing while I packed.

And as I listened to it, more carefully than ever before, it began to remind me of something. But of what? Then I remembered. It reminded me of an old counting-out rhyme my grandfather used to say:

*Ibiddy bibiddy sibiddy sab,*
*Ibiddy bibiddy ka-nobble.*
*Ka-nobble in,*
*Ka-nobble out,*
*Ka-nobble over the teakettle spout.*
*O-U-T,*
*And out goes thee.*

That one, you know.

I went on packing, and, subconsciously, I began to fit the words to the music in a kind of silly rhyme, and suddenly I found they were making sense, of a sort. Not much sense—but as much sense as my life was making right then, anyhow. In fact, it seemed to me that they expressed pretty well a feeling of what had been going on—all those crazy doings, and at the same time the troubles, the real troubles. A combination of nonsense and heartbreak, that was the idea. And what had the last year been for me, but exactly that?

I began trying to sing the thing, in my bad voice, and if I was almost weeping as I sang, well, then, I was almost weeping:

"*Ibiddy bibiddy sibiddy sab,*
*Ibiddy bibiddy ka-nobble.*
*I want more love than a little dab;*
*I'm telling you, darling, only a gob'll*
*Do, I mean it.*
*Ibiddy bibiddy sibiddy sab*—"

"Hey!"

I couldn't have been more startled if the roof had fallen. I said, "Gleek!" and jumped a mile, and came down facing the other way. The door was open, and three men, assorted, were standing there, Wallie and Matt and Billy Cornell. Matt was scowling like a thundercloud. Wallie was yelling.

"So that's it! A parody! Now isn't that nice! Making fun of it! A joke, a laugh!" He was absolutely furious, his arms going like windmills. He didn't seem to notice that I had on a hat and coat and gloves, or that there was luggage over by the door. "So it's funny! Matt writes a lovely melody, and it's—"

"A laugh! A great big joke!" Matt said.

"A howl!" Wallie said. "A—"

"Boys," Billy said quietly. "Boys, boys." They stopped exclaiming, but they didn't stop scowling. Billy said to me: "We thought we'd come here and have a quiet drink, and talk. Would you mind?" he said.

"I—why, no," I said. "Not at all, Billy. Come in."

He didn't move, yet. He looked thoughtful. "I've been needing a new novelty number," he said. "I don't know. That thing you were singing—A little bit of insanity, a little bit of corn—" He pursed his lips. He nodded. "I kind of like it," he said. "Go on. Give us the rest of it."

"Go on?" I said, amazed. "But—but I can't go on. That's all there is. That's all I could make fit together."

"And a good thing, too!" Wallie said. "Listen, Billy, you're out of your head. Of all the ridiculous, senseless, inane—"

In my state of agitated and confused emotions, among which, to name only a few, were anger, love, hope, despair and plain everyday weariness, this was the last straw. Something snapped. I was yelling. Yes, and waving my arms, too.

"Ridiculous!" I said. "You're a fine one to go around judging what's ridiculous and what's not! Sure it's ridiculous! And I'll tell you why it's ridiculous, too! It's ridiculous because I thought of it, and the only time you have any respect for anything I think of is when it's a new way of cooking pork chops!" That seemed to cover that subject, but I was going too good to stop. "Maybe," I said, now practically incoherent, "maybe it wouldn't seem so ridiculous to you if you put yourself in my place for a minute! Maybe if you stopped to think what my life has been for the last year, slaving and toiling for you and your—your—your ridiculous work, as you choose to call it, and taking such crumbs of your attention as you deigned to mete out to me, maybe if you had the imagination to see things through my eyes just once, just one little time—" I stopped, partly because I had lost my way in the sentence, and partly for lack of breath.

He was looking at me, simply looking, without expression. He looked at me for a long time. Then he looked at the half-packed bags. Then:

"I'll be back," he said, and went out the door.

And what he came back with, an hour or so later, was—you guessed it—Ibiddy Bibiddy. Ibiddy Bibiddy—the song that, absolutely without reason, was the hit of the century for two whole months; the song that pulled us out of the red; the song, incidentally, that got Wallie straightened out again, for it appeared that all his creative psyche needed was a shock that would force him to look the complexities of married life square in the face, and make the necessary adjustments, like any other poor fellow.

Of course you know that lyric by heart, from hearing it *ad nauseam,* but for the benefit of deaf sheepherders in Nevada, here it is once more:

*Ibiddy bibiddy sibiddy sab,*
*Ibiddy bibiddy ka-nobble.*
*I want more love than a little dab:*
*I'm telling you, darling, only a gob'll*
*Do, for baby.*
*Ibiddy bibiddy sibiddy sime,*
*Ibiddy bibiddy ka-nobble*
*I've got to have more of your valuable time,*
*And what I don't mean is maybe.*
*It's not, darling, that there's somebody else:*
*I don't want to see any new faces.*
*It's just that you and me*
*Have got to be*
*On more of a fifty-fifty basis.*
*And unless that can be arranged,*
*Though it tears my heart in two,*
*Oh, it's ibiddy bibiddy sibiddy sab,*
*And out, darling, out of my life,*
*Out goes you.*

Leave him? How could you leave a man who, when he eventually does get around to understanding, understands as completely as that, understands you and your motives even better than you do yourself? You can't, that's the answer. You're afraid to. And when he says, "Forgive me," you forgive him: I don't know why.

Wallie said it was my song, and he wanted me to put my name on it, and not his. He insisted and insisted.

"No," I said. "There's more money in it with your name. And besides, I'm not a songwriter, I'm a wife."

He smiled, that slow wonderful smile. "H'm," he said, "it couldn't be, could it, that another reason you don't want your name on the thing is that you want to have something in reserve. I mean, something to hold over me in case I begin carrying on and pretending my arms are windmills?"

"Why, Wallie," I said, "I haven't the slightest idea what in the world you're talking about!"

# The Doctor Keeps a Promise

Continued from page 15

Afterward, he asked for hot water, and when it came he set to work. The brother roused fighting, but when he understood it was the doctor, he lay back unsmiling, fear in his eyes. The bullet had shattered the lower rib on the right side, and it was lodged deep in the muscles that flanked the spine. It was a wicked and long afternoon for the boy, and it took all the whisky in the doctor's bag to numb the pain; and when the probing was done he lay there gaunt and gray and shrunken. He had not allowed himself a scream.

Dr. Weber was surprised to find it was dark when he was through. He was shaking and he wanted a drink, and he walked over to the door, reaching for his pipe. He had not looked at the girl, had not spoken to her, save to give her orders, but now she was holding his coat in her hands, waiting to help him on with it.

"That was pretty rough," Dr. Weber said, looking closely at her. Her nostrils were a little pinched, and her upper lip was beaded with sweat.

"Yes," she murmured huskily. "Is it always that bad on them?"

DR. WEBER hadn't meant it that way. In his inarticulate and gentle way he was trying to tell her that it had taken courage to watch it. But she contrived to shoulder aside his sympathy, and he smiled a little at it.

"You're not from around here," he said. "I haven't seen you."

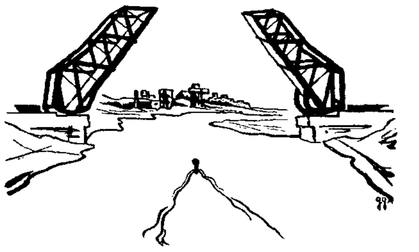
"We had a place out under the bench, but we lost it," the girl said levelly. "I'm in the kitchen at the Stockman's House." She moved a little, pulling up her shoulders which were sagging. "Will he be all right, Doctor?"

Dr. Weber shrugged and said, "Get word to me if there's any change; I'll be here later tonight," and went out. The Mexican had his horse outside, and he mounted and rode back to town, this time by the dark wagon road that threaded its way to the main street. Through his weariness his mind kept thrusting back to the girl. It was not so much what she had said to him, for that was negligible; it was what she had left unsaid. There had been no reference to his promise of secrecy, and that was something a man would not have abstained from in her place. He turned this over in his mind, remembering those kitchen-worn hands, and he thought he knew why she hadn't spoken. Those poor farmers had to have faith in others, since they could not buy help.

He put up his horse at McGovern's and headed upstreet, turning into Prince's Keno Parlor for the drink that had been on his mind these many hours.

Almost the whole of the saloon was clustered at the bar when Doc entered. There was a monotonous argument going on, with almost everyone having his say. Tim Prince, who spotted Doc before either of his bartenders, came over and set the bottle on the bar, and then stood there, his gray head turned, listening to the talk.

Doc took his drink, and then a word spoken louder than the others narrowed his attention.



"Did they say holdup?" he asked Tim Prince.

"Yeah. The stage was stuck up last night just as it pulled onto the Bench. One robber. Gus Envers, he's the driver, threw down on him and hit him, and then this fella cut loose and knocked Gus off the stage top."

"Kill him?"

"Gus? No. The fall knocked him out. After he come to, he made it to the Spade."

Doc raised his eyebrows and looked down at his drink.

"Funny thing," Prince said slowly. "When the Spade boys come back to the stage the express box was looted. The robber got it."

"He couldn't have been hit bad then," Doc observed.

"He bled enough so the Spade boys tracked him back to town."

"Here?" Doc said slowly.

"That's right. He's here in Warms. So is the loot."

Doc said nothing and paid for his drinks and Tim Prince walked back to the group. Doc went up to the group and listened to them. Four dusty Spade riders, their backs to the bar, were arguing.

One of them said, "All right. Sure he could have went back up the arroyo. You can't track in blowed sand the way you can on the sage flats. Only if he went up it instead of into town, where'd he go?"

"He's here," another Spade puncher said. "Sure as hell, he's here."

"I bet he ain't," a new voice said. "I bet you could turn him up in some of them hoemen's shacks under the Bench."

"Are you sure he was hit bad?" a townsman asked.

"Gus heard the breath slam out of him, he says. He grunted."

"A man'll do that when he's hit in the leg."

"No, he won't," the Spade rider said. "He'll howl or he'll swear. When he's hit bad, he may try to yell but he can't."

Doc cleared his throat. He cleared it in such a way that the puncher, who was going to elaborate, stopped in mid-gesture and looked at Doc. The others caught that glance and shifted their attention to Doc, too.

"That's nonsense," Doc said. His voice was dry and sharp, although he did not intend it to be. "If he was hit bad, he would not have stayed to rob. He would hit for the hills to hide."

HE CEASED speaking and nobody said anything for a moment. "All right," the puncher said, then. Again there was silence, and Doc turned on his heel and walked out.

Outside, he walked slowly, listening to a small warning voice inside him. This was narrowing down, and when it did he would not have the liking of these people to bolster him.

He went back to his office and lighted the lamp and closed the door into the waiting room. After two drinks of whisky he took down his books and read all he could find on gunshot wounds.

He was reading this when he heard the steps on the stairway. He carefully picked up his lamp and was standing in the office doorway when they came in. There was Charlie Coulter and Ferd Willis, one from the Bearpaw and the other Spade's foreman. There was Hod Strosnider, the express agent. He was a Texas man, thin-lipped and bleach-eyed, and his bones were too big for the weight of him, and he stank of horses, not the way a rider does, but the way a dirty hostler does. And there was Murdo Mc-

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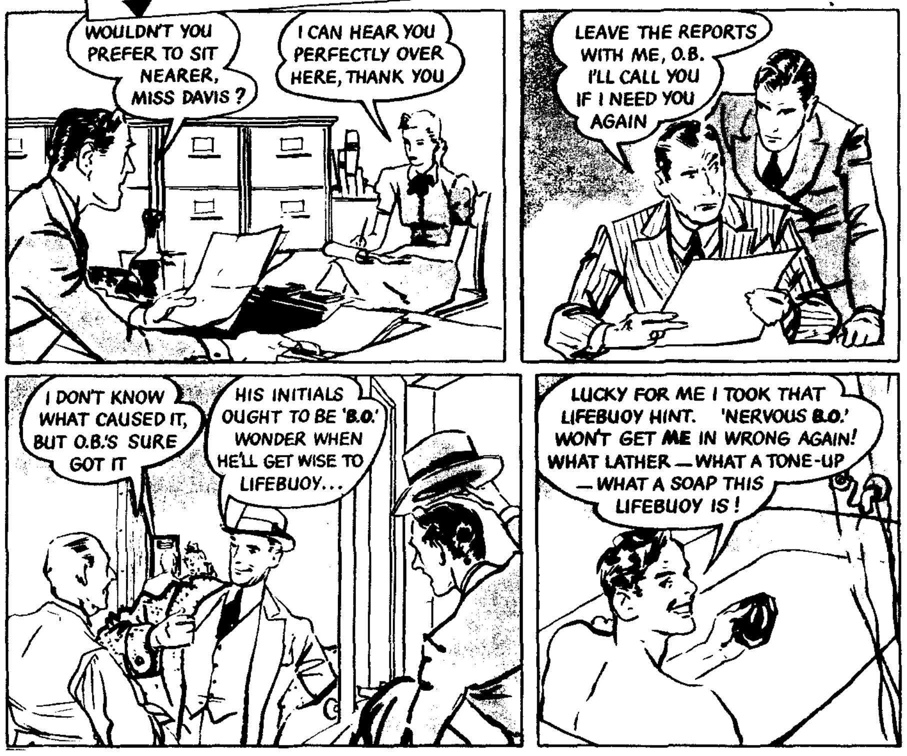
HE LEARNED LATER—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I CAN HEAR YOU PERFECTLY OVER HERE, THANK YOU
LEAVE THE REPORTS WITH ME, O.B. I'LL CALL YOU IF I NEED YOU AGAIN
I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAUSED IT, BUT O.B.'S SURE GOT IT
HIS INITIALS OUGHT TO BE 'B.O.' WONDER WHEN HE'LL GET WISE TO LIFEBUOY...
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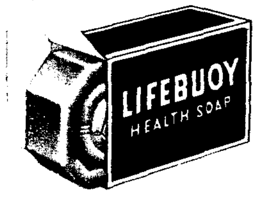

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Fie, from the bank, solid and square and deliberate, with level, curious eyes. They greeted Dr. Weber and he set the lamp on the table and Murdo McFie, their leader, sat on one of the two chairs in the room and put his hands on his knees. The rest stood.

"You can't all be sick," Dr. Weber said, smiling.

"Hardly," McFie said. He looked over at Ferd Willis and Ferd looked at the floor in a way that might have been his diffident manner, but Dr. Weber knew was not.

"You've heard about the holdup, Doctor," McFie stated.

"I heard," Doc replied. He let it go at that.

McFie looked down at his hands. "Dr. Caslin hasn't had a call for a gunshot wound today. I wondered if you had."

Dr. Weber shook his head. "No. That would be pretty obvious, wouldn't it?"

"Wouldn't it?" McFie echoed. He was watching Dr. Weber with a steady gaze. There was no judgment, one way or the other, in his square face. He said, "You didn't have a sick call today, then?"

"Yes. I had three."

"Out of town, I mean."

"Yes. Three."

McFie was silent a moment. "You should know a gunshot wound when you see one, shouldn't you?"

"They aren't easy to mistake."

"No." McFie rose. "If you are asked to handle one, you'll report it, of course."

"To the sheriff. Naturally."

McFie was still looking at him. "The bank lost a little money in that holdup, Doctor. It was insured by the express company, of course." He inclined his head toward Strosnider, who had not taken his gaze from Doc's face. "Still, it means higher rates in the future," McFie explained, and added almost as an afterthought, "Then there's attempted murder to consider."

"I'll report anything that looks suspicious," Dr. Weber said.

"Yes. Good night." McFie looked at the others. "Coming?"

Charlie Coulter stirred from the window sill where he was sitting and came toward the door.

Hod Strosnider leaned against the wall and said to McFie, "I think we'll stay and learn about gunshot wounds."

McFIE looked at Dr. Weber and nodded and he and Charlie Coulter went out. They tramped down the stairs at McFie's solid pace and Dr. Weber heard it distinctly, for the others, Strosnider and Ferd Willis, were silent until the sound of footsteps died.

When Dr. Weber looked back at Strosnider, he saw something in the Texan's eyes that did not surprise him. It was something other than indifference and it was something beyond dislike; and it quickened Dr. Weber's blood.

Strosnider said meagerly, "Where were those three calls, Doc?"

Doc didn't answer. He was watching them, his face shaped in a still half-smile.

Ferd Willis lounged out of the shadow. "McGovern said you got your horse around four. And you bought a drink at eight."

"That's four hours you were gone," Strosnider said carefully.

"Four hours is a long time," Doc murmured.

"You could reach Bearpaw, but you don't go there," Strosnider went on. "You could've short-cut to Cotton's place, only you don't go there either. Or you could've made them hard-scrabble outfits under the Bench. All in four hours. Which was it?"

"Let's call it the people under the Bench."

Willis smiled slowly. "You rode south, Doc. That's north."

Doc hesitated a minute. "So I lied," he said to them both.

Strosnider lounged off the wall and carefully removed the chair from in front of him before he spoke, before he looked up at Doc.

"I never liked you, Doc," he said quietly. "None of us do. You walk a little too proud for a man to buy you a drink, and you love them farmers a little too much." He took a step toward Dr. Weber, and Willis shifted his feet. "It wasn't McFie that lost that money. It was insured with me, with the express company." He paused, his eyes still and wicked, but when he spoke again his voice was mild: "You show us where he is. We'll find the money."

"Maybe you better find him, too, then," Doc murmured.

"Think a minute, before you get so stiff-necked," Willis said.

"I've thought," Dr. Weber said gently. "Get out!"

Strosnider hit him in the face. He staggered back against Willis, and then was sent to his knees by a blow behind the ear from Willis. He caught Strosnider's kick by rolling his shoulder, and then a rap across his skull sent him into a warm, wet, aching sleep.

CLOSE to daylight, her brother's fever broke. He saw her, smiled, turned his head and died while she was still smiling at him. Afterward, because she had nobody to whom she could turn, she went to Dr. Weber's office. She found him in a corner on his back, his feet tangled in the rungs of a chair.

After she dragged him into the office and onto the leather couch, it took her a long time to think of whisky. Even when she did she was afraid it would choke him, but she tried it. Afterward, his eyelids shuttled back and he looked at her and then at the ceiling and then at her again.

She said, from down on her knees beside him, "Hadn't I better get Dr. Caslin?"

"You stay here," he said. Presently he asked her to help him sit up and he grunted a little as she did. Afterward he took a tumbler of whisky and held it in both hands while she cut away his shirt and bathed his back. She didn't talk and Doc was glad for that.

She got him a clean shirt from the bottom drawer of his desk and he thanked her through lips as thick as his fingers, and put it on. She stood in front of him then, her hands at her sides. "It was all because of Dave, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Dave who?"

"Bechdolt. That's our name. They beat you because you wouldn't tell them where he is."

"How is he?" Doc asked gently, his eyes musing.

"He died this morning," she said quietly.

DOC looked up at her weary eyes and then looked away. "Yes, I guessed he would. I'm sorry."

He took her hand and pulled her to the couch and she sat beside him. Neither of them talked immediately. Finally, she said, "I guess maybe that was the only way out, wasn't it?" in a dull, weary voice.

"He was too young," Doc said gently.

"Yes."

"Tell me about him."

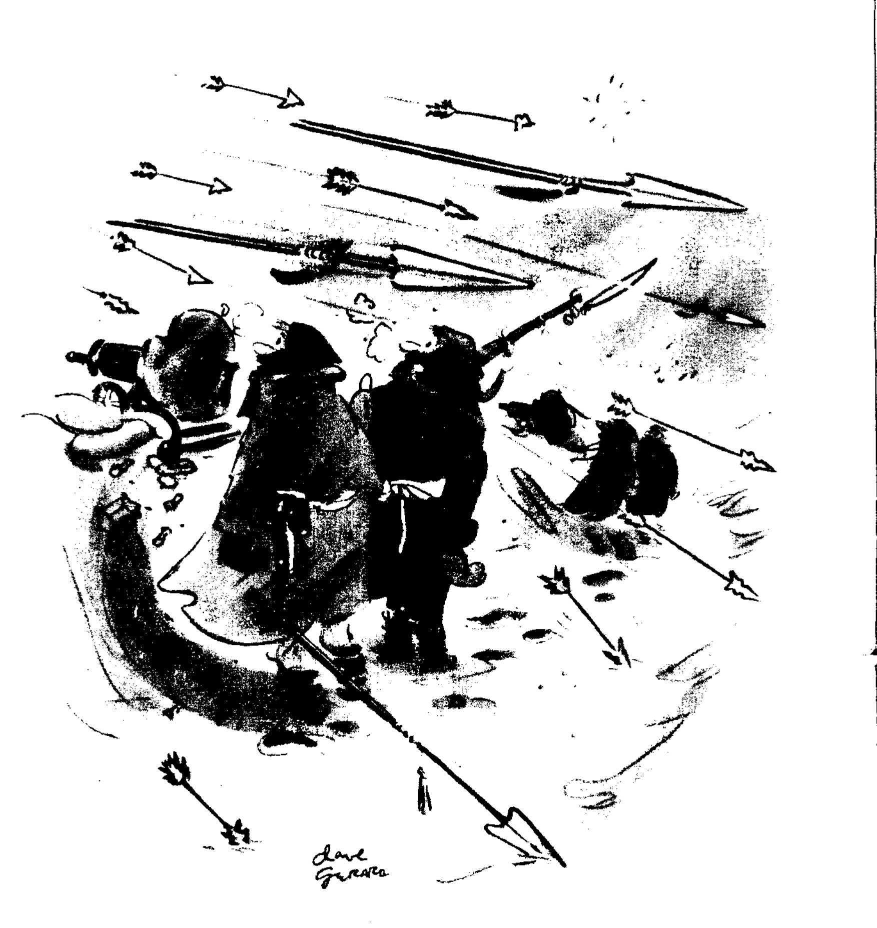
The girl leaned back and closed her eyes. "There's nothing to tell. It's like a match that doesn't strike clean, only sputters. We took our money and tried to homestead out under the Bench. Some cattle outfit—Spade, the Bearpaw, the Bib K—burned out our stand of wheat last fall. They did that to some others, too, but we had nothing to fall back on."

"So you got a job in town," Doc prompted.

"Yes. I tried to earn enough for seed this spring, but I couldn't. Dave couldn't get a riding job with any of the big outfits. They wanted to break us, drive us out."

"He held up the stage for seed money?"

She nodded slightly. "He was bitter. We couldn't get a loan because we



"Good heavens, Dmitri! Who do you suppose we're fighting now?"

DAVE GERARD

weren't proved up and our only possessions were a team, a plow and a tent. Dave knew about the money shipments on the stage. When he held up the stage he wasn't going to shoot. He told me. But when the driver shot him, he thought he would be captured. That's why he shot at the driver, so he wouldn't be taken and drag me into it." She looked at Doc briefly, bitterly. "He wouldn't even let his friend, the Mexican, tell me he was hurt. The man did anyway."

"Money for seed," Doc murmured, anger touching his voice. He stood up, unaided, and walked slowly across the room. He noticed something now on the chair and he asked idly, his voice musing, as if he were not thinking of what he asked. "What's that canvas sack?"

"The money. All the money. It isn't touched." Suddenly, she started to cry, making no noise, only the tears rolled down her cheeks. Doc stood above her, helpless, slow fury making his lips tremble.

"They'll get their money back," Doc said slowly. "They'll get something else too. They'll get what I've been wanting to say for seven years."

She looked up at him, fear in her face. "But you can't take the money back now! Not after last night!"

"They think I'm in it already. They'll know it now."

"But why should you be punished?"

Doc smiled unpleasantly. "Let's see if I am," he murmured. He walked over to his desk and took out a six gun and rammed it in his hip pocket. He put on his coat and took up the canvas sack, and all the time she was watching him.

Paused in the doorway, he said, "I guess I need you beside me." He hesitated, at once shy and stubborn. "Afterward, I mean. Will you wait?"

SHE nodded and saw him smile. He went down the steps, holding himself straight, breathing very gently against the fire that was in his ribs. The town was awake and on the street, but the people who stared at Doc didn't bother him. He went upstreet toward the bank, and saw Ferd Willis lounging in its open door. He came erect and put his thumbs in his belt as Doc approached and stopped. Ferd's face was bland and wary, cocked for trouble.

"Changed your mind, Doc?" Ferd asked.

"Not any," Doc said quietly. "He's dead."

Willis looked at him levelly for a moment. "Who was he?"

"You'll never know, Willis. None of you."

"Maybe some more of what we gave you last night would change your mind."

"It might," Doc said gently, "if I got any more. I don't think I will."

He shouldered past Willis, walked the length of the long counter on the right and found Murdo McFie in his office at the rear. McFie rose from behind his desk, his impassive face as surprised as it ever would be. He was about to speak and then changed his mind, and watched Dr. Weber put the money sack on the desk.

"There's your money. All of it."

"Thank you," McFie said in his spare voice.

Dr. Weber stood there waiting for McFie to speak, but McFie was not going to.

"You want to know who stole it, don't you, McFie?"

"I did not say so."

"You said so last night."

McFie's glance dropped to the sack, then raised to Dr. Weber. "That was before the money was returned."

"But your friends want to know."

McFie shook his head slowly. "They were not my friends last night, Dr. Weber. I am a businessman entrusted with money. I tried to get back what rightfully belonged to me. But I would never beat up a man that way to get the name of a thief."

"From now on, no one else will," Dr. Weber said softly.

"I would not put my faith in that," McFie said gently. "This is a rough country, Dr. Weber."

Dr. Weber smiled through thick lips. "I have learned that. For seven years I have whispered, McFie. Now I am going to shout."

McFie's face almost broke into a smile. "I think you could."

"I can," Dr. Weber said. "I am going to in about three minutes."

HE LEFT the office, shouldering past Ferd Willis at the door. Willis said, "Doc," but Dr. Weber did not pause in his stride. A small knot of people across the street watched him swing under the tie rail and cut slanting across the street and go into the express office.

Hod Strosnider was behind the bare counter of the express office calculating something on a piece of wrapping paper. He looked up into Doc's gun.

"Come out from behind there," Doc said. "I'm about to answer your question."

"About the stage robber?" Hod asked suspiciously.

"Any question you ask," Doc murmured. "The answer will be that it's none of your business. Now come out."

Hod came out, his face sullen and scared, trying to get a clue to Doc's real temper from his one good eye. When he was facing Doc, Doc swung the gun barrel in a rising arc that caught Strosnider on the temple, knocking him down.

"That's how it feels," Doc said. He threw the gun through the open door and came over to stand above Hod.

"Get up!"

Hod scrambled up and Doc hit him with his fist. Hod crashed into the paned window, and then the sill caught him behind the knees and he went on through as the window collapsed in a bell-clear jangle of glass.

Outside, Doc saw him lying there on the boardwalk, his arms a little outstretched, palms up, his feet still inside the window. Doc walked over to the gun, picked it up, and swung to face Ferd Willis across the street.

"Did you have something to say to me, Willis?" Doc called.

Willis was utterly motionless for several seconds. Then he said quietly, "I don't reckon, Doc."

"Maybe you have," Doc said. "I think you and all the other big outfits are pirates, Ferd. I think you're dirty. I don't think you'll stand up to a shoot-out alone, Ferd. If you will, try it now."

Ferd Willis didn't move. Doc gave him ten seconds, and then he turned and walked back to his office and the girl.

WHEN Murdo McFie went home for supper that night, he went straight to the kitchen of the big white house that was his home. He kissed his wife, who turned away from the stove to talk to him while he washed his hands at the sink. While he was soaping his hands, he said, "Agnes, do you think you're an important woman in this town?"

His wife was cautious. She could not see his face, and that meant he was hiding it. She smiled, "I'm the banker's wife."

"How do you feel?"

"I never felt better in my life. Why?"

"Could you develop a pain on a day's notice?"

Her friendly eyes narrowed. "What kind of a rowdy trick are you and Charlie Coulter going to play on Dr. Caslin?"

"It's not Dr. Caslin," McFie said, "and it's not a trick. We're changing doctors."

Why not fight fatigue the way fire-fighters do?

YOU'VE probably noticed at a stubborn fire how the firemen take time out now and then for a steaming hot cup of coffee.

During cold weather, you've probably thought that they drank the coffee to warm up. And that's correct. But it's not the only reason.

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COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Of course, coffee is a stimulant. Yet it is a very beneficial one. For it relieves fatigue instead of merely dulling the sense of fatigue as a narcotic does. And when the pleasing effects of coffee wear off, there is no feeling of depression — no physiological craving for more. Check "Wrong" above.

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Leading department stores are featuring, during February and March, the latest in coffee-brewing devices and demonstrating the best methods of brewing coffee. You'll find it interesting.

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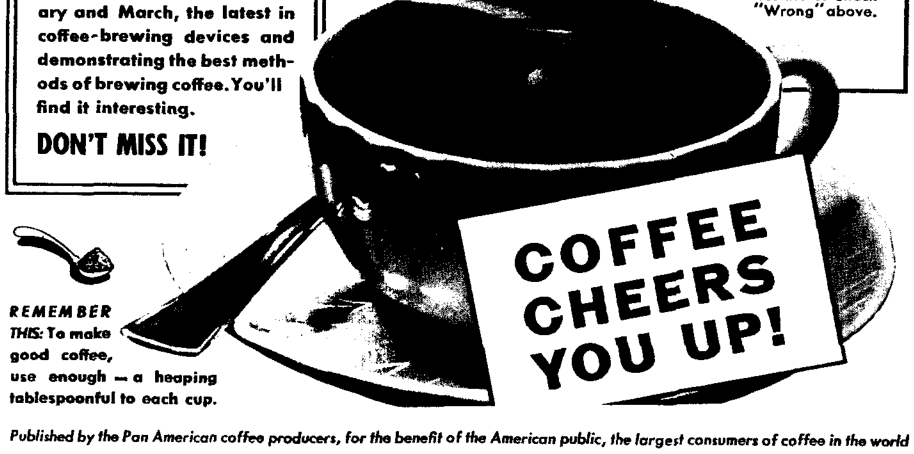
COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

*REMEMBER THIS:* To make good coffee, use enough — a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

*Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world*

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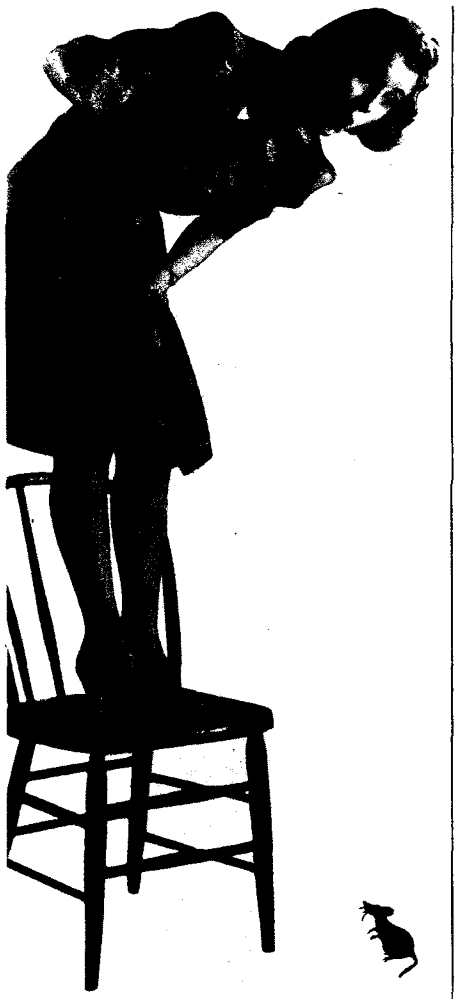

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**Beech-Nut Gum**

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
One of America's GOOD habits

# Planning Your House

Continued from page 21

unbroken view, to let in all the sun and air you desire, to make the garden a part of your house, to give you more usable wall space by breaking it up less.

Most important thing of all, and one of the least considered—the orientation of your house. In every part of the country there is a prevailing breeze. In New England, for instance, the summer breeze comes from the southwest, and a house turned so that the living quarters catch this breeze can be cool and comfortable while the neighbor's house, turned away from it, is hot and uncomfortable. The winter wind is from the north, making it doubly important to turn the other way.

Instead of knuckling under to a gridiron street system, wet your finger to the breeze. Cock your eye to the sun. Figure its movements through the seasons, and how to catch the most winter sunshine—you can actually reduce your heating bills by trapping the sun. Prevailing breeze allowing, the ideal arrangement is south and west exposures for the living room, eastern for kitchen and dining room, to catch the morning sun. Try to concentrate stairways and halls and unimportant rooms on the north side of the house.

### The Land Comes First

Look at the lay of your land, too. Many a house looks like an orphan because the owner, with a hillside lot—for example—on his hands and a center hall colonial first in his affections, has insisted on joining the two together. That's the fallacy of deciding the kind of house you are going to have before you have chosen your land. Every house should be custom-tailored to its site, taking into account the contour of the land, the view, as well as the prevailing breeze and the sun. The only general rule—and your land may make the exception—is not to set your house plunk in the middle, breaking your plot up into unusable little chunks. Keep the house forward, rather, if your orientation allows that, and to one side, cutting down on the necessary amount of walk and drive and increasing the garden area in the rear. Then turn your house and arrange your rooms to make the most of garden, sun and air—the value and enjoyment of your house will be increased a hundred times.

What do you want inside your house? Space, privacy, convenience. Then mind your traffic routine. No traipsing through dining and living rooms to get from kitchen to front door. No stepping smack into the living room through the front door, destroying all hope of privacy there. No placing of rooms so that any casual doorbell pusher standing at the front door can look right into your living room or see what's on the table for dinner. No crossroads living room, forming a hallway to all other parts of the house.

Here are some more points to consider in hitching your rooms together:

The garage. The convenience and economy of an attached garage is pretty well acknowledged now. But from garage to house the course is devious. With astonishing frequency the point is lost—there is no connecting link. You plow from garage to front door through whatever snow and rain may be about. Or a connecting door leads into the kitchen, and the home-coming family tramps through at a crucial stage of the cake baking. Guests, arriving by car, come behind scenes first. Maybe you like this homey approach. Or maybe bundling the groceries direct from car to kitchen is the important point to you. But you're missing a fine bet if you don't give thought to all your other arrivals by motor, and to the idea of entering from your car into the living area of your house—through a door into the hall, or under a covered porch or sheltering eaves to the front door.

The fireplace. Fireplaces—that work—still rank high on the wanted list. You'd think that meant that people like to sit around an open fire. But apparently you'd be wrong. Because too *many fireplaces have major* doorways plunk on either side of them. The resulting lack of space makes it impossible to arrange chairs in any comfortable or permanent fashion near the fireplace, and anyway who wants to sit in a traffic lane?

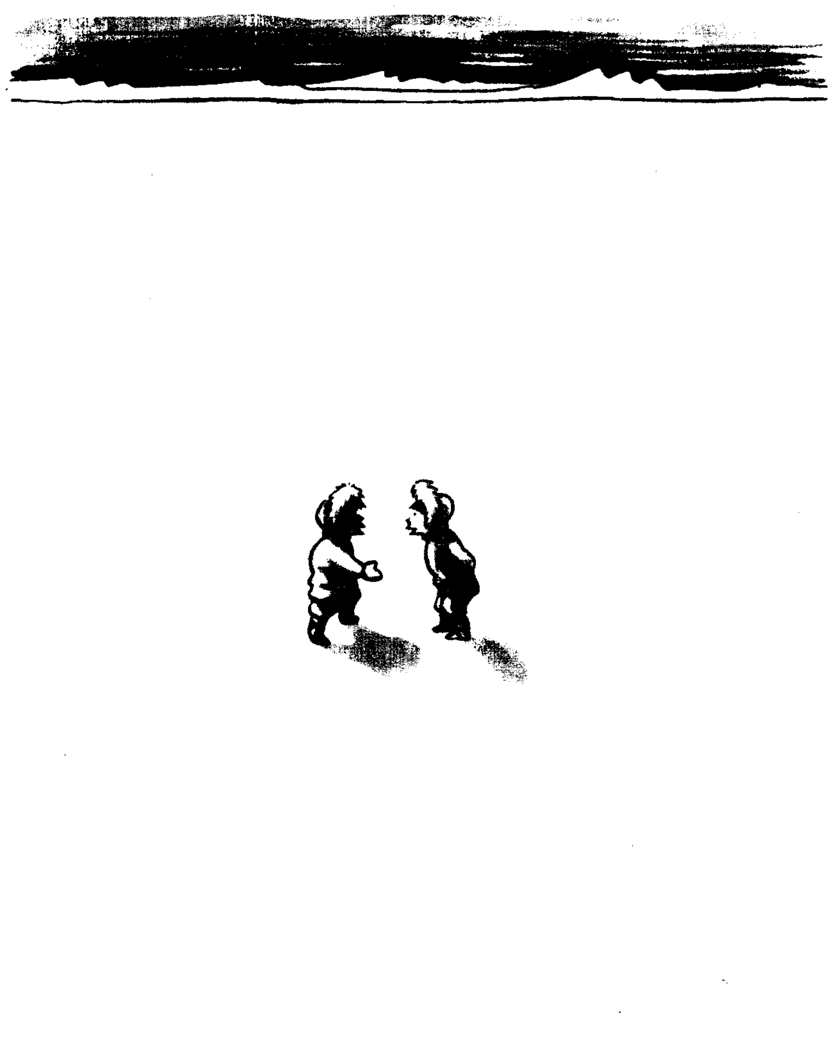
The two-door bathroom. In our justifiable craze for bathrooms and more bathrooms, we have gladly spent money on them. And then as a minor economy we have stuck a bathroom between two bedrooms, introducing the two-door menace. Forgetting to unlock doors . . . forgetting to lock doors . . . hubbub or silent mutterings, depending on the temperament of family and guests. If you can afford a second bath, you can afford a single entrance for it from the hallway.

Not only do you want to study connections between rooms for privacy and easy circulation. You want to think of the spaciousness of these rooms. Houses today are smaller and more compact—because we prefer to put our money into wonder-working equipment instead of into unneeded space, and because we want easy housekeeping. But there is no need to feel cramped in a small house. This same modern equipment, along with modern construction, eliminates any chance of that.

### Open Up Your Rooms

The tight little Colonial house with rooms easily shut off had to be that way to conserve heat. Now, with insulation and heating that can deal with large spaces, with construction that allows for broad spans without bearing partitions, rooms are opening up. The chilly parlor, closed against state occasions, is long since forgotten. It has merged with the sitting room to make a good-sized living room, which in turn is reaching out more and more to include the space formerly devoted only to dining. So even the smallest house can be one big spacious room downstairs, plus hallway and compact kitchen. Think of the possibilities this offers for airy, sunny space and ample entertaining, before you vote for the more limiting arrangement of small dining room on one side of the hallway, smallish living room on the other.

There is another way we gain space today. Terraces carry the house out into the garden, and a good five months of the year—more in many parts of the country—we live out there. So cannily placed terraces can enlarge the seeming size of your living room. In placing your dining area, consider the pleasure of an adjoining terrace for dining in the



"Let's play hide and seek!"

AL KAELIN

garden, and the shortcomings of a dining room that fronts on the street.

Play space for the children out-of-doors is another extension of your house into the open that rates planning along with the house. Put it within range of a watchful eye in the kitchen, and you'll save time and steps.

But rooms don't have to be large to seem spacious. A small room, properly proportioned and furnished, can seem so. That brings you right down to planning each individual room to its uses, an obvious enough procedure that is as rare as it is obvious.

Too many rooms are empty boxes broken up by scattered window openings and doorways, to be coped with after you move in—which is too late. Take a tip from your kitchen instead.

### Do Your Thinking First

The kitchen is the most workable, usable room in many houses for the very reason that it has been most studied and planned. Experts have mopped their brows over the housewife's every move. Would she mind bending here? Can she reach there? Does she need a counter in this spot? Storage space . . . working centers . . . the production line from refrigerator to sink to stove to dining table.

Give some of the same thought to your other rooms. Before your architect puts pencil to paper, show him the furniture you have and tell him about the furniture you covet. See to it that your living room is of such proportion and movable seating capacity that small groups can gather in different parts of the room if it's that kind of party, or the whole gang can rally round one spot.

An important point in any room is to group the openings as much as possible, to save wall space. Try to concentrate doorways in one corner, so that there won't be any danger, either, of the room's becoming a crossroads. Bank your windows to take advantage of sun and breeze, and especially where there's a view keep them low enough so that you can see out from your chair.

Just as your kitchen cabinets are built in to conserve space and to make a more workable room, so built-in furniture elsewhere can be a help to you. Especially in bedrooms. Built-in cabinets around the walls, built-in desk or even combination desk and dressing table, can make a very capacious living-bedroom out of small space.

Morning sun in a bedroom is pleasant, but not in your eyes. So place beds and windows accordingly. See that there's cross ventilation, but that there's space for the beds out of the direct draft.

Whether you vote for dining room, or a dining area of the living room that can be closed off by sliding door or curtain when you wish, be sure it is large enough to be usable—twelve feet is minimum width for service around a center table.

Closets—never enough closets. But it's not just a question of how many. It's a matter of what kind, if you want to get the most use out of your space. The clothes closet you can walk into feels luxurious, and it is, wasting any amount of space. The most efficient one is two feet deep, deep enough for a hanger, and opens all its width; also all the way to the ceiling, for dead storage up above. Closets fitted with shoe racks, hat holders, chests, can double their use. You have to think of storage space for the family skis and kiddie cars and outdoor furniture—we've seen a "model house" complete with swanky noncollapsible terrace furniture, and not an inch of space to stow it out of season. The old-time catch-all attic and basement aren't the most economical answer, either. Think of making your garage wide enough to allow for storage closets along one side of it, plan storage space on each floor for the things most used there—including a cleaning supply cupboard for the second floor.

That's what house planning is—foresight, a realization of the great possibilities in the elements you have to work with, knowledge to make the most of them. That's why you need to give it a lot of thought and all the expert advice you can get. That's why finding your own answers is more fun—and more profitable—than taking someone else's.

## What the Germans Think

Continued from page 17

journalist in Germany has this experience: Hans will, if he knows and trusts you, discuss Hitler with you calmly. But Gretchen will fly at you like a cat if you criticize the Fuehrer.

A proper valuation of this has Freudian twists which are beyond your reporter. It is obvious that Hitler's sexless life has put some kind of halo around him. His known charming manners, his gentleness toward women, the facts of his mother complex, seem to make him more understandable to feminine hearts than to masculine heads. He is constantly addressing himself, as with intimate understanding, to German mothers—telling them he will not allow their sons and husbands to be slaughtered needlessly. His manners, his humanity, are often on view in German newsreels. All over the darkened theater you can hear a murmur from the women, as when Shirley Temple comes on at home.

Things like this endear him: In his speech, offering peace at the end of the Polish campaign, he paused impressively, dropped his voice into tenderest notes, and requested his deputies to rise while he read the casualty figures. In Munich, at the funeral of the Burgerbraukeller victims, he took gentle hold of each bereaved widow's arm, gazed long and compassionately into her eyes—and did not speak. The scene was sheer genius.

12. Lastly, Hans believes there is no likelihood of a revolution in Germany, regardless of any circumstances now foreseeable. He laughs off such talk as Jewish propaganda, sour grapes of exiled intellectuals, or plain hopeful thinking of Germany's military enemies. He says not only are opportunities for revolution lacking but also the widespread desire and organization that would be necessary if revolt were to be a match for the Gestapo, the party troopers, and the police.

There you have the basic testament of the German common people's war morale. In addition, of course, Hans cherishes interesting generalizations and illusions about his country's enemies and allies. Since these form a valuable portion of his morale, you must let him tell them to you if you want a comprehensive picture of what he thinks.

Italy—Hans traditionally, enthusiastically and without exception mistrusts and despises Guiseppe. It is a conception which dips far back into tribal hatreds of north for south, or hard for weak. But among the numerous Italian stories current in Germany there are some that indicate more recent, more practical, reasons for dislike. For example, the tale that when Mussolini

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Just take 4 envelopes Knox Gelatine daily for 2 weeks...then 2 a day for 2 weeks. After that, take as required.

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paid his state visit to Berlin, Hitler assigned him a special telephone number—1915—a not-subtle reference to the famous year in which Italy double-crossed the Kaiser's Germany. And, of course, Hitler's popularly repeated reasons for wanting Italy to remain neutral: "If Italy is neutral, I need send only one division to watch the frontier. But if Italy fights on our side, I will have to send twenty divisions to rescue her from the French!"

Hans will tell you that only fear of Germany's revenge will restrain Italy from accepting English gold and promises again, as in the last war. A German airman's neck veins bulged purply over his collar as he assured me: "If Italy goes on England's side, and even if Germany is then beaten to the point where we have only one airplane and one bomb and one tankful of petrol left—I will take that airplane and fly to Rome and drop that last bomb smack into Mussolini's lap in the Palazzo Venezia!"

### Russia is No Cause for Worry

Russia—About Ivan, Hans has no such pat ideas. Hans, when he thinks of Ivan at all, thinks of him as a lazy, inefficient spitter of watermelon seeds. Certainly not a fellow to rely on in a jam.

Undoubtedly, in the early autumn, the average German was decidedly uneasy about Hitler's deal with Russia. Somewhat in vain, so far as public opinion went, Herr Goebbels' manifold and busy workers "explained" the pact contained neither political nor military dangers for the Reich and cultivated the thought that Russia was just a great, rich, friendly clover patch from which busy German bees would draw honey.

There were plain signs that the wisecracking impression which swept the rest of the world had percolated into Germany and had its effect here: "The war is already over. Stalin has won it!" A great many average Germans believed just that in October and November.

The official explainers placed great stress upon the fact that England had tried to get the pact with Russia, but that Germany had beaten her to it. They informed Hans that Hitler's genius had forestalled a repetition of the militarily difficult and economically insurmountable situation of 1914. Then Germany had essayed the impossible job of fighting major wars on two fronts at once: Then she had been tied in a bag by the Anglo-French policy of encirclement. Then, twenty-three nations had lined up against her. If, even then, she had been able to fight four years, come near to victory, and give up finally only to "hunger and treachery," with her troops retiring intact and in good order before an inch of her soil had been conquered—wasn't it a promise of victory this time, if she kept her north, east and south frontiers open?

Wasn't the economic pact with Russia a guarantee of Doctor Goebbel's reassurances that no one shall go hungry or cold or unclothed in Germany?

There never was any official suggestion of military help from Russia. Where could Russian soldiers be used? After all, there is a limit to the number of men you can crowd into a given area. Unless you stand them on one another's heads. Germany has the Westwall fully manned, and other borders adequately guarded, yet she is not more than three-quarters mobilized herself.

The propagandists further told Hans that, whatever foreign enemies might hint, he needn't worry now or in the future that Red soldiers would overrun Germany: even a Germany hard pressed in the west. A Germany prostrate and helpless before Russian soldiers was inconceivable.

What one German tank officer told me was typical of the word fetched back from Poland by scores of thousands of the fighting men and quickly made national gossip: He had been at the famous meeting near Brest-Litovsk of Red and Nazi troops. He said: "The Russians are the sloppiest-looking soldiers I've ever seen. Their officers are badly trained and have no control. The political commissars who are attached to each regiment are crackpots. Their equipment doesn't run more often than it does. If we had not demoralized the Poles before the Russkys marched in, the Poles would have done for them. It's a pity we didn't fight them instead of the Poles. We could have saved at least 9,000 of the 10,000 lives we lost. I tell you, if we ever fight the Russians we'll go through to Moscow quicker than we got to Warsaw!"

This officer's remarks were attested by all correspondents who saw the Russian matériel strewn along the roads into Poland.

In *one* respect, the Finnish adventure of the Russians has been a godsend at home to German propagandists. It has strengthened Hitler's reputation by confirming his promises to Hans that Russia was no lurking menace; it swept away all Hans' doubts of the wisdom of trading with the bear at the risk of its claws. However this corroboration does not arrive as an unmixed satisfaction: Russia at war more than half defeats Germany's plan. It would be difficult enough to milk Russia at peace, with her notably bad transportation, lack of time sense, industrial amateurishness and slovenly honor.

Nevertheless, Hans firmly believes Russia is vast enough so that dents in her hide—say at Finland and Turkey—won't alter her potential value to him. He thinks of her as a sort of helpless elephantine aphid for German ants. He knows that Germany will have to go after what it wants from Russia; that her riches are still largely undeveloped after twenty years of The Great Experiment; and that German brains, diligence, engineers, skill are necessary to exploit them.

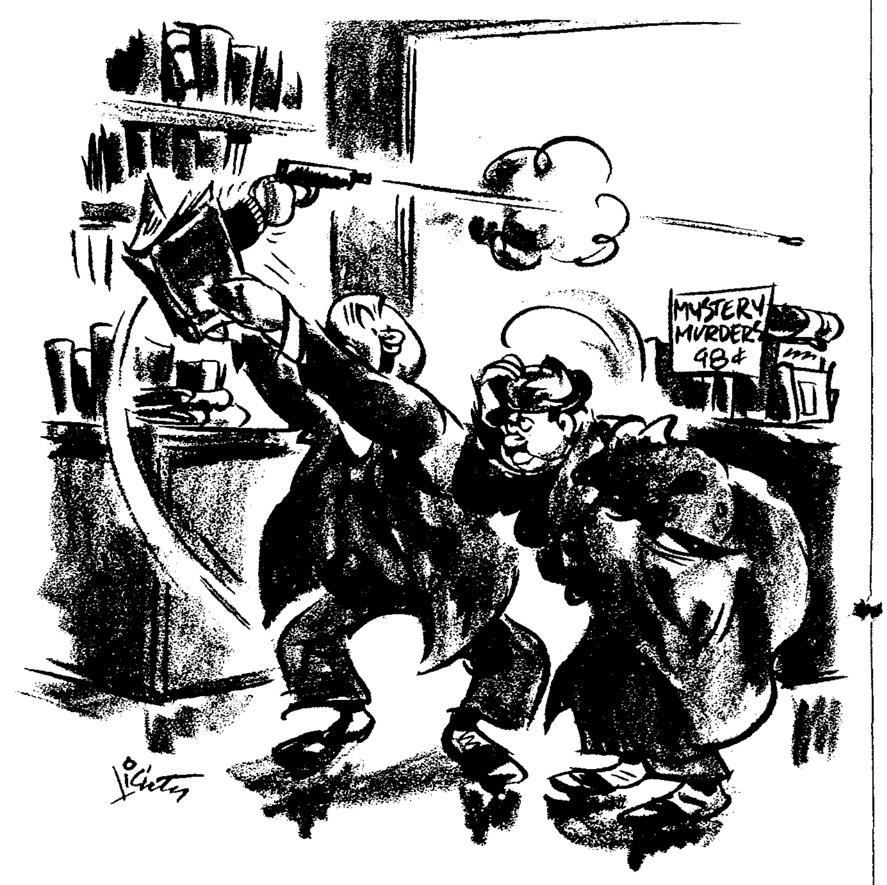
Thus Hans' morale, with regard to Germany's better chances now than in 1914 to resist the hunger blockade of England, is enormously fortified when he is told that German technicians by thousands are pouring eastward to help Russia help Germany. He knows that hundreds of thousands of Polish prisoners have been used this winter to continue Germany's famous great auto highways across Poland toward and into Russia: he knows that Zeppelins are shuttling back and forth as fast as they can be operated, carrying hundreds of tons of the rarer and more precious raw materials from Russia to Germany's furiously busy airplane factories.

### What Russia is Really For

Hans observes Polish rolling stock mixed with German as an everyday matter of course, and knows that Poland's railways have been rebuilt where necessary, reconditioned, added to, and are now running on a scale they never before knew. All the other things he was told about Russia having proved true, he now believes when he is told that within a year—certainly before raw-material and food reserves are depleted in Germany, and the need of replenishment becomes acute—his technicians, engineers, builders will have laid bare for Germany's use the country that propagandists assure him is as lavishly endowed with natural resources and wealth as the United States—the nation which in common with all Europeans he has always looked to enviously.

If developments ever make it expedient for Hitler to join *arms* with Red Stalin, the Reich's spokesmen are going to have a very bad time, indeed, with a very bewildered Hans. He is going to smell queer things behind a necessity which sees him fighting against the white people of western Europe who, after all, are his close racial kin, on behalf of the half-civilized hordes from the half-lights of Asia.

France—With regard to Jean Duval, average Frenchman, Hans has an easy conscience. He professes sympathy, too. He truly believes that Jean has no stomach for this fight. Every German is convinced that France went reluctantly into war, under economic and po-



**"—and just as you're about to discover the murderer—bang! But you've got to be quick!"** GEORGE LICHTY litical intimidation by England. He knows that France was the traditional enemy of England from pre-Elizabethan to Great War times, over which should be kingpin in Europe. He says that Germany has taken France's historic role as England's continental rival; that Germany is really carrying on France's ancient fight.

Devil's Island, as a criterion of French justice and humanity, is well publicized in Germany with its foulest details. Hans is told that if this hell blot is a fair sample of French democracy, his own concentration camps for racial and state enemies are not so bad.

When I asked a German editor how he could justify Hans' theory that France had nothing to fear from Germany, in view of Herr Hitler's threats to her in his bible, "Mein Kampf," he said:

"Your Mr. Roosevelt in a campaign speech in Pittsburgh before he was elected President told the American Legion he would balance the budget. He did not balance the budget. Consistency, in the nature of shifting home and world affairs, cannot be a political virtue. Hitler wrote Mein Kampf when he was a young man, romantically bitter against a vengeful enemy: a great politician campaigning for public sentiment for his cause. He has corrected his foreign policy toward France in the light of maturer views and—call it wisdom, experience, whatever you please."

England—It is when he considers John Bull that Hans' morale cavorts like a seismograph needle in a heavy and prolonged earthquake. Ask Hans which, of all nationalities, he would most like to be if he could not be a German. He will instantly tell you: "Englische!" The biggest compliment you can pay an educated German is to admire his English speech; telling him you could easily mistake him for an Englishman. On all German streets, in all German clubs and sport gatherings, you observe young men who by the use of tweeds, atrocious neckties and studied informality, young women who by the use of bad shoes and airs of remote preciousness, try hard to "look English." Because they are similar physically, many of them succeed.

### The English Need a Bogeyman

Yet it is England that in German eyes is the repository of all political wickedness; the home of pirates, the flouters of international law; the greedy Colossus, the jealous, selfish, evil genius that refuses to live in peace with Germany in a world of equal rights, prosperity and progress, and gets other nations to gang up on her merely to keep crowded, vigorous Germany from getting a just share of the world's opportunities.

You have the feeling that Hans, left to himself, would not hate England. But he is not left to himself. It is officially fashionable to hate England, so every Hans, well off or humble, professional man or laborer, stolidly and unemotionally hates England, lists England's vices for you at the drop of a consonant.

One night I went to a theater with a German friend. He spent most of my time denouncing England. "This foolishness," he said, "of English statesmen who make speeches and send their airmen to drop leaflets saying that England is not fighting the German people, but Hitlerism! We Germans know it is an old trick of English propaganda always to have a name—a bogeyman. Once it was Bismarck. Then it was Kaiser Wilhelm. . . . Now if it weren't Adolf Hitler it would be Gus Schwartz or Fritz Kornberg.

"Why don't the English fight us like warriors as the French do? Instead, they fight our women and children and old people by the hunger blockade!"

The play we were attending was Shakespeare's Hamlet—in *English*, by the way. English is still taught freely in all German schools: is the most popular "second" language. You can speak it on streets, trains and in stores without being socked. The police say there are still several hundred English residents in Germany, who remain unmolested if their characters are known to be "good."

See if all that makes sense!

What Hans Schmidt thinks about John Smith isn't novel or important, save in one respect. He shares, in common with average middle classes of virtually all European countries, familiar opinions of us gained from American movies and the European press. He calls us the best half-informed people in the world, thinks we are crazy and intemperate, and, next to Germany, the most anti-Semitic nation. He knows all the debate counters about lynchings, strikes, child labor, political corruption, and our international reputation for inability to mind our own business. But he does not think we shall get into this war.

### Hans Waits—Anxiously

Hans lays this to our practical hardheadedness. "It's plain business. If someone cheats you once, doesn't pay up what he owes, then you don't lend him any more, do you? And if you don't lend him, then you don't have to fight his battles." The Neutrality Act didn't upset him much, but led him to make a cynical prediction: "Now you sell them, for cash, and they tell you what a nice fellow you are. But afterwards they will tell you how cruel and hard you were, bleeding money from them when they were in trouble. And they will call you Uncle Shylock again." He takes much comfort from believing that.

There are perhaps three main chances for a smashup in Hans' morale. Great slaughter of his soldiers. America's entry into the war, even if she threw only money, naval, and complete aviation resources into it. Prolonged acute hunger of his family. In the order named. Hunger and cold are placed last, by most observers, because this is a test of stamina and courage of which the Germans have much, and because Germans have always been used to the discipline of scanty cupboards by poverty if not by edict. The Germans, too, share a characteristic with their principal enemies, the French and English. They don't scare easily. Which is perhaps what makes the prospect, if this war really gets under way, so horrible to contemplate.

Hans has been told that 1940 will be a year of Fate for the German nation. With anxiety, with a burdened heart and a wanting body, but certainly not with fear, Hans Schmidt faces what may be the most momentous springtime in world history. He dreads the thought that it may be a spring red with blood, shadowed by death, instead of green in beauty and the promise of new life.

Otto, a waiter in Munich's Burgerbraukeller, two days before (Allah be praised!) the blast that just missed Hitler, revealed to me that behind German faces, grave and steeled in fortitude, there is plaintiveness: Otto has been a waiter since he was eleven years old. He has worked in the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago; places in New York. For seventeen years he was steward in a London club. There he shared lodgings with an English pal, in Shaftesbury Avenue in Soho. He was glad to loiter around and talk to me while I struggled with *Ersatz* coffee.

"You know, if me and Joe—that was my pal's name, Joe, Joe Holmes—could sit down and talk this business over, we'd fix it up pretty quick, you bet," he sighed.

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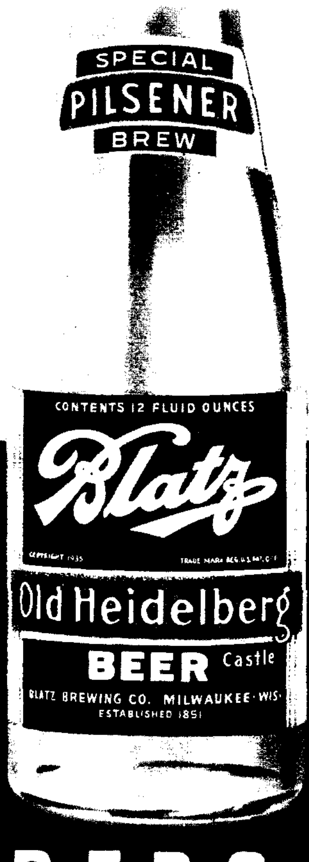

Blatz
OLD HEIDELBERG
BEER

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# Footwork

Continued from page 24

sitting at the desk. "Radford had his head well back, or else the killer was also a six-footer," he decided.

The floor of the library between the fireplace and the door in the south wall yielded traces of the same earth that Lee had discovered between the desk and the hallway door. "Exit to porch. I'll have a look around outside after I interview Chen Yung."

From the porch door of the library James Lee looked across a fifty-foot stretch of lawn to the gravel roadway leading to the garage. The glass door was locked. He opened it and looked down at the gray-painted surface of the porch. He saw against the gray four more discolorations similar to those produced by the brown earth on the library floor.

He stepped out upon the porch, intending to examine these, when he was halted by the ringing of the telephone bell. Jim Riley was on the line.

"Wilbur and I are in Kratter's room at the Pyramid Hotel," Riley reported. "We have Kratter with us. Do you want to talk to him before we start?"

"I will talk to him down here," James Lee said. "Bring him down right away."

He hung up the telephone. On the instant, the click of the receiver was echoed violently by the crack of a rifle shot over toward the garage and the whine of a bullet passing within an inch of James Lee's left ear. He heard the projectile smack into the redwood paneling of the library wall. A bluejay on the driveway took flight.

James Lee saw a tall Chinese man standing at the corner of the garage. The man was carrying a single-shot .22.

Lee stepped to the open glass door. "You damned fool!" he exclaimed. "Come here! Have you no better sense than to shoot without looking? Who are you? Wait—don't come into this room."

THE Chinese man, speaking perfect English, began an abject apology: "I'm terribly sorry. I beg your pardon. These bluejays around here destroy—"

"Be more careful in the future," James Lee admonished. "Who are you?"

"I am Chen Yung," the Chinese said. "Fong Sam's helper. I am the houseboy."

Abruptly, in Cantonese, as Chen Yung approached, "Your master is dead," James Lee announced.

In the same vernacular, exhibiting no emotion at the announcement, "A superior man," Chen Yung said evenly.

"How long have you worked for Mr. Radford?"

"Nearly a year," Chen Yung answered.

"A good master?"

"The best. Kindly, generous, thoughtful and considerate of his servants. *Teh-huang*."

At this, "Where were you born?" James Lee asked abruptly.

Chen Yung hesitated. Then, "In Hoy Soon City, Canton."

"Perfect," James Lee said in Manchu. "Perfect."

Chen Yung smiled. Quickly then, "A man can dig his own grave with his tongue," James Lee suggested.

"Only the blind see ghosts," Chen Yung said pleasantly .

The lines around James Lee's mouth hardened. "Always the smartest monkey falls from the highest tree," he suggested. "There is a last step to every journey."

Chen Yung bowed. "A minnow laughs at the stranded shark."

"No," James Lee answered. Oily words but the heart of a tiger, he decided. To Chen Yung, "An intelligent man recognizes the will of heaven. No man can travel two roads at once. Wait there on the porch."

Lee reached for the telephone on the library desk. To the operator, "Please connect me with the county sheriff's office." After a moment, to the man who answered the telephone, "This is James Lee speaking," he said. "I am at Bowman Radford's house in Sunridge. Mr. Radford was murdered last night. . . . Perhaps the sheriff had better bring the coroner with him, and a man from the homicide detail. I will wait for them."

He replaced the telephone and called to Chen Yung, "Who killed Mr. Radford?"

"I have no idea," Chen Yung answered.

"Did he have enemies? Was he in trouble? Did he possess valuables that might attract a thief?"

"Nothing here of great value, so far as I know," Chen Yung said. "Enemies? None. . . . Trouble? Every man has trouble."

"That's all," James Lee said. "Go back to the kitchen and wait there until I send for you."

James Lee forthwith began a search of Radford's desk. In the middle drawer on the left-hand side there was a manila folder containing a file of correspondence—carbon copies of letters addressed to Tiburcio Lopez of Mexico City, and a dozen others addressed to Swenson & Clark of Seattle. With these were originals of letters from Lopez and from Swenson & Clark.

A quick inspection of this correspondence showed that Lopez and the Seattle people had been competitive bidders on the purchase of four steamships, the Crown Prince, the Castle Prince, the Cormorant and the Cavalier, on all of which Bowman Radford held an option. A telegram from Swenson & Clark, final in its tone, offered three hundred and forty thousand dollars for the ships. A radiogram from Lopez in Mexico City, of the same date as the Swenson & Clark telegram, offered four hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the ships.

The lower left-hand drawer of Radford's desk held a collection of photographs. In one of these there was a slim girl in riding clothes. The same girl appeared in thirty other informal poses. Underneath this stack of snapshots, James Lee found half a dozen portraits of the girl, made by various photographers in Mexico City, Paris and San Francisco. She was beautiful, beyond question; and there was a momentary regret in James Lee's heart when the ringing of the front doorbell interrupted him.

He opened the door to face Dr. Warren, Sheriff Kern and Joseph Conroy of the homicide detail.

"Where is the dead man?" Sheriff Kern asked brusquely.

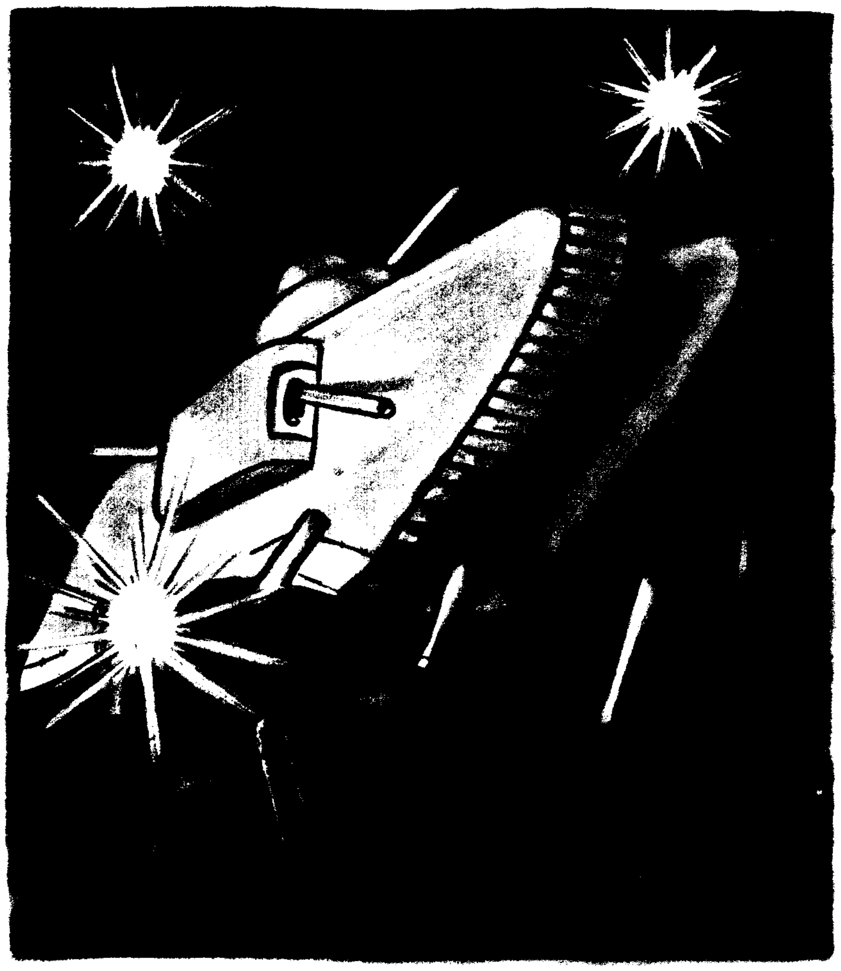
"Mr. Radford's body is in the library," James Lee said. "I telephoned. My name is James Lee, of the Bureau of Investigation."

SHERIFF KERN held out his hand. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Lee. Shake hands with Dr. Warren, the county coroner. This is my deputy, Mr. Conroy."

James Lee bowed. "Radford was killed, I believe, with that miner's pick there on that desk," he said.

"How did you get on the job?" Sheriff Kern asked.

"Mr. Radford's Chinese cook, Fong



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PISO'S (PIE-SO'S) [illegible] DUE TO COLDS

Sam, telephoned me. He was afraid that he would be held for the murder."

"He'll be held, all right. Who else was there in the house? You find anything?"

James Lee laid a pair of yellow pigskin gloves on the desk. "I think the killer wore these gloves. I found them in the driver's seat of Radford's car. The car is in the garage."

Sheriff Kern grunted. "Anything else?"

"Various things. Mr. Radford had a visitor last night. Rolf Kratter. My men picked him up in San Francisco. They are bringing him down here."

"When are they due?"

"Any time now."

The sheriff nodded toward Chen Yung, who stood quietly on the porch. "Who is this other Chink?"

"He is a houseboy in this house."

Of Chen Yung, "Listen, Chink, was you here last night?" Sheriff Kern demanded.

"It was my night off," Chen Yung said. "I was in Palo Alto."

"How long you been working for Mr. Radford?"

JAMES LEE turned and walked out of the library. In the kitchen, to old Fong Sam, "These men are the police officers of this district. They search for the truth," James Lee explained to his countryman. "In the meantime, I would have light on a dark pathway. Your master and his guest—they were at peace?"

"No—they quarreled bitterly."

"How long did they quarrel?"

"Two hours, perhaps. I went to my bed while they were still shouting."

"Thank you. You would say that the visitor murdered your master?"

Fong Sam's voice was thin with fear. "I am sure of it," he affirmed.

The ringing of the doorbell interrupted him. James Lee turned.

"I'll open it," he called to Sheriff Kern. "It is probably my men, with Kratter. I'll bring him in."

James Lee opened the front door. He nodded to Riley and Wilbur. "Come in, Mr. Kratter," he said to the third man. "I'm James Lee." To Riley: "How did he take it?"

Riley looked down at the handcuffs on Kratter's wrists. "Like a tiger."

"First door to the left," James Lee directed, his eyes fixed on Rolf Kratter's face.

Rolf Kratter looked about him at the group in the library, and then down at the dead man. "The dog is dead," he grunted. "Good! Good!" Then, as his gaze lifted to the top of the library desk, "My gloves! I forgot them."

"You are sure that they are your gloves?" James Lee questioned.

"Yes. I must have left them in the car when the Chinese houseboy drove me to the train."

"What time was that?" Lee asked.

"Around 10:30," Kratter said.

"Radford's Chinese cook, Fong Sam, tells me that you and Radford had a violent argument last night."

"I hated him."

"Why?"

"First of all, he took my wife away from me. Then after that—"

"Just a moment." James Lee opened a drawer in Radford's desk that held the photographs of the girl. He showed several of them to Kratter. "Was this girl your wife?"

"She was until she divorced me."

"She married Radford?"

"No. He would not marry her. She's dead. He broke her heart."

"If you did kill him, I can't blame you for it," James Lee offered. "Your other reason for hating him?"

"I owned some mining property. I was worth half a million dollars when I met Radford. Before the show was over he broke me."

"Why did you come here last night to see him?"

"I had to have money."

"And the pair of you got into a fight and you killed him!" Sheriff Kern concluded. "I guess that's all, Kratter," he said, facing the broken man. "I hold you for the murder of Bowman Radford. That's all."

"Yes, that is all," Rolf Kratter repeated quietly. "I did not kill him, but thank God the dog is dead."

Sheriff Kern turned to James Lee. "You want a receipt for him, Mr. Lee?"

"We'll hold the deal for a moment, Sheriff, if you don't mind." James Lee turned to old Fong Sam. In Cantonese: "When you went to your room last night while your master and Mr. Kratter were quarreling, what shoes did you wear?"

"I wore these shoes." Fong Sam exhibited a pair of rusty black leather shoes.

"Where did you sleep?"

"In my room back of the kitchen."

"Thank you." James Lee turned to face the houseboy, Chen Yung. "Where were you last night?" he asked.

"I spent the night in Palo Alto."

"Wearing those Chinese felt slippers that you have on?"

"No. I wore leather shoes."

"What time did you go to Palo Alto?"

"About eleven o'clock."

"That is not true! You were here after midnight. The worm casts on the lawn—the dew does not fall until after midnight. Your pathway across the lawn is still clearly visible. The mud of the worm casts on the rug there and there—and on the painted floor of the porch— Why did you wear Mr. Kratter's gloves when you came in? Why did you return them to the car?"

"What do you mean? Do you think I am mixed up with this murder?"

"You killed your master. Your motive? Shall we say you were trying to make sure that the Crown Prince, the Castle Prince, the Cormorant and the Cavalier would not be sold to Japan for the metal of munitions? Of the two offers, from the timbermen and from Lopez, your master had decided on Lopez, notoriously an agent of China's enemies. Chen Yung, you are not of Canton. Manchu—your speech betrays you. Small hands, small feet—you tall men of North China! Your small footprints across the lawn!"

Chen Yung glared at James Lee. "I was not in this house yesterday night!"

"You lie! You speak Cantonese as poorly as I speak Manchu. I admire the Kuomintang and their ideals, but in this job you have not served your party very well. You killed your master!"

CHEN YUNG'S eyes blazed with a sudden rage. "Yes, I killed him!" he confessed proudly. "The four ships would have been sold to Japan. I killed Radford, and now, follow him to death!"

Chen Yung's right hand swung up and outward. A thin steel blade flashed down at James Lee's heart. Before it struck, Frank Wilbur's clenched fist crashed against the killer's chin. Chen Yung crumpled to the floor.

James Lee nodded to Wilbur. "Good work," he said. "Thank you."

The sheriff looked down at the inert Manchu, then at Frank Wilbur. "Another ounce in that wallop would have saved the state a gashouse job," he said admiringly.

James Lee addressed Rolf Kratter. "I deeply regret the inconvenience you have suffered at our hands," he said, smiling gravely. "These jobs are never finished until—"

"Until they are ended," Kratter suggested. "This one is ended, and Radford is dead." He held out his wrists to James Lee. "These handcuffs—I have worn them long enough?" he asked. ". . . And thank you for saving my life!"

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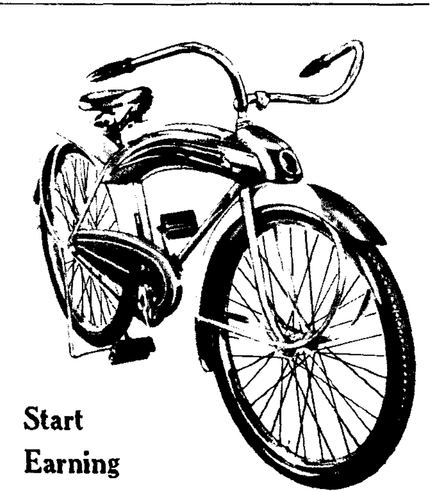

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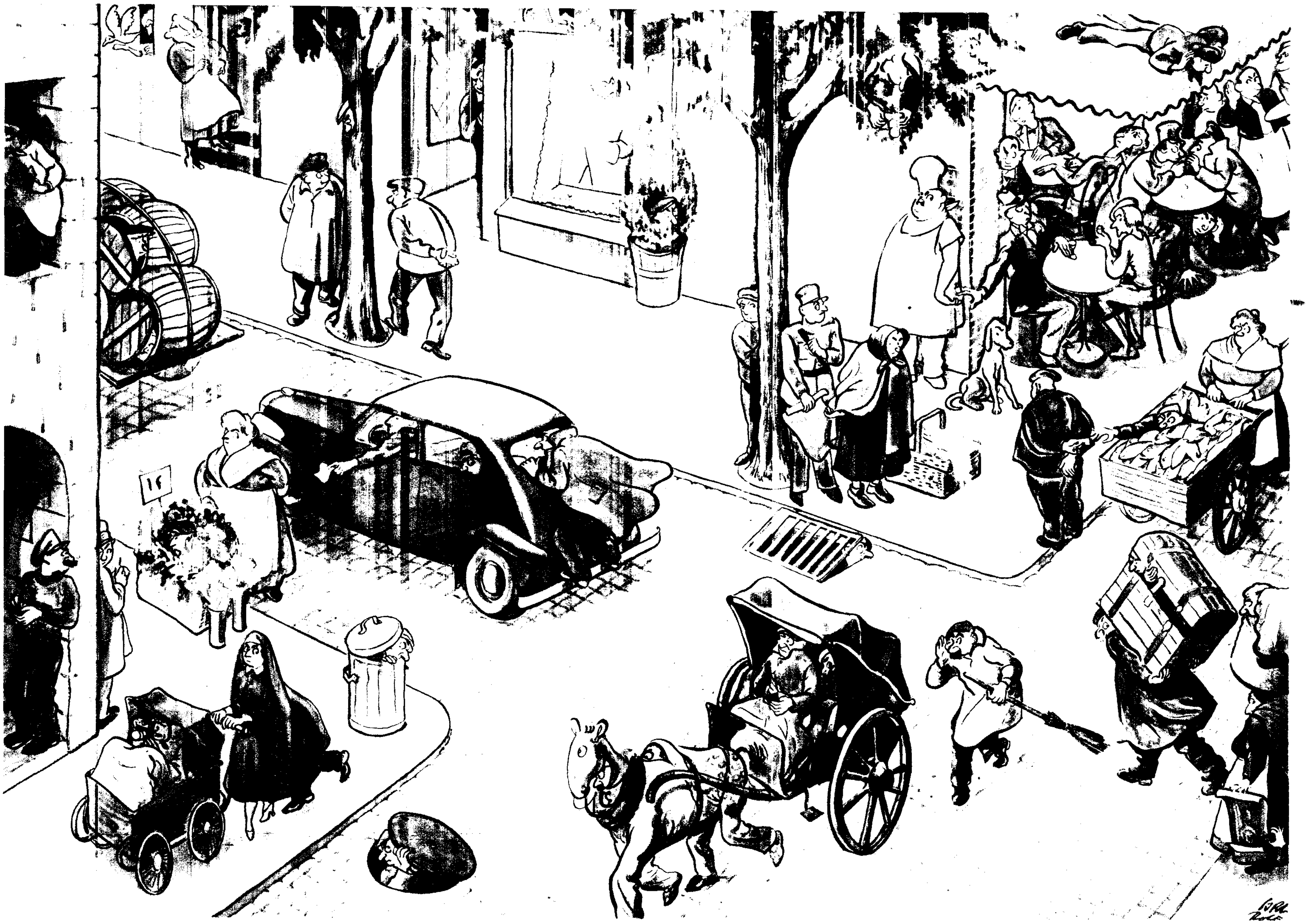

Foreign agents begin to see secret agents hovering everywhere in the great capitals of Europe

# A Spy and his Money

## By Frank Gervasi

**Spies lurk at every corner and keyhole in Europe. Good ones are rare; most of them are punks who spy by the piece for pin money. But they all eat**

THE smooth-faced young Dutchman wanted to buy some uniforms, three or four; more if they were available. To pudgy little Tailor Blom, as he burrowed among camphory shelves, matching pants to tunics, this seemed an unusual purchase. He had sold many uniforms in recent days in his stuffy secondhand shop in Amsterdam as Holland mobilized hurriedly to meet a threatened Nazi invasion. But never more than two at a time, and never at the asking price.

The young Dutchman was as ill-mannered and nervous as he was hasty. He told Blom he wanted the uniforms for a theatrical production that was to include several officer characters and made an acid reference to the "inquisitiveness of old fools."

"Maybe I am an old fool," thought Blom as he wrapped the uniforms in thick brown paper, "but this young upstart is a bigger fool. I sell him for 800 guilders four uniforms. That is 200 guilders for each and twice the value of new ones. But he does not argue about the price—strange—for a Dutchman."

Aloud he said: "Will you take the package with you, Mynheer, or shall I send it?"

"I will take it with me. I have a car outside."

It was only then Tailor Blom noticed the American sedan at the curb. There was a man in it, a middle-aged man who might have been the young Dutchman's father. The older man sat quietly at the wheel and Blom noted that the motor was running.

Blom stood for a moment, his purplish face outthrust, his tobacco-stained mustache quivering in the quick wind. His heavy lips moved as he repeated to himself the car's license numbers. He watched the sedan turn a corner.

Inside his shop he whipped his measuring tape from around his shoulders, locked the door and then, with a stub of pencil, noted the number on a scrap of paper.

His recent customer had spoken little, but in that little had revealed a telltale unfamiliarity with the rumbling "r's" of the slightly adenoidal Dutch speech.

"I'll bet," mused Blom, "that he couldn't say 'Kachel' properly."

Kachel is Dutch for "hot stove." Only a Dutchman can say it. The two middle consonants form an expectorant diphthong the German cannot manage.

"I'll bet," said Blom, "that that fellow is not really a Dutchman. I'll bet he's a German, or has studied in Germany, or was German and has become Dutch—for convenience."

A Dutchman never bets. Tailor Blom, therefore, was sure. He had caught a spy. He closed his shop for the day and walked to headquarters.

A few hours later, at Rammeldijk, on the Dutch-German frontier, soldiers halted a fat American sedan containing 25-year-old G. A. M. Albrink and two large suitcases packed with Dutch officers' uniforms. Albrink said he was going to Germany to visit relatives. No, he did not know what was contained in the suitcase. But one thing he couldn't deny. He was—was he not?—the Nazi son of G. J. B. Albrink, a member of the Nazi party in Holland, a provincial councilor and a power in municipal affairs.

Father and son were detained. The Albrinks were in league with the Gestapo to buy as many Dutch uniforms as possible, to be smuggled into Germany and there reproduced in the quantities needed to outfit Nazi spies.

The Germans could produce enough Dutch uniforms to equip a small army. This army could dribble across the frontier to overpower Dutch guards at key bridges and other frontier gates. All bridges and roads between Germany and Holland are mined. Once blown up, as they would be if the Dutch received sufficient advance warning of an attack, a German thrust into Holland would be seriously delayed, at least long enough to enable the Dutch to flood

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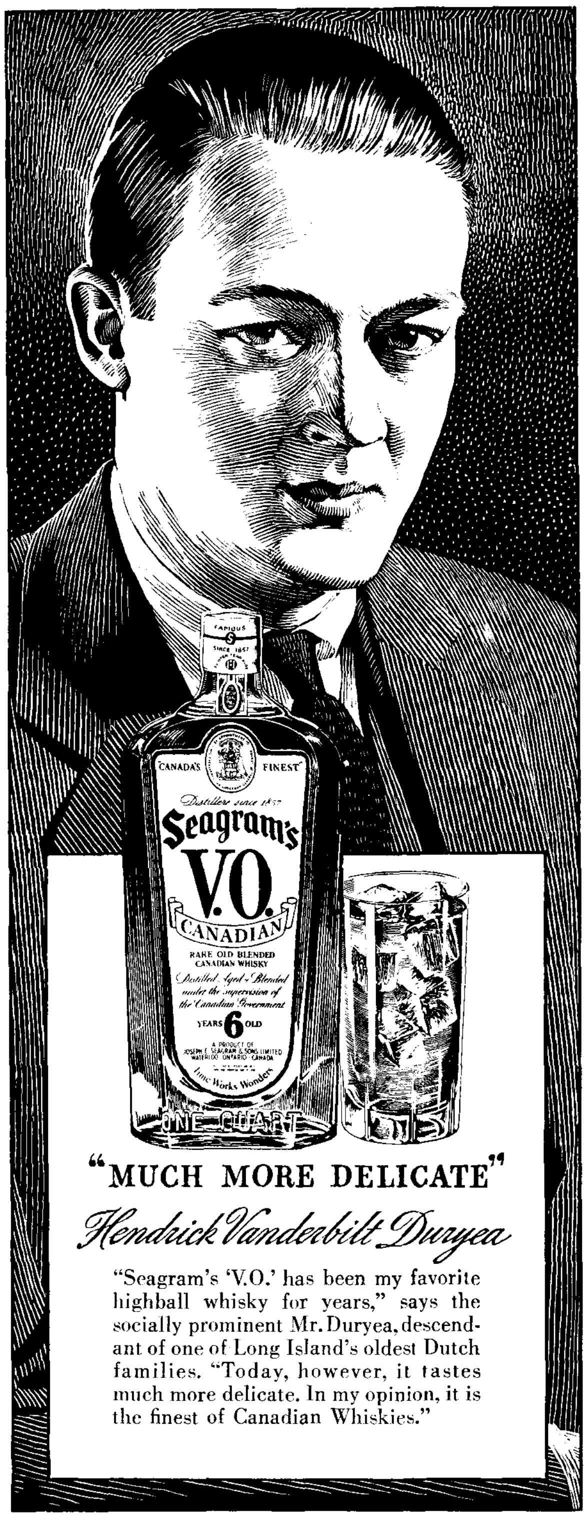

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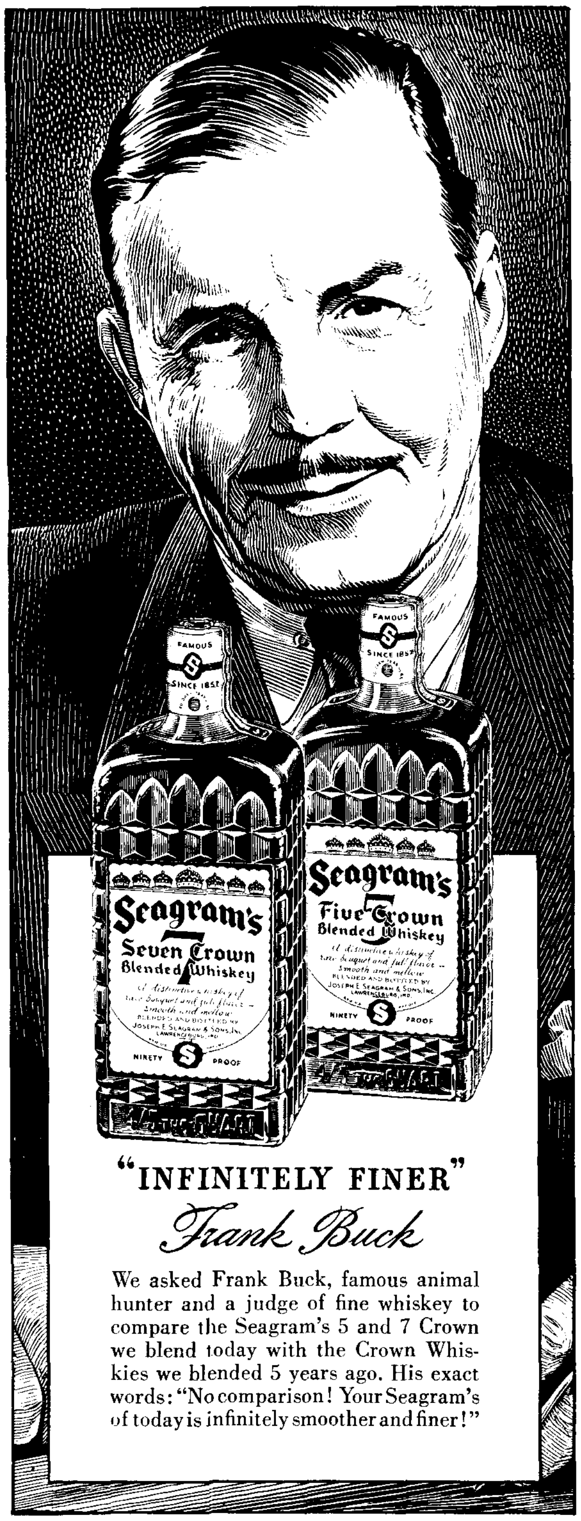

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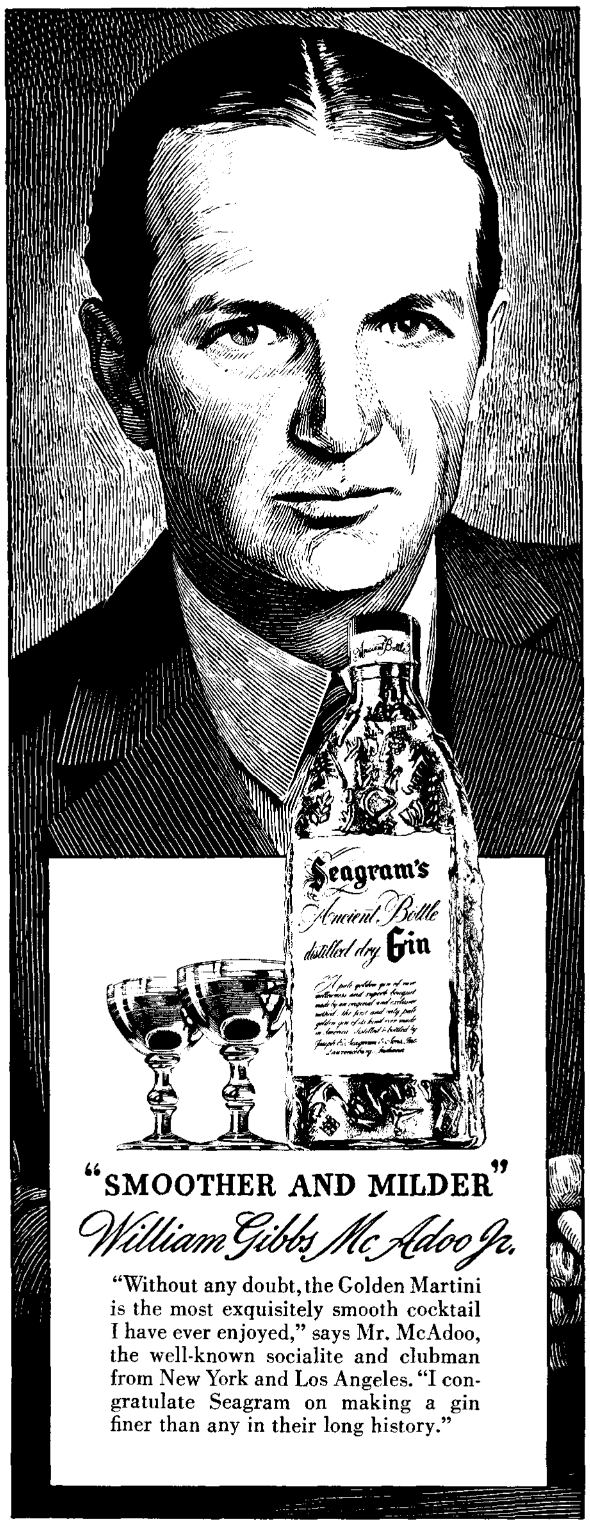

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their countryside to mire the tanks and motorized war gear of a Blitzkrieg.

The Albrinks were performing a vital service for the Nazi spy machine. They were caught by a counterspy—mediocre, paunchy, methodic Tailor Blom. Hollywood wouldn't like Tailor Blom. Sartorially, intellectually and physically he would have to be "rewritten" to fit into any spy script.

Of Bloms there are thousands in every capital in Europe, as there are thousands of Albrinks. They are the hotel porters, chambermaids, valets, stenographers, waiters, laundresses, butchers, bakers, bankers and gas-station attendants. They are the "dollar-a-spy" spies, who are paid so much for each small bit of information they turn into headquarters as they would be paid for mending a pair of shoes or doing a job of gardening.

### All Punks Get Shot

There are three kinds of spies—good ones, mediocrities and punks. Spies are people, just plain men and women.

They have only one thing in common. All live dangerously—the good ones for sheer love of danger, the mediocrities for a livelihood and the punks because they are unimaginative persons with empty stomachs.

The average male spy, if you could isolate him as one isolates a microbe in a test tube, would look, act and talk much like the well-pressed fellow with the wispy mustache who comes to sell you brushes, or like the portly vice-president of your local bank. He wouldn't be an Ashenden. He might be a Blom.

Nor would the female spy be likely to look like Mata Hari, who, thanks to Greta Garbo and a few good script writers, epitomizes the fictional concept of the female secret agent. Oh, yes, Mata had looks, though she wasn't exactly a Garbo. She was no more than adequately decorative as she willowed through the lobbies and bars of the Palace and Ritz hotels in Madrid, espionage center of the last war as Amsterdam and The Hague, in Holland, are the capitals for spies in the present one.

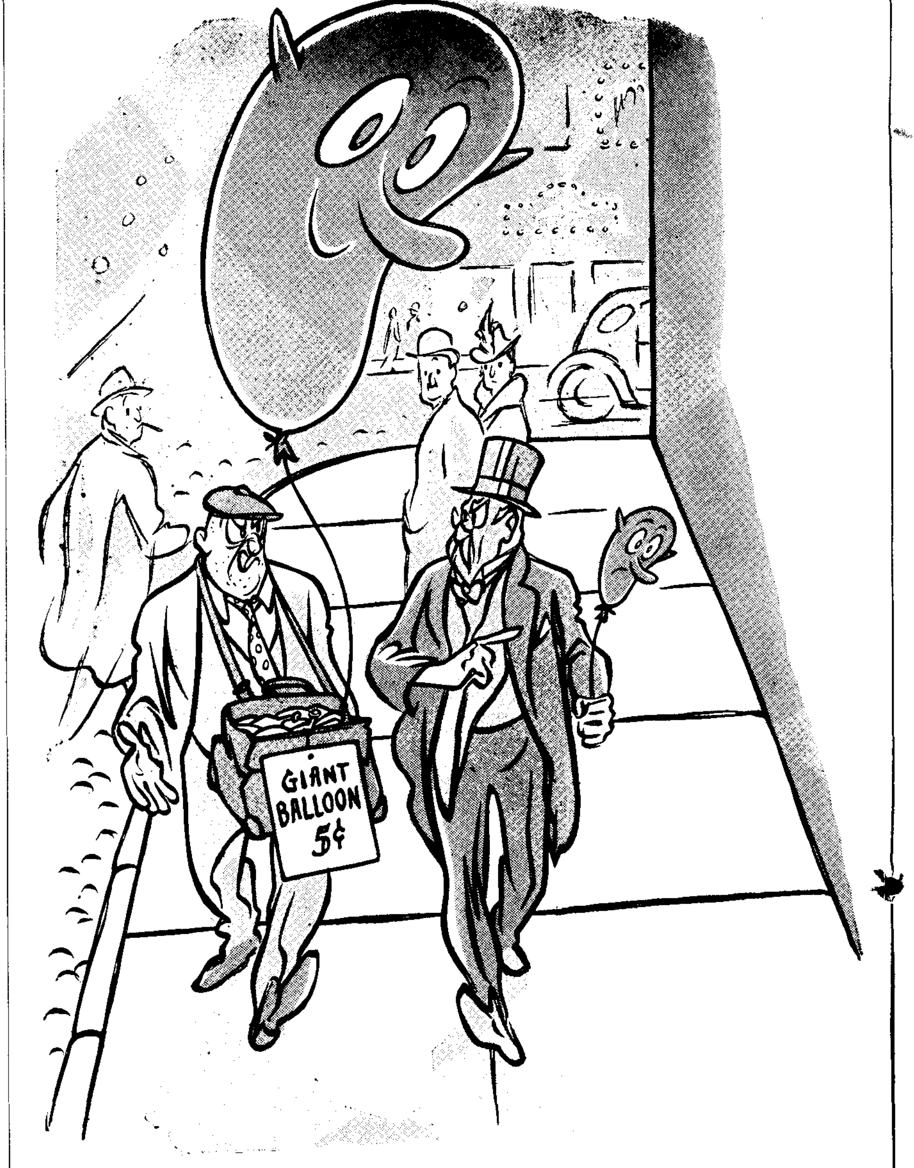
As a spy, by the way, Mata was a punk. Why? Because she was caught. All punks in the spy industry are caught. Any gray morning in England, or in France, Germany or Russia they stand droopingly in defeat before pock-marked walls and are ingloriously shot in the back.

A first-class female spy these days probably will look like Hilda. Hilda is one of Holland's best spies. She has all the sex appeal of a boiled turnip.

Hilda is a flat-chested girl of twenty-six, addicted to tweedy skirts and faded silk blouses and shoulder ribbons unable to find permanent anchorage on bony shoulders. She has thin lips such as could never entice secrets from the dashing young captain in the King's Guards.

Hilda works the hotel beat. She is a proficient stenographer and in demand by foreign transients in the Amstel Hotel in Amsterdam. Ask for a typist or steno who knows English, Dutch, French and German at the Amstel and you get—Hilda.

She has taken dictation from foreign correspondents, armament merchants, diplomats, businessmen, soldiers in mufti, adventurers, importers, exporters



"Okay, so tell the Better Business Bureau on me!" GEORGE PRICE

"PLUTO Had Me on Ice in Just ONE HOUR!"

HUBBY: For the last time—NO! What fun could I have feeling like this? And don't tell me to take a laxative. You know that always upsets me for hours afterwards.
FRIEND WIFE: Please—pretty please—do as I say—

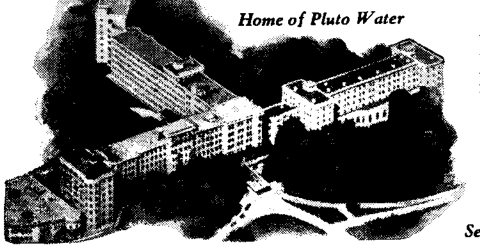
F. W.: Doctor Black says Pluto Water causes a thorough cleansing of the intestinal tract, usually within an hour and you're free as a bird afterward! So drink it down like a good boy.

F. W.: Pardon my "I-told-you-so."
HUBBY: Gladly! I feel frisky as a colt. Pluto's gentle one-hour relief has certainly robbed ole debil constipation of all his terrors!

* * *

Get Pluto Water at your druggist today for real one-hour relief whenever you need a laxative. Two sizes, 25c and 50c; also Pluto Highball 10c at all soda fountains and bars.

PLUTO Water
From Famous French Lick Springs
WHEN NATURE WON'T . . . PLUTO WILL!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Amazingly low rate gives you meals, room with bath, daily health bath, recreational privileges, and famous Pluto Water at its source. For a limited time only. Write today for details.
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# *Home Budgeting Made Easy*

SPENDING money is a great pleasure but a good many people find *saving* money a pleasure too.

Have *you* determined the proper balance between spending and saving in your household? Perhaps the "*Family Spending Guide*" can help you.

This new kind of "budget" book, prepared by THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, is a simple but attractive 36 page aid to family accounting. It has been made available to those who are discussing life insurance plans with MUTUAL LIFE agency representatives or who may wish to discuss such plans in the future.

If you receive a card from one of these representatives mentioning the "*Family Spending Guide*", take advantage of this free offer and *welcome* the one who calls to bring it. Or write at once to the address below and it will be supplied to you promptly.

*The Mutual Life*
*Insurance Company of New York*
*34 Nassau Street, New York*

FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

1

**"$32 saved on my income tax!** How did you do it?" I asked. Bill smiled. "Oh, you overlooked things." So I brought out a bottle of TEN HIGH—the whiskey with No Rough Edges—and said, "Well, here's one thing I haven't overlooked. I'm going to Double My Enjoyment of your good news!"

2

**"Man!" exclaimed Bill,** after one sip of his highball, "how can you afford such marvelous whiskey on your income?" And when I told him that TEN HIGH costs only about a buck a pint, Bill smiled and said, "Thanks, pal! That makes us even! We've shown each other how to save money today!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE

I'M TICKLED, MISTER, THAT I TRIED TEN HIGH—THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES." YOU'LL GO FOR IT, TOO!
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Double your enjoyment with Ten High

and husbands who have fallen behind in their correspondence. She keeps carbon copies. These go to the Dutch Intelligence Bureau. Other Hildas work the other hotels in other cities. There must be a hundred Hildas in Holland alone.

Dutch Intelligence receives from Hilda not only the carbons of her correspondence, but transcripts of those more precious items that her transient employers say privately or dictate and never send as letters. A French shipping agent recently dictated a letter to Hilda for his boss in Paris. In the letter the man named one by one the twenty or twenty-five ships he had chartered in North Sea and other ports to send goods to different parts of the world on behalf of his company.

As he dictated he suddenly realized that he was giving vital information. All that the German naval command needed to sink every one of those ships, or as many as carried goods classifiable as contraband, was to have a copy of that letter. Armed with the information it contained, submarine commanders needed but to wait on the sea paths between the named ports of export and the ships' destinations and sink the boats or confiscate their cargoes as they passed.

"*Nom de Dieu,*" the Frenchman expostulated as the gravity of his error dawned upon him. "We cannot say that. Cross it all out." Then he dictated a mild, cryptic letter that said nothing.

Hilda "crossed out" the offensive words. But she had a record of them. She tapped them out on her portable at home that night, and the next morning the Dutch high command knew that France had purchased stocks of raw materials in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and that the goods were being shipped in Belgian, Japanese and Italian bottoms to France and England. They knew these unromantic trivialities even before the French and English Intelligence bureaus. These details helped the Dutch formulate a picture of the trade war's progress.

### A Game of Life and Death

Hilda, fortunately for the French, worked for the Dutch. It often happens there are Hildas who work for their own country and for an enemy at the same time. These spies are never the mediocrities. These are either firing-squad fodder or the experts, the exact scientists of espionage who are never caught. It is safe to guess there are not more than a score operating in all of Europe. To find these experts, thousands of counterspies are employed.

Rival espionage armies play games on one another, pranking with death as the pay-off. The game involves kidnaping, murder and execution. Consider the two British spies who were "lured" to the Dutch-German frontier by promises of hot "inside information" concerning life inside Germany.

One of the British agents was known as Captain Payne Stevens. That wasn't his name. All the correspondents knew Stevens, knew him to be an agent and not a very good craftsman. He and a companion had been hanging around the lobby of the Hotel Des Indes in The Hague and the Carlton Hotel bar in Amsterdam for weeks after war broke.

They were not always careful of the company they kept. This worried the Dutch, so they set a reliable spy to watch over the British agents. One day the Dutch spy noted that the Englishmen had fallen in with a Gestapo agent. He tightened relations with the British brethren and the three became good friends. The Dutchman found that the Gestapo man had sold the Britons the idea of making a journey to the German frontier to meet "certain high parties who were willing to sell important information concerning the lamentable conditions within disintegrating Germany."

The Britons fell for this gag like a couple of amateurs. It was arranged that the Englishmen should drive to the frontier, with the Dutchman for company and protection. Their chauffeur was—the Gestapo agent.

The German drove the car across the frontier before even the Dutchman could figure out what had happened. Blinding lights stopped the car on German soil. The Britons and the Dutchman were hauled out. The Dutchman complained. He was promptly shot. The Gestapo man delivered the Englishmen to the German secret police, who took their captives immediately to Berlin.

British and American correspondents who wondered why the Germans dared so daring a coup got their answer a few days after the kidnaping when word reached The Hague through the Berlin grapevine that Stevens and aide were to be executed as the trigger men in the attempt in Munich to blast Adolf Hitler and party with a time bomb.

In such circumstances nations behave strangely. The Dutch government did not even offer a mild protest for the assassination of their agent. The British government, of course, could not protest to Germany.

### German Espionage at Work

In The Hague, the Germans have installed a high-gear propaganda machine. It is headed by the former Amsterdam correspondent for Hitler's newspaper, the Voelkischer Beobachter. This gentleman has been named as embassy official, enjoys diplomatic immunity, but has not even done the Dutch government the courtesy of presenting his credentials. He has eighty-three assistants. Among other duties they turn out pamphlets telling the Dutch that it would be nice if Holland just up and gave itself to Germany sometime soon, avoiding the discomforts of war. All are carefully watched by the Dutch and so far the Nazis have not done any visible harm.

The British also are well organized for espionage in Holland, but do not engage in propaganda except the kind that is done across the dinner table or over a cup of tea. Their pivot man in this work is amiable, youthful Lord Chichester, who talks with authority and conviction. Whereas he is liked and believed, his German opposite numbers are regarded with the yellow eye of skepticism by all correspondents and most diplomats.

The French are invisible. They have their agents, their undercover men, but they cannot be individualized. For sheer camouflage the Deuxième Bureau is in this war, as in the last, the best all-around spy service in existence. For results, judged by one or two obvious examples, the Germans appear to be in the lead in the spy game.

How well German espionage has functioned can be plotted from the Scapa Flow incident. When German torpedoes sank the British battleship Royal Oak as she lay at anchor in the British naval base, even First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill gave public praise to the Germans for a piece of daring work and skill. Actually it was a triumph for espionage.

The Germans got the Royal Oak because they knew beforehand the location of every mine, every submarine trap and the position of British patrols between Hamburg and Scapa Flow. This knowledge enabled a U-boat commander to wind through the mine-sown areas, with death awaiting him at every compass point, as safely as though he were going from Boston to Baltimore on a cruise.

Foreign correspondents become, in time, allergic to spies. Like the nervous

British military; they see a secret agent in every beautiful gown and high-heeled shoe, or in every man or woman who can't quite explain how he or she earns the money to pay hotel bills.

In years of reporting in Europe, it wasn't until just the other day, in the walnut-paneled, chandeliered splendor of the Royal Restaurant in The Hague, that I met a woman who looked in every detail like the spy of fiction. She was a lulu.

I had just arrived in The Hague, with a hard-boiled colleague, and our first objective, after weeks in the black-outs of London and the Allied front, was the smartest eating place in Holland.

We sat at a corner table, commanding a complete view of the room.

It was a quiet company. The women were large, well-fed, mothers on holiday. Their gentlemen were mostly Dutch officers, high-collared and stiff. One thought of Eric von Stroheim. There were a few white-tied diplomats, a sprinkling of the higher order of politicians and an arms merchant with the conventional froufrou.

My colleague and I had dealt with the fillet of sole and the Liebfraumilch, and were busy with pheasant and a bottle of Château Latour, when *she* floated into the room. She was tall, dark, with large dark eyes. Her hair was black and parted sleekly in the middle, held together at the base of her neck in a loose, voluptuous knot by a jeweled barrette. The ornament caught the light from the chandelier as she swept past our table.

She was followed by a man, short, with a fleshy, overlarge nose and a pink neck. Rolls of fat bulged from his collar. They moved silently toward a secluded table in the opposite corner. She sat with her back against the paneled wall. The man sat to her right.

As she settled down to a cocktail before dinner, the woman threw back her mink mantle. She wore a black velvet dress, cut low but not daringly so. Her neck and face were white. Her mouth was a red gash. When she smiled her teeth were even and white. She appeared to ignore the man with her, her eyes roving the room.

"There," I said, "is a spy if I've ever seen one."

"Whew . . . !" was all my companion could manage. Then, after a pause:

"Look, they're talking about us. She's nodding. She's smiling . . . get up . . ."

We rose, bowed, raised our glasses to the couple. That settled it. They were both spies, set to watch us.

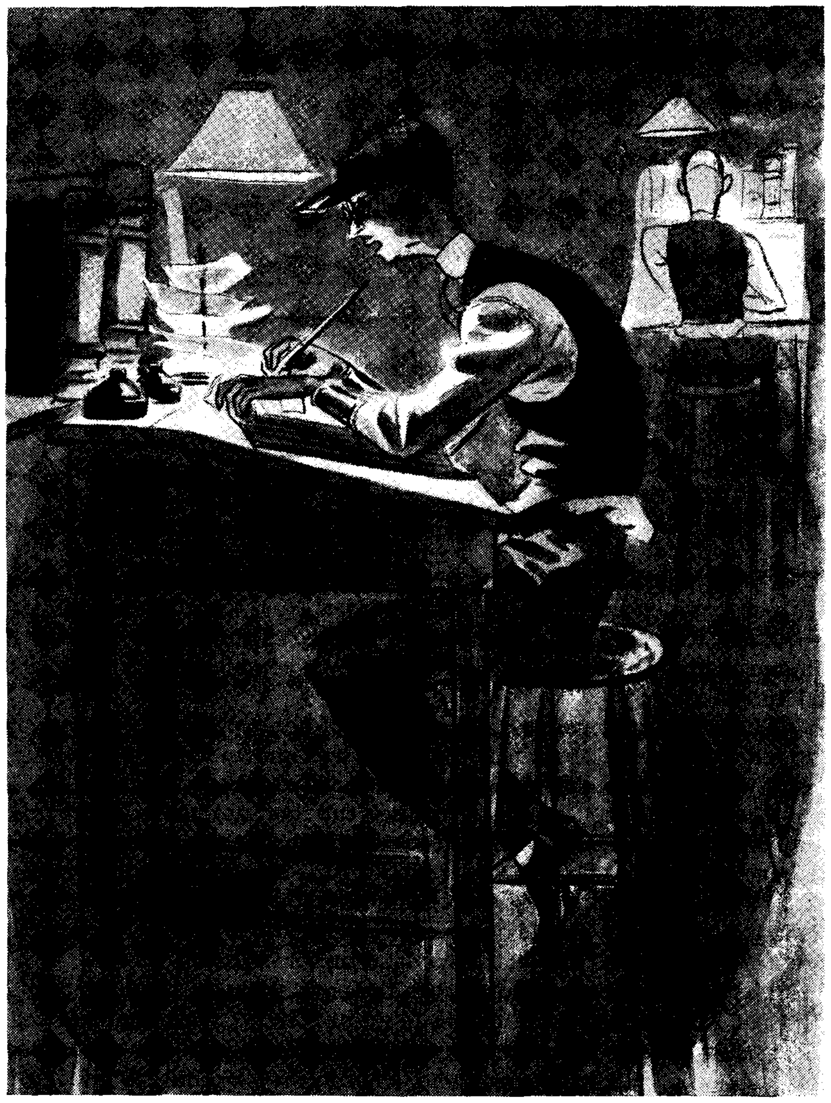
"Me, I could go for that," mused my friend.

We had almost immediate confirmation of our suspicions. The headwaiter brought a card. It read:

"Would two emancipated Americans care to join us for a drink after dinner?"

We did join them after dinner. We went to the Château Bleu. They turned out to be two very lonely American expatriates who were in Holland waiting for their passports to be revalidated. We paid for the champagne.

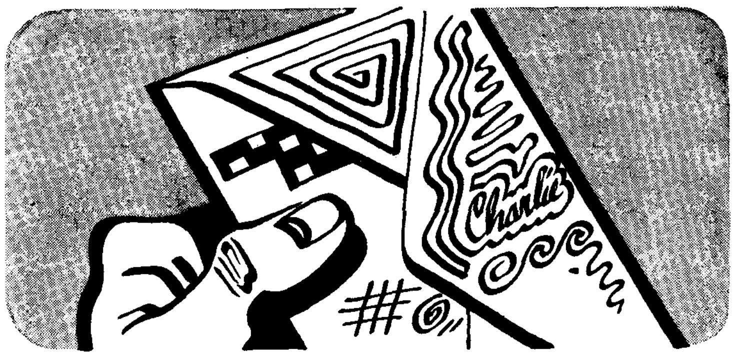
The lady and her husband returned to the United States with me on the Dutch liner Statendam. She knitted sweaters all the way over, and her husband won the shipboard Ping-pong championship.



". . . and eight's twenty-nine, and nine is thirty-eight, plus six is forty-four, is four and carry four . . . 'N'ya! N'ya! N'ya!' said the little fox . . . four and seven is eleven and three, five, one is twenty . . . zero, carry two . . . 'N'ya! N'ya! Ya can't catch me!' . . . two and six is . . ."

JOHN A. RUGE

DOODLES vs. DOLLARS



*These are the "doodles" of William J. Quick,*
*Made in a lobby—while waiting.*
*Since Bill is a salesman, with quotas to lick*
*Just sitting there won't help his rating.*

"He's still Busy"

*Bill came in early—cocksure of a sale.*
*He'd figured his price and his plan:*
*Everything set, but one little detail—*
*He couldn't get in to his man!*

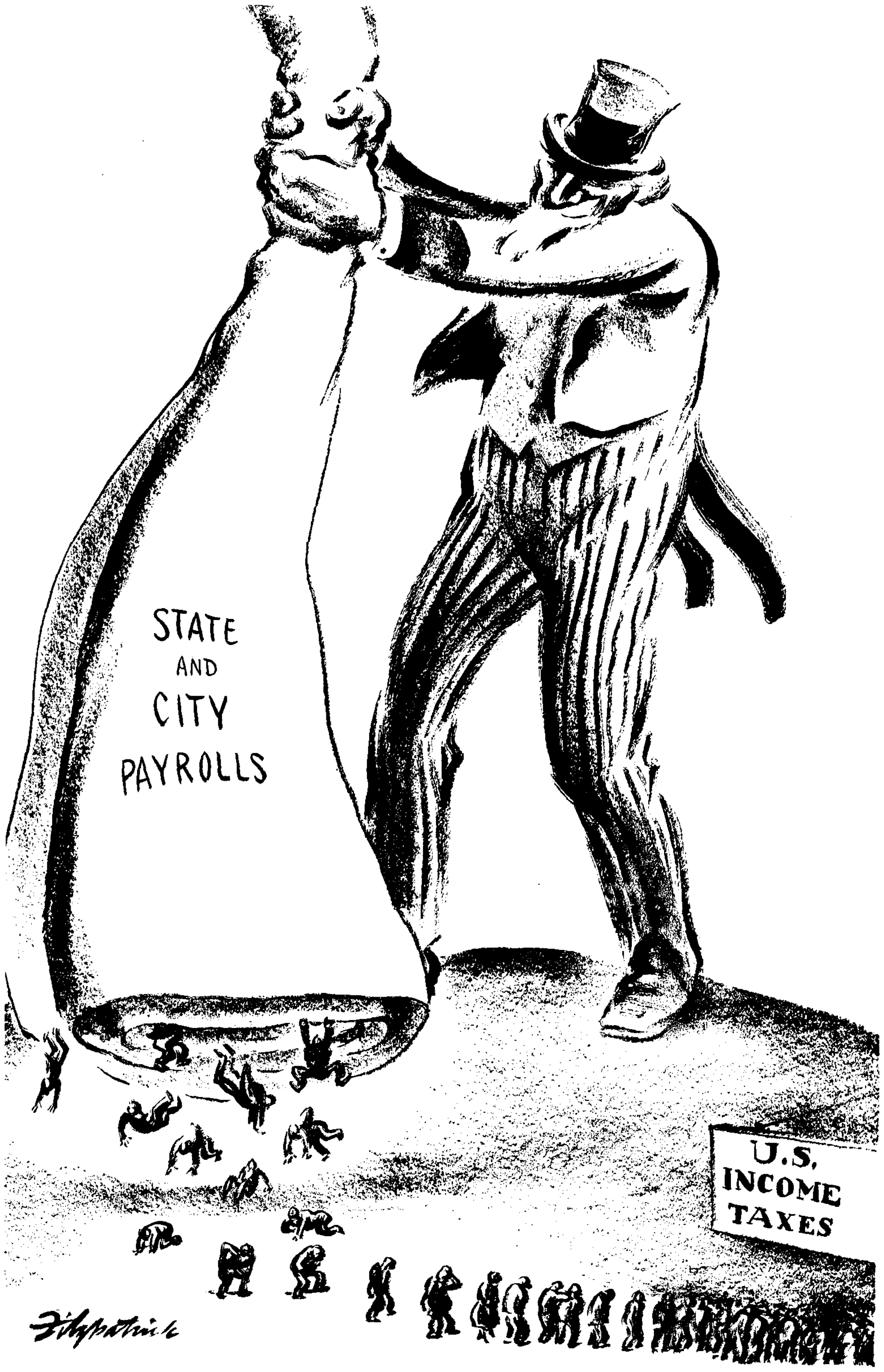
"O.K. See you at 10"

*So Bill got to thinking and figured a way*
*To have this time-wasting corrected.*
*He's proved that a call by Long Distance will pay—*
*Because he is always expected!*

DOODLES don't sell merchandise. Waiting time is wasted time.

Remember Bill Quick when you start your next trip. Telephone ahead as you travel and arrange definite appointments.

You'll be sure of seeing the right man at the right time. You'll make more calls—and probably make more sales. Why not try it and see?



COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

# TAX THE TAX-EATERS

UNCLE SAM this year is telling city and state employees that they will have to come across with federal income-tax returns and any payments found to be required thereunder.

Mayor LaGuardia and Police Commissioner Valentine of New York City have advised their civil servants to red-ink the following protest on the face of their returns:

> This return is being filed under protest, and all tax payments made hereunder are made under protest, with reservation of all rights, on the grounds that the public salary tax act of 1939 is unconstitutional and invalid in its purported application to the undersigned, an employee of the city of New York.

This protest strikes us as somewhere near tops in gall. But its legality is unquestionable. Any state or city employee has a right to register such a protest.

It is equally legal, however, and about as urgent as anything we can think of at the moment, for taxpayers all over the country to heave all the poundage they can into the struggle to impose cross-fire taxation on all our public servants. We mean federal taxation of state and city employees, gracefully co-ordinated with state and city taxation of federal employees.

The general taxpayer is caught in this cross fire and can't wriggle out; why not our estimated 3,800,000 tax-eaters?

Leaving aside this reform's abstract justice and the revenues it should raise, it has an important psychological angle.

It should make all the boys and girls on the public pay rolls think far more feverishly and peevishly about economy in government. That ought to lead to greater struggles on their part to reduce taxes, and fewer struggles to find new revenue sources and new ways to spend the freshly flushed dollars.

Which is only another way of saying that ALL persons who earn their livings in this country ought to have to pay some visible, undodgeable tax out of income, however small the tax in some cases might be. That would keep ALL money-makers permanently and pocketbookishly interested in what happened to their tax money.

# Listen if You Like

WE DON'T suggest, with Miss Dorothy Thompson, that the Rev. Fr. Charles E. Coughlin be gagged via some twisted interpretation of the Bill of Rights. We don't urge that his bishop pipe him down as a heavy liability to the Roman Catholic Church, though we have a hunch the majority of Catholic laymen and clerics would approve.

After all, this is still a free country. It will become less free if Father Coughlin or anybody else is deprived of his right to speak his mind, such as it is.

There is a simpler way to handle this peddler of hate—hate of race for race and class for class—in a country that for 151 years has been smart enough to keep those hates resolutely ruled out of the spirit of its laws and institutions.

Just ponder for a few minutes the fact that seventeen of Coughlin-inspired Christain Front members were arrested by the G-men not long ago on charges of plotting to overthrow the government by force . . . and that the boys were obviously poor, ignorant, frustrated dupes who couldn't have overthrown a precinct police station by force, for all the cordite, rifles and ammunition found in their homes.

By pondering this fact, we believe one can arrive quickly at the proper and thoroughly American solution for the problem of Father Coughlin. Why not just tune him out on your radio, and keep him tuned out, on the eminently supportable theory that only an ignoramus will waste time listening to him?

# America Meets the Met

IT SIGNALIZED a turning point in American artistic and cultural history when the Metropolitan Opera of New York let its back hair down, told the American people it needed money to solidify its financial underpinnings, and asked them to contribute anything from $1 apiece up.

The Met for decades has been one of the world's finest operatic organizations. But until recent years it was known to most Americans chiefly as a rich man's plaything and a social climber's ladder.

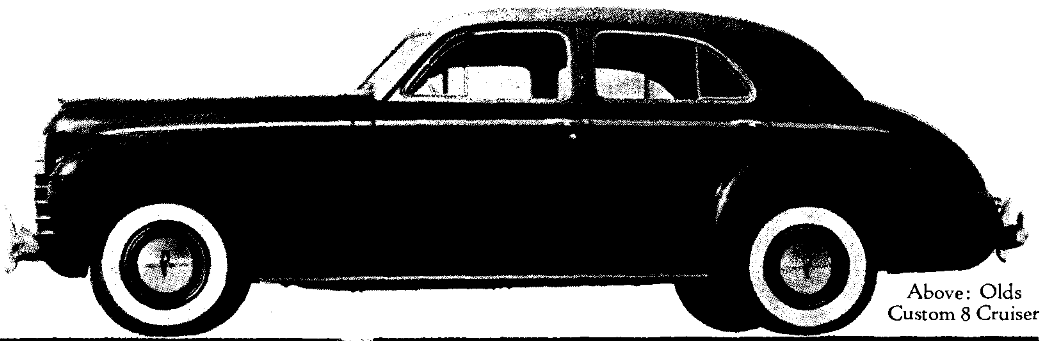
That has all been changed, through the medium of the Met Saturday afternoon broadcasts. Started with grave doubts that more than a handful of radio listeners ever would tune in, these were an instant hit. Their popularity has been on the upgrade ever since. How many people now tune in on the opera every Saturday afternoon throughout the season, we don't know; they must number millions.

The best result of it all has been the enrichment of the lives of millions of Americans by the glories of great music. Next best has been the enshrinement of the art of operatic music in the hearts of the people, which is true art's true home. We're even optimistic enough to theorize that popular music on the average is somewhat less tinnily terrible than it was ten years ago because Tin Pan Alley knows that the Metropolitan Opera is lifting popular taste slowly but surely.

Anyway, congratulations to the Met on its great achievement in having made itself a national institution; and here's wishing it even nobler successes in the future.

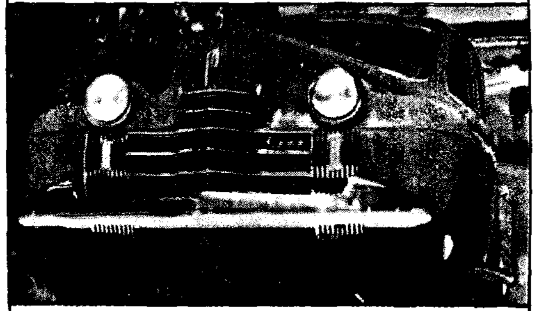
# A BIGGER, BETTER LOOKING "BUY"

***FOR EVERY 1940 BUYER!***



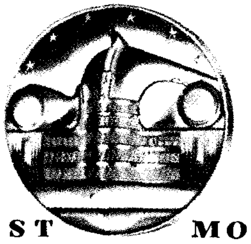
Above: Olds Custom 8 Cruiser

In the Oldsmobile Custom 8 Cruiser, you enjoy the widest, roomiest Unisteel Turret Top Body ever built by Fisher—with upholstery and fittings truly de luxe.



The 1940 edition of the long-favored Olds Seventy is larger and more impressive. It offers "eight-cylinder" size and luxury at the operating costs of a six.

YOUR dollars seem *bigger* when you buy an Olds. That's because Oldsmobile gives you *better values*—right through the 1940 line. You get more modern, more brilliant styling. You get more size, more room, more comfort. With new Hi-Test Safety Plate Glass and new Sealed-Beam Headlamps, you get greater safety. With an improved "all-coil-spring" chassis, you get a still smoother Rhythmic Ride. And when it comes to action, you get finer, more thrilling performance whatever the model you drive. Visit your Oldsmobile dealer and try out the low-priced 95 H. P. Sixty, the popular-priced Seventy or the magnificent Custom 8 Cruiser—the finest Eight ever offered at medium price. You'll find that you get a bigger, better money's worth in *size*, in *looks*, in *action!*



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*Coupes, $807 and up. Sedans, $853 and up. Delivered at Lansing, Mich. Car in main illustration: "Sixty" 4-Door Touring Sedan, $899. Prices include Safety Glass, Chrome Window Reveals, Bumpers, Spare Wheel, Tire, Tube, Dual Trumpet Horns, 2 Windshield Wipers, Vacuum Booster Pump, 2 Sun Visors. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.* A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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Have you tried a LUCKY lately?
CIGARETTES
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*Above:* ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. A. B. Mize of North Carolina grew some of the finest tobacco he ever raised—thanks to U.S. Government methods.

## TOBACCO EXPERT!

**"U. S. Gov't methods have made crops better than ever . . . and Luckies always buy the choicer grades," says James Walker, 19 years an independent tobacco buyer**

Here's a 30-second interview with this veteran tobacco expert . . .

**Q.** "What are these methods of Uncle Sam's?"

**Mr. Walker:** "They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food . . . that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years."

**Q.** "And that's what has made tobacco better?"

**Mr. W:** "The best in 300 years . . . even though crops do vary with the weather."

**Q.** "You say that Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"

**Mr. W:** "They sure do. The best proof is that they're the 2-to-1 choice of experts not connected with any tobacco company—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers. For my part, I've smoked them 10 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh throat irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why . . . **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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